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Beginning **POCONO SHOT**—**By John Taintor Foote**

"THE ORDER OF THE DAY"

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POCONO SHOT

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"I Should Think You'd be Afraid He'd Hook Himself With a Fly." The Man Chuckled. "Oh, He Knows About That," He Said

I WANTED a certain long-barreled, full-choked twelve-gauge. It was one of five guns of mine somewhere in the club storeroom. Since the porter's somewhat bleary eye did not seem equal to penetrating sole-leather cases, and would not have recognized a twelve-gauge in any event, I descended an iron stairway that wound down the elevator shaft into the bowels of the earth.

I gasped as the air of this lower region took me by the throat. It was a lifeless mixture which seemed to have hung for ages among sweating pipes, hot steam and dank cement. A human creature—a man, God help him—sat on a stool before the fiery slits of a furnace door and directed me to the storeroom.

Having found what I thought was the right gun case, I opened it to make sure, and put the gun together to see that all was well with those velvet-brown barrels and polished walnut stock. At the crisp cluck of the gun's locking shut I heard the scrape of stool legs and the shuffle of feet along cement. The furnace man stood in the storeroom door. He was a lanky, cinnamon-haired individual, whose face, I noticed at once, was an unusual color—a sort of milky yellow. He said nothing; he simply stood in the doorway and devoured the twelve-gauge with wistful half-shut eyes.

I handed him the gun without a word. Without a word he took it, snapped it to his shoulder and swept it along in an imaginary cross shot. I noticed that his hands were the same color as his face, and suddenly I accounted for their peculiar shade. At one time he had been weather-tanned, layer upon layer. The process of substituting a sickly white for his deep coating of wind and sun had not been completed by his present molelike occupation. "You shoot, I see." He gave me back the gun.

"Used to," he said. He stood uncertain for a moment, seemed about to speak, but at last muttered "Much obliged," and went back to his furnace.

"Poor devil," I thought as I climbed toward better air. "But why does a man who likes a gun take such a job as that?"

I left New York next morning for a week with the ducks on Great South Bay. Those seven soul-filling days passed like a dream. I returned to the club at ten o'clock one night with the vision of storming clouds above gray white-crested water still in my ears, the tonic smell of mud flat and marsh still in my nostrils.

The club was drained of members and would remain so, I knew, until the theaters let out. I was in the dismal position of a proud hunter with no one—colored bell boys and a listless desk clerk excepted—to whom he can show his spoils. In my extremity I recalled the furnace man and plunged down the iron stairway with a bunch of black duck, mallards and broadbills in both hands. I found him leaning on a shovel before the open door of the furnace, staring in at the seething flames.

"How do these look to you?" I inquired.

He seemed more ruddy as he stood there, but as he came toward me I saw that his warmer coloring had been borrowed from the fire. He examined the ducks, said "Nice" with a nod; then, conscious perhaps that more was expected of him, he added, "Never shot ducks myself."

"It's great sport," I told him. "Cold, but you forget that. What have you shot?"

He hesitated as he had before, shifted his feet, glanced at his furnace, but at last said "Pa'tridge—mostly."

"Partridge!" I exclaimed. "The finest bird that flies! The greatest of all shooting—if you have the right kind of a dog."

His yellow hands slowly closed. His lips twitched in a faint spasm which swept his face and was gone like a squall at sea.

"I guess that's right," he said as he turned away.

I heard his shovel rasp in the coal bin as I put my ducks in the storeroom. I heard the clang of the furnace door as I went up the iron stairs.

Early spring had come before I saw him again. The last of his tan was gone. By now he matched the unwholesome dirty white of the cellar walls. This time I wanted a duffel bag, a tackle box and rods.

"Well," I said, "I'm after trout tomorrow."

He nodded.

"I expect it's flies with you, ain't it?"

"Yes," I said; "dry."

"Never got to them," he told me. "I ain't wormed for ten years; but I always fished wet."

"Whereabouts?" I inquired.

He was seized by a sudden uncertainty, or uneasiness, or whatever it was, which seemed habitual with him.

"Oh, where I was raised," he said vaguely, and became absorbed in shaking down the furnace.

I took my plunder up to my room, inspected, sorted and added to my tackle, and packed the duffel bag and a suitcase. It was late enough for bed when I had finished; but the feel of rods, the click of reels, the sight of neat compartments of tiny somber-colored flies had proved too stimulating. I decided to go down to the library and substitute the back numbers of Punch for the vision of a great trout shattering the mystery of a quiet pool at the drift of a Number 10 Fan Wing.

The library was like a cave—an empty cave, I supposed—its mouth a high window through which a rain-shrouded street light sent a pallid gleam. A desolation of ashes and the stone arch of the fireplace were painted dimly in gray and rose against utter blackness by staring blood-red embers.

There came the creak of leather and a rumble.

"Who's that?"

I felt among switches and pressed at random. The lights above the fireplace happened to click into being.

"Oh, you!" It was a growl—a relieved growl; some of his fellow club members do not appeal to Gregory Trane. He was sprawled hugely in a red-leather chair with a volume of some sort lying neglected in his lap. He scowled at me for a moment; then, his eyes falling by chance on the book, he brushed it from him as though he'd found it crawling there.

"Rotten!" he said.

Trane is an extraordinary person. He will plow up eight miles of fast water in a single day, whipping a nine-foot rod that would paralyze my arm in an hour; and the average man would drop in his tracks if he attempted to follow Greg, stride for stride, on "a fair day's hunt." Relaxed, he is as stolid, almost as moveless, as a mountain. He talks without the slightest gesture in a lazy mutter that comes rumbling from the great bellows of his chest to fill a room to its farthest corners. He has quite a reputation as a special writer. You find his name in American and English sporting magazines, attached to articles about exploration, big game and wing shooting, salt-water and fly fishing.

Having secured most of the game trophies of India, Africa and North America, he had recently allowed the exporting business to claim some of his attention.

With all his passion for the out-of-doors, his wandering over continents, he has found time somehow to do a lot of reading, and to poke curiously about among the women-ridden, logrolling groups of publicity seekers that have turned New York into an asylum for literary and artistic fakers. How he can be welcome in such circles I do not know. Perhaps he trims his sails to the feverish airs in which he finds himself. Ordinarily the give and take of what he calls gabble drives him into a complete detachment that he maintains against all attacks by a series of grunts.

During such an interval, however, an array of thoughts, almost sure to be colorful, is apt to well slowly to the surface of his mind. At the appointed time it rumbles forth and is spread before you.

Knowing this, and feeling that the result of an hour or so of undisturbed reflection by Trane might equal Mr. Punch as a sedative, I chose a mate to his red-leather chair and prodded the geyser.

"Why, who wrote it?"

"It doesn't matter," said Trane. "It's called a devastating novel. That'll tell you all you need to know about it. But I wasn't referring specifically to this book."

"Well, what is rotten then?"

Trane checked a bell boy in midskip at the head of the stairs beyond the library door.

"Go up to my room and get a bottle of Scotch you'll find on the table. Bring it here with some ice water and two glasses. . . . It's rotten that a lot of neurotics, a generation or so from the steerage, who know nothing of the reticence acquired through Anglo-Saxon culture, and the wisdom of that reticence, are spilling their thoughts on clean white paper. It's still more rotten that anæmia and horned spectacles—the chief requirements for modern reviewing—allow any unhealthy ex-sophomore to tell the cock-eyed world that this pornography is not only literature but a true reflection of life.

"Why Did You Get Up? Go Straight Back to Bed!"

"Now we"—the massive head turned my way—"are little better than imbeciles. If you don't believe it go to the unaired coffeehouses and hotels and studios where the modernists hang out, and mention hunting or fishing or golf. They won't scream at you through the cigarette smoke as they will if you speak of America for Americans or the Nordic race, but you have no further chance to intrigue them. They draw away from you. You don't belong. You are interested in the childish diversions of the hopeless moron.

"And there you have it. It's at the bottom of the whole mess, as I see it. These people tell you their attitude toward outdoor sports and other traditional things involving competition is arrived at through a superior mentality. Well, let's consider the physical for a minute."

The boy appeared with the required bottle and its complements. Trane was presently musing above a glass.

"I broke through a seal hole once on a trip after musk ox. I've sometimes wished Mr. Volstead might duplicate that performance." The glass was tilted; its golden contents disappeared. "Where was I?"

"We were about to consider the physical."

"Right! Well, let's go ahead and consider it. Let's look over the intelligentzia from that angle. You'll notice a distinct type. You can observe it en masse at any morbid, dreary Russian play. Eyes staring and too bright. Hands pawing at the face. Gestures continuous and fluttering. The speech is filled with artificial inflections. The females strike you as bone-dry. The males are vaguely feminine. The expression of the face is characteristic. It is harassed. There is something in the eyes that tells of a driven, bewildered mind behind them. Don't expect these people to have a sense of humor. The joke is steadily on them—a diabolical joke, a soul-destroying joke. It's this: They're physical weaklings tossed into a world of competing human animals. In earlier ages they would have perished. Civilization keeps them alive. No wonder they jump at the promise of any new scheme of things. No wonder they hate tradition and try to circumvent logic. So long as two and two make four they haven't a chance.

"I spoke of seeing them at Russian plays. After sitting through one or two of these plays, you wonder how in God's name even the intelligentzia can chatter and flutter over such stuff. But these people are sick, primarily in body and consequently in mind. The Russians are sick men writing about sick people. They make the vagaries of sickness seem important. That's why the intelligentzia eat it up. That's why they adored Ibsen. That's why their favorite American playwright is a gloomy lad whose characters are apt to be tubercular.

"Just what has all this got to do with a lot of present-day novels and their glorification by modern reviewers, you ask. Why, this, as I see it: The intelligentzia sniff at outdoor sports, not, as they would have you believe, from a superior mental standpoint, but because as human machines they aren't equal to controlled intensive effort. Take a future member of the intelligentzia and put him in school. He's a highly nervous, frail kid. He hasn't the stamina for athletics and he doesn't go in for that sort of thing. He hasn't as good—that is, he hasn't as well balanced a mind as sturdier boys—but he's more mental, because, being out of athletics, he's apt to become the reading type.

"Now, hard exercise in the open is tremendously important to male creatures during adolescence. It's a safety valve. Ask any trainer of trotters or runners what happens to a colt if you keep him shut up and don't race him or work him like the devil. Well, the same thing happens to boys. They're at the mercy of their natural instincts during their formative period and they aren't apt to get over it. Sex becomes to them not only the most important thing in life—which perhaps it is—but the only important thing in life—which it certainly isn't.

"They get through college and have to select a career. They're introspective, highly sensitive, womanish creatures who shrink from the grind of business competition just as they shrank from athletics. Well, what to do? Literary work, either critical or creative, seems alluringly soft and unduly important, and they hop to it. A few of them have the gift for yarn spinning, which is the fiction writer's biggest asset. Most of them have only a knowledge of words and an unworkmanlike method of getting them on paper in an affected precious order.

"It seems to be enough these days; the duller, the more muddled the stuff is the better from the standpoint of the intelligentzia. And there's a reason for that—two reasons in fact: First, no sane individual can enjoy it and the nuts and nutesses can seem superior in affecting to do so. Second, it lets so many into the game. Almost any humorless, self-absorbed mediocrity can hope to be called a genius.

"To get back to the erstwhile bookish college or high-school lad—now a man of letters—who attempts creative work. He, of course, lacks the skill of the finished or born writer in selecting and rejecting material. Not comprehending the twists and turns and lights and shadows that make a thing a joy to read, he falls back on a sort of uninspired journalism. He pounds doggedly along, describing just what he sees and feels. A fly on a dirty windowpane, greasy dishwater, any detail of the daily round that gets commonplace people from the cradle to the grave is as important as a cha—— No, I won't say charming; charm is beyond him—— As an interesting or dramatic episode. You see, being a supreme egoist—all unhealthy minds arrive at that—he can't get away from himself long enough to do imaginative work, and he hasn't the ability to handle it if he could. He's restricted to muddy autobiography. Having been in a sort of fever ward of desire through adolescence and after, the result is exactly what you might expect.

"For some time I didn't believe that regular human beings could be impressed by the gang who are peddling and

advertising this mournful, modernistic rot. But part of the propaganda of the bunkier-the-better crowd is that nothing in which there is any humor is to be taken seriously, and I'm damned if they haven't sold the idea pretty generally. You'll find it followed out in the prize awards for literature of one sort or another. You'll find it in lists of best stories or best plays or best novels prepared by the hopeless jackasses who do that sort of thing. Now the most difficult thing in the world to fish out of an ink bottle is genuine humor. I'd rather undertake to write three serious plays than one comedy. The ability to write humorously is a pure gift, almost invariably backed by a philosophic mind. That's why it's beyond most women and nearly all of the male modernists.

"Life is made up of smiles and tears. If you can't handle both start an art theater or run a laundry wagon or teach æsthetic dancing, but don't write. If some of these tensely earnest souls think that unrelieved dreariness and the shibboleth of the unpleasant ending make for a better world, let 'em read the Christmas Carol once or twice and then tear up their latest drab effusions.

"They call an uninspired recital of unpleasant or commonplace happenings art. What is art? Is it an instrument of torture? Is it a method for dousing the human race in boredom or slime or anguish? The Russians think so; but if one well-rounded piece of literature ever came out of Russia I never read it—and that goes for Tolstoy.

"I've been wandering; I'll get back to my point. If humorless Zannies can put over the idea that anything humorous is trivial they can put over other ideas. You may have noticed that the males of the intelligentzia are all a-twitter over equality for women. The explanation, as I see it, is this: The physically inferior type of man is apt to feel more comfortable with women than he does with his own sex. He has more in common with them. He has the acute sensibility, softness of fiber and intuitive impulses of women. He can be as mental as he pleases with them—they adore it. He can act any part he chooses—they'll match it with another. He swaps introspections with them for hours at a time and comes fairly close to their point of view. He feels the injustice of their handicap and, of course, he can't fathom their compensations. He'd have to be all female to do that. Only an indeterminable percentage of him is female—just enough to tinge his face or figure or gestures with effeminacy and set him on fire for The Cause.

"The result is that in their semiautobiographical novels and what not these young—some of 'em are middle-aged—weaklings dress up the shoddy affairs they may have had with unprotected females by raising the mentality of the poor creatures and describing them as intellectual pioneers in the new and glorious freedom for women.

"Now the human animal is instinctively polygamous. It's taken a good many centuries to substitute an ideal for the overwhelming instincts of a species. If you reverse the process by blending idealism and nonrestriction, you've got an insidious mixture. Youngsters all over the country—who seem to read everything these days—are gulping it down in copious doses. . . . Damn this pipe!"

I offered my cigarette case.

"Thanks, no. I'll get it cleaned out in a minute."

Trane alternately dug in the bowl of his brier and blew tremendously at its stem. Presently its guttural purr returned. His formidable torso sank back once more and became wreathed in tobacco smoke.

"All this philosophizing or moralizing or whatever it is I've been afflicting you with has probably bored you because you think the condition I've indicated isn't worth getting excited about. Family trees are bound to grow nuts now and then, you say. True. It's also true that most native Americans have a fair amount of horse sense. But bear in mind that in this country today public discussion of artistic endeavor comes largely from the mouths and typewriters of an illogical minority. What philosopher was it who said that if he could make the songs of a nation he didn't care who made its laws? There's a lot in that thought when you consider it. This much is certain: If you let the type of mind that is blind to the laws of Nature—I'm thinking in particular of this freedom-for-women business—and can't comprehend that social laws are the result of half a million or more years of human experience start indicating what plays shall be seen and what books shall be read, you're going to produce some sort of an effect, and don't you forget it."

Trane's arms rose in a stretch; his mouth became a cavern. "What do you want—censorship?"

The cavern snapped shut with an audible click.

"Don't be an idiot! That would mean political dumbbells throwing the occasional fine thing out with the swill. But this censorship discussion gives you another little angle on the marvelous minds of the intelligentzia. They're howling for paternalistic government. They want to substitute it for economic competition. Then they shriek to heaven if you talk about applying it to the arts."

"Well, what have you got to suggest?"

"Why not substitute sanity and real literary judgment for æstheticism or modernism or whatever they call it in book and play reviewing? It could be done by the publishers of the country in thirty days. Without the free advertising of their fellow neurotics, all the little geniuses would either get behind a ribbon counter or starve to death, and that would be that."

"You've explained to me why a certain type takes to bookish ways," I said. "If I accept the explanation I'll have to ask you a question. Where will the army of sane, normal, thoroughly competent reviewers come from to supplant the new school now scratching away?"

Trane remained silent for a moment.

"God knows—now that you mention it," he said at last, then chuckled at a thought. "We might pass a law that no man can go into print with a criticism of anything until he's fifty." The cavern again opened hugely and again clicked shut. "Hi-hum—I think I'll stick to Kipling or go back to Davy and the Goblin. If I don't I'll be told by some reviewer that Such-and-Such by So-and-So is a masterpiece, and I'll discover in the first chapter that the plodding paranoiac who wrote it must have been in the same thought circle in high school with the reviewer. . . . Let's go to bed."

We got to our feet. It was my turn to stretch.

"I haven't heard you rave like this since the Lusitania," I said when I had accomplished a miniature of Trane's yawn. "You're taking a lot of forlorn egomaniacs too seriously. Come and go fishing with me tomorrow."

"Like to—can't," said Trane. "I'm going up after salmon later and I'm after South American trade right now. Luck to you! And let me say one thing more—they're egomaniacs all right, but if you could see some of the effects of their outpourings they wouldn't strike you as so damned forlorn."

II

I WAS to try a new stream. This might easily prove disastrous, but it allowed almost anything in the way of delightful speculations and filled me with impatience at the best efforts of a locomotive snorting up a mountain grade.

I had been told to get off at Emmetville. Eventually the train clanked away through a dripping rock-walled cut and left me confronted by a station bearing that magic name. It was a weather-beaten frame station with fleecy clouds above it, a road wandering off and down, and nothing else; no living soul; no vehicle of any sort.

Among busy telegraph instruments I found a man who explained that only mail trains were met. Having told me that they looked after fishermen at Gaylord's, he suggested that I leave my duffel bag and suitcase in the waiting room until they could be sent for, and pointed out a sort of goat trail which, he said, was shorter than the road. This, as I peered down it through the almost parallel trunks of standing hemlock, I could easily believe. Encouraged by what I guessed to be the roofs of buildings far below, and the steady roar of the stream, which scaled even these heights, I followed the station man's parting advice to take it kind of careful, and presently slid into Emmetville, accompanied by detached fragments of shale rock.

Gaylord's, when I found it, was a white house with many windows staring in blindless amazement at a—to my pavement-weary eyes—great expanse of matted grass broken by scattered maples.

Having tugged intermittently at a bell pull, I wandered along the porch around the house and came upon a squat figure spading in a garden. It was a man. He had a bright yellow handkerchief knotted at his bronze throat and gold earrings gleamed below the dark thatch of his closely curling hair. He came slowly erect when I spoke to him, to show a friendly row of teeth and pass the back of his hand across his brow. I explained that no one answered the bell.

"She gawn. She cawm back bam-by," he informed me. "You lack stay here?"

I told him yes.

"Feesh—mebbe?"

I nodded.

(Continued on Page 75)

A Human Creature—a Man, God Help Him—Sat on a Stool Before the Fiery Slits of a Furnace Door and Directed Me to the Storeroom

THE RICH MAN AND HIS TAXES

A Close-Up of the Higher Brackets

By Albert W. Atwood

TWICE since the end of the war have Federal taxes come up for revision, first in 1921 and now again in 1924. On both occasions the most acrimonious dispute has had to do with the amount which should be collected from the larger incomes, having in mind the best interests not only of the taxpayers themselves but of the Government and the people. It is proposed in this article to examine the question of the rich man and his tax in as coldly analytical a manner and in as severe a spirit of reality as the writer is capable of exercising.

The law which was amended in 1921 called upon the very rich to give up something like two-thirds of their income to the Federal Government. The law since 1921 has called for something over half from those of similar means. No one can say what the future of the income tax will be, but the novelty and immensity of it have been such that almost anyone can deduce object lessons of the most striking nature.

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Secretary of the Treasury Mellon Before the House Ways and Means Committee

The war plunged us suddenly into a huge system of Federal taxation, of which the surtaxes were a distinctive feature. If men were to be drafted it was felt that wealth should not escape. But there was more than a temporary financial expedient, designed to carry over a financial crisis, in the extraordinary rates which were placed on the incomes of the rich; there were clearly marked theories of wealth distribution combined with political sentiment.

Taxation in Theory and in Practice

THE same theories, the same sentiment are by no means lacking now. Should not wealth and success pay a heavy price for their very existence, and do not the surtaxes help to serve such a purpose?

Moreover, the rich, according to this point of view, should be made to support the Government, as far as direct taxes are concerned, to the possible exclusion of those of smaller and more moderate incomes.

The more that can be had from the rich the less must government take from the poor. So runs the theory, and there is something quite attractive in the idea that those with means far beyond their apparent needs should pay what amounts to a ransom. They can get along without the money; they are able to pay. Why, then, should they not be made to pay?

But when we examine at close range the actual working out of the tax in practice we discover how very indistinct and difficult to trace is its relation to reforms and remedies in the social system. The whole question of the income tax boils down to the prosaic, commonplace, unromantic fact that its operations and incidence are so new and huge that no piece of machinery yet exists which is equal to the colossal task. Indeed the machinery groans and staggers under the burden.

Perhaps the motor should run a hundred miles an hour, instead of twenty or thirty, and run smoothly at that. But it doesn't and it can't. The machinery of taxation is made up solely of legal, administrative, governmental and human elements. What taxation may accomplish is limited by these elements or factors, and with these factors as they are, a wholesale system of ransom collection is difficult to the last degree. That is the homely, blunt truth.

Perhaps as a matter of sheer justice, of an unattained ideal, a man with a given income should pay over a given percentage, right down to the last minute fraction, to the Government. Perhaps an all-wise Providence knows where to begin and where to end, how low to start and how much to take. It's a great subject for corner-grocery-store debates, whether a man with an income of more than $10,000,000 a year should pay 98 or 99 per cent. Or if we get down to $20,000 or $10,000 or $5000 or $2000 a year, shall it be 2 or 3 or 5 per cent, or what fractions thereof?

How much a man with a given income ought to pay is a safe subject to grow boisterously eloquent about, but, speaking plainly, it's a subject no one really knows anything about. Sir Josiah Stamp, the great British tax expert, was lecturing on the principles of his subject a few years ago and had platted out some curves and forbidding algebraic formulas on the blackboard, showing how rates should progress at the higher levels. After he had explained the figures he said:

"No man can say that one boot pinches three times as much as the other, even where both are his own, and how much more difficult is it for one man to say that his boot pinches three times as much as another's!

"There is always a tendency to regard a neat and eloquent device as 'natural' and therefore fair, and to suppose that we have rescued progression from the charge of arbitrariness. But no one can tell, when all is done, which curve really represents our sacrifice. . . . Who can say which best reflects the relative feeling of 'hurt,' or sacrifice at different points in the line? The heart knoweth its own bitterness and the stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.

"When I was surveyor of taxes I often felt inclined to put up this notice in a prominent place in my office: Don't say you would be pleased to pay the tax if you'd only got the income, because you wouldn't."

But as far as I can see, it doesn't greatly matter whether we know what is right or do not know. These high rates are not at the present time enforceable, partly because the machinery to enforce them is lacking.

There are lots of people, no doubt, young and adventurous ones anyway, who would like to ride one hundred miles an hour in a flivver.

But the construction of the car, the construction of the highways, the side roads leading into the highways, and the character and composition of the traffic make such a rate of speed practically impossible.

A horse may be ridden at a high rate of speed for long periods of time on forced marches, but he dies afterwards, simply because he is not built for that purpose. Of course in a military or police emergency it is better to kill the horse. A man often works at such high tension that he breaks down; that is because he is not constructed to work in that fashion.

What I am saying is not intended to reflect upon any government department or bureau whose duty it is to collect taxes. A small automobile on a highway may be an excellent and very useful piece of machinery, as far as it goes, but it cannot be operated, without danger, any faster than the laws of its own construction and attending circumstances permit.

The income tax has been given a task which it cannot effectively or creditably perform. It has been given a burden which it cannot carry without wavering and tottering. It has been idealized into an agency of social reform, although it is strictly limited in performance by the inherent defects of a sheer piece of governmental machinery. In consequence I have nowhere seen even an attempt to refute this statement of Professor Adams:

"In the welter of arguments, estimates, statistics and personal innuendoes in which this question now finds itself, one fact stands out practically undisputed: the upper surtaxes are now being largely avoided or evaded. It is highly probable that the taxable income now reported in the class over $300,000 is not more than 25 per cent of what it would have been if the important holes in the income tax had been closed in the revenue act of 1917."

The Muskrat House

THE learned professor may be wrong about his percentages; neither he nor anyone else can do more than estimate evasion and avoidance. But there is no denial that disappearance of wealth from the higher surtaxes has become a very real factor in economic life; that escape or attempted escape from these taxes has developed into one of the great American industries.

There are possibly fifty thousand lawyers, accountants, engineers and other tax experts in this country, most of whose time is engaged in trying to secure reduction, adjustment, settlement or avoidance of income taxes, individual or corporate. Thousands of such experts are actually practicing before the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

"The revenue law is like a muskrat house," said a witness before a congressional committee. "It is nice, round, tight and smooth outside, but inside there are many different ways of getting out by underground channels without getting caught."

It is the purpose of this article to delve into a few of the intricacies of this muskrat house. The subject is important not only because it affects the very existence of the income tax itself but because this new and gigantic business of

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WARWICKS OF THE WILSON CABINETS—By JAMES KERNEY

THE extraordinary method of Woodrow Wilson in selecting cabinet officers—or of permitting them to be selected for him—will occupy a unique place in American history. Like many presidents, he counted on finding a superman or two; but chiefly he wanted best minds that would travel along with his own. A coalition cabinet of great men was out of the question. Published letters of former cabinet associates plainly intimate that Mr. Wilson ran a one-man show. Time will have to assay the precise nature of his idealism. Following his physical collapse on the Western trip Mr. Wilson did not go to his office in the White House. During that protracted period he rarely saw his cabinet officers. He was holding hands with posterity.

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Woodrow Wilson, Shortly After He Was Inaugurated in 1913

In the matter of picking official counselors he relied largely on the estimates and advice of others. Until he went to Washington, President Wilson had never seen three members of his first cabinet. The popular notion that the Wilson mind never budged, once it was set, is an error.

No better illustration is needed than the circumstances surrounding the naming of A. Mitchell Palmer as Attorney-General in February, 1919.

Following a cross play of cables between Washington and Paris, Mr. Wilson instructed his secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, to meet him at Boston with the official commission designating Sherman Whipple, distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, as Attorney-General of the United States. The President was coming home from the Peace Conference for a brief visit, and it was at Tumulty's suggestion that the dramatic landing of the George Washington was fixed for Boston. I spent considerable time at the White House offices that winter, watching with no little interest the attempt to run the United States Government by cable, and noting the difficulties that the President appeared to be having, chiefly with the press. During Wilson's previous public career Tumulty had served as a shock absorber in handling the publicity end of the Administration. Without him at Paris, Wilson found the going a bit rough.

Tumulty Works for Palmer

WHEN Thomas W. Gregory, who had been put in the cabinet by Col. Edward M. House, tendered his resignation as Attorney-General on January twelfth, it was with a strong recommendation that Carroll Todd, Assistant Attorney-General and now Mr. Gregory's law partner, should be named as successor.

Gregory was from Texas and Todd from Virginia, and Tumulty immediately cabled the President that the issue of Southern domination, under the Democrats, was growing more acute each day.

"This vacancy gives chance to realign independents who have been critical of Southern domination," cabled Tumulty. "Recognition of Palmer, who stands before country as antagonist of Penrose, would be most helpful and cheering to young men of party. Palmer our friend in 1912 and has been loyal throughout. He is most accessible and democratic. His ability as a lawyer beyond question. You will make no mistake if appointment is made. It will give us all heart and new courage. Party now in need of tonic like this."

Cable messages to Vance McCormick and Doctor Grayson, who were in Paris, were promptly dispatched, urging them to get busy for Palmer. There was a lively tussle between Tumulty on the one hand and the Gregory forces on the other, which culminated in the cablegram from the President directing Tumulty to meet him at Boston with the commission for Whipple. Tumulty proceeded to carry out orders; but, nothing daunted, he also took a commission that would make Palmer Attorney-General. Shortly after the George Washington reached port Tumulty got the ear of the President, and when the argument was finished the Palmer commission was the one that was signed.

There had been a feeling that Palmer had not been treated squarely when the first cabinet was picked. He had kept the Pennsylvania delegation unbroken at Baltimore and this had given much encouragement to the Wilson forces. He was the close friend of United States Senator William Hughes, of New Jersey, with whom he had served on the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and it had been taken for granted that he was certain of a cabinet place. When he met with Tumulty, Hughes and the President-elect at the apartment of Colonel House, in New York, ten days before the first inauguration of Wilson, he was tendered the portfolio of Secretary of War.

This he promptly declined on the ground that he was a Quaker.

Following every inauguration there are romantic yarns about party leaders who have refused cabinet places; but in the case of Palmer the refusal was genuine. Wilson and House, as well as Tumulty and Hughes, urged that he reconsider the matter and accept the post, which they contended had nothing in particular to do with fighting, but really demanded a lawyer because of the Philippines. Palmer, however, stood his ground, and sent this letter to the President-elect:

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS
House of Representatives.
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24, 1913.

HON. WOODROW WILSON, Trenton, New Jersey.

My dear Governor Wilson: I have, as you requested, given further consideration to your offer to make me the Secretary of War.

I deeply appreciate the great honor which you have done me in tendering the appointment to this high office, but feel that I cannot accept. The more I think of it, the more impossible it becomes. I am a Quaker. Many generations of my people have borne strong testimony against "war and the preparations for war."

Of course, as a Representative in Congress, I vote for the great supply bills to maintain the military and thus, in a sense, participate in the work of preparation for war but I do this in response to the sentiment and opinion of a vast majority of the people whom I represent. My mind, however, revolts at the prospect of filling an executive position where my time and thought and energy would be almost wholly devoted to the details of the improvement of our military establishment as an adequate preparation for possible war. As a Quaker War Secretary, I should consider myself a living illustration of a horrible incongruity.

I hope you understand. I am as patriotic as any man who ever lived. In case of a foreign invasion of our soil, or in case our country should come to armed conflict with any other, I would go as far as any man in her defense; but I cannot without violating every tradition of my people and going against every instinct of my nature planted there by heredity, environment, and training, sit down in cold blood in an executive position and use such talent as I possess to the work of preparing for such a conflict.

I shall hope that my continued service in the House will afford me many opportunities to show that my declination of this high honor is not caused by any lack of desire to serve you and the cause you represent.

With assurances of my high personal regard and best wishes for the entire success of your administration, I am

Yours very truly A. MITCHELL PALMER.

The Choice of Mr. Daniels

JOSEPHUS DANIELS was picked for Secretary of the Navy in the dingy old railroad station at Trenton. His ultimate selection was due to the persistency of Thomas J. Pence, Washington correspondent for Daniels' Raleigh newspaper. Pence had the tenacious and unwavering loyalty of Tumulty, who made and blocked more cabinet appointments than any other man of his time. Colonel House, without whose last word of approval none could enter that first cabinet, was not unfriendly to Daniels. But he had numerous and sundry candidates of his own to place, and besides, he was not given to fighting it out, once the Wilson jaw seemed to be set.

Daniels wanted to be Postmaster-General, but Wilson felt that he did not measure up. Subsequently the President was pleasantly surprised at the ability and sterling qualities of Daniels, and was most enthusiastic over his handling of the Navy Department during the war. Pence, who had been in charge of the publicity work in the presidential campaign, was very close to Wilson, and in his fight to land Daniels he not only had the support of Tumulty and

Joseph P. Tumulty and Thomas J. Pence, Who Played a Big Part in the Selecting of Wilson's First Cabinet

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AS PER RUSTY GILLAN

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ANYWAY, I expect it was too soft to last. They never do, these easy stretches, and the speedier you take 'em the quicker you get to worn-out macadam or are shunted off on a detour. But I'll say it was some doggy joint, this Piney Springs place. Say, us shuffers had a hotel all to ourselves, and no fourth-rate dump at that—reg'lar beds, the best chow I ever put a tooth in, a classy lot of biscuit shooters to play around with; and when it came to pastimes, gainful or otherwise—oh, buddy! Why, in one little session there, one night when I had the bones rollin' good, I ran the tail end of a month's wages into a wad I could 'most make a pillow of.

Yea-uh! All I had to do was whisper "Come, Little Joe!" and then scrape up the contributions.

The big losers was the pastry chef and a Swede limousine pilot from Washington, and they was strong for stagin' a comeback party that next evenin'. I'd dated up for another go at 'em and was just startin' to pound my ear for eight or ten hours, when I gets this call from the boss.

After Him Lumbers the Boss. Out Frenchy Comes and Only Escapes This Time by Hidin' Behind Rosie

"Sorry to wake you up at such an hour, Rusty," says he.

"That's all right, Mr. Buell," says I. "What's on your mind?"

"I've decided to leave early in the morning," says he. "At 7:30, if possible. Of course, if that is ——"

"We'll roll at seven-thirt, Mr. Buell," says I.

And we did, with twenty-four gallons in the tank, three spares full of air, and the motor makin' no more fuss than a hummin' bird.

"North," says Mr. Buell, and settles back in two-thirds of the front seat with his chin on his necktie.

Kinda sketchy routin' for an all-day's run, but as we swung out of the hotel grounds into the state road I turned her nose toward Hudson Bay, stepped on the spoon, and asked no questions. That's one of the best things I do, forgettin' to get curious. Besides, I knew the boss would loosen up sooner or later; for while he ain't one of these real chatty birds that's always givin' you an earful, he's no human clam either. That's what gives me an ingrowin' grouch, drivin' for some frozen-faced party that'll go on for hours without ever passin' you a word from the back seat. I've had 'em and I've quit 'em—cold, in the middle of a tour.

'Course, in a roadster like this bus of Mr. Buell's you wouldn't mind so much. Even if he don't slip any remarks, I know he's there, at my right elbow. And so soon after an early breakfast you don't look for much chat. Maybe the lamb chops and griddle cakes wasn't settin' right, or he might have a hang-over. Anyway, it's a perfectly swell mornin', with them big Maine hills liftin' clear against a sky as blue as Maggie Murphy's eyes, and little wisps of mist markin' ponds and creeks, and the air just damp enough to make a mixture that the carburetor lapped up like a starved kitten puts down cream.

"How about Belgrade Lakes for lunch?" asks Mr. Buell.

"Easy," says I, givin' her another inch of spark.

Must have been nearly an hour later before he shifts his long legs, lights his second cigar, and gets that heavy chin of his off his wishbone.

"We will go right through into Canada, Rusty," says he. "I want to try some of those golf courses."

"Yes, sir," says I. "But I thought you won out yesterday and made the semi-finals at the Springs."

He nods. "Yes. But I'm defaulting today's match."

"Up against some ringer?" I asks.

"No," says he.

Then, after a few minutes, I can see out of the tail of my eye that he's sizin' me up like he meant to spring something else. Finally it comes out.

"The fact is, Rusty, I find myself in a somewhat peculiar position," says he. "I presume you would know exactly what to do."

"If I didn't," says I, "I'd probably ask somebody that I thought did know."

"Precisely what I mean to do," says he. "Call in an expert. Well, here is the case: The fellow I was to play against today is the man who is going to marry the young woman to whom I proposed last night."

"The Insley flapper, eh?" says I.

That gives him sort of a jolt. "You knew, then?" says he. "You have—er—noticed?"

"I ain't been stretchin' my neck," says I, "but I ain't had my head in a bag either. And if you don't mind my sayin' so, Mr. Buell, you're a good picker."

He hunches his shoulders. "That's as far as I seem to get, Rusty."

"You been outa luck this trip anyway," says I. "There was a couple of others, wasn't they?"

"Quite so," says he. "Doris was the third to decline to take my matrimonial intentions seriously."

"Wha-a-at?" says I, easin' the car around a right-angle turn. "You don't ever mean, Mr. Buell, that you—well, got as careless as that with all of 'em?"

"I hope I don't strike you as any variety of the he-vamp type, Rusty," says he.

"No, Mr. Buell," says I, "I wouldn't hang that on you. Never."

"Your denial would be just as comforting without the extra emphasis," says he. "However, I will admit that whenever I pay marked attention to a young lady it is a sure sign that I intend asking her, at the first favorable opportunity, to become Mrs. Sidney Buell."

I expect I had my mouth open for the next mile or so, but I didn't let anything out that a wise shuffer wouldn't say to his boss. Mr. Buell was next though.

"You are somewhat astonished, perhaps pained; eh, Rusty?" says he.

"Oh, you're the doctor!" says I. "And maybe you can get away with stuff like that; but I'll bet if I was to pull it just once I'd find myself hooked."

"I've no doubt," says he. "For I confess I have noticed you and your ways, Rusty. We land at some new hotel, for instance, just before dinner; and by 8:30 the same evening you have annexed the prettiest waitress or some bobbed-haired chambermaid, and are off for a dance or the movies. I've seen you with one on either arm. We seldom leave a place without two or three on hand to wave a fond farewell. I've caught them blowing kisses at you, even sobbing after you. And you're an unimposing little shrimp, Rusty, with a broken nose, a cast in one eye, and a crooked mouth. Tell me: How do you do it?"

I has to chuckle at his free-hand sketch of my map, which ain't so far off, at that.

"Ah, there ain't no trick to datin' up them skirts, Mr. Buell," says I. "They got the net out for you the minute you roll in. It's just a case of which one you'll tag. But some is mighty easy on the eyes, all the same. I expect you didn't notice the little wild rose I was runnin' around with the last few days we was at the shore. No, you was too busy with that tall blonde. Well, nothing in the ballroom had anything on Nora, I'll say."

"Sorry I wasn't more successful with my affair," says he. "You might have been with Nora still."

"Oh, maybe it's just as well," says I. "I was kinda crashin' in on the head porter's little summer romance, and he was startin' to act messy. Love 'em and leave 'em, is my motto, Mr. Buell."

"Really?" says he, and lets it ride at that for the next half hour.

He's a great one for thinkin' things over. Most of these heavy-built birds are. They always start in low gear. I expect I'd do the same if I was as big and awkward as Mr. Buell. Honest, I'd go into second and stay there for life. Oh, I don't mean he's just a plain fatty. Not that kind

at all. From the belt down he's almost rangy, but from there up he sure is wide and thick, especially through the shoulders. Say, one of his coats would make a nice tent for me, and if I should put on his hat it would rest on my collar bones. When I tell you that he stands seventy-four inches in his socks, and is a bit knock-kneed, and is double-jointed all over, maybe you can get the picture. No you can't either. He looks as top-heavy as a double-decked Fifth Avenue bus, and when he walks he's about as graceful as a camel

How that boy can swat a golf ball though! I've caddied for some of the siege gun hitters in my day Chick Evans and Jess Guilford and Jim Barnes and lemme tell you that when Mr. Buell's wrists are warmed up he can rap the pill with the best of 'em He' got most of the other shots, too, plain and fancy, includin' some of Kirkwood's trick stuff; and instead of piffin' around with tournaments on hotel courses he ought to be qualifyin' for the big events, like the National and the Open. But the reason he don't figure in them affairs ain't the one I hear whispered on the tee benches. He ain't got a yellow streak in him. Not exactly. He just ain't got a go-getter disposition. You know? Seems to get sorry for the guy he's playin' against after he's four or five up, and begins to soften. Then, first thing he knows, he's licked on the eighteenth. With his tee shot and half of Hagen's disposition he'd be a world beater

'Course, another handicap with Mr. Buell is that he don't have to win anything. It's all been handed to him, long ago. Comes from Pittsburgh—one of the steelocracy. Not that he'd know a rollin' mill from a grain elevator, although he tells me he did make a stab at the game as general sales agent in China or Japan or somewhere. But he let them slit-eyes bunk him so bad on a big contract that his old man cabled him to come home and play golf, and since then that's what he's been doing.

He's all right in his way, though, Mr. Buell is. He's clean and straight and good-natured, even if he ain't very useful. And he sure was white with me when he signs me on early last spring. I was down and out at the time, almost a total loss. I'd just limped out of a hospital where they'd been six weeks tryin' to make me good as new after I'd tried to push a three-ton freight truck into the ditch with a coupé weighin' half that much. My bus was the one that got pushed, and what with the glass cuts on my head and an ankle bone put on the bum, I finished in the casualty ward. Oh, yes, it was a case of joy ridin', and the old dame who owned the coupé, after she'd had one look at the wreck, didn't rush off and send me a bunch of orchids. She phoned twice to ask how soon I could be sent to jail. Besides that, I was on the taxi company black list for bumpin' a traffic cop who'd handed me three tickets in one week. So my chances of landin' another job anywhere east of St. Louis was about a hundred-to-one shot. But I was down to my last five bucks and something had to be done, so I cuts the "Wanted-Males" out of a mornin' paper and starts rustlin' a private sit. And my third stab brings me up against this young sport who has retired by request from the steel business.

I finds him finishin' a ten-o'clock breakfast at his club, and gets tipped off by the doorman that a whole squad of early birds who'd answered the same ad was due to report again at 11:30. But I puts up such a line of chirky josh that I gets him towed out to the lobby. From the way he looks me over I decided that it's all off and that he's got his heart set on something that'll look classier in a low-visored cap than I will. So maybe I was more reckless than usual when he starts givin' me the third degree.

"You have references from your late employer, I suppose," says he.

"No," says I. "The old lady didn't have any asbestos paper handy."

That gets a flickery smile out of him. "We will pass that," says he. "How much experience have you had?"

"About all there is," says I. "I've driven trucks, taxis and private."

"Ever have accidents?" he goes on.

"None that I couldn't get over without bein' passed on by a coroner," says I.

"That's something, at least," says he. "What about morals?"

"Yours or mine?" says I. "I ain't finicky as to who I drive, if that's what you mean."

"Not precisely what I had in mind," says he; "but it should work both ways, shouldn't it? May I ask about your previous—er—career?"

"Sure!" says I. "Graduated from an orphans' home at sixteen, got into a reform school a year later, broke out after ten months of that, sold papers in Chicago, got to be a Class A caddie at Glenview, and then learned to ——"

"You've been a caddie, have you?" he breaks in.

I sketches out for him my bag-totin' stunts, includin' the week I carried for Chick when he copped the mug in the Open.

"H'm!" says he, rubbin' his chin. "It would be rather convenient, at times, having a chauffeur who would be willing to act as caddie in emergencies."

"That's a close-up of me—Rusty Gillan, Es-quire," says I. "And I still got my driver's badge Do I pin it on now, Mr. Buell?"

"Why not?" says he.

And once more I knew that Lady Luck was leanin' over my right shoulder. Half an hour later I was sittin' behind the wheel of as classy a sport roadster as I ever gave the juice to, and within a week we'd started knockin' around the country on this Romeo-golf tour.

They must have sewed clear through the bone when they fixed up my scalp, or else I got bumped harder'n I thought; for here I'd been out with Mr. Buell nearly three months and was just gettin' hep to his leadin'-lover act. 'Course, I'd seen him hoverin' around these different dames—one at Lenox, another at the Pier, and then this Insley girl at the Springs. But that's only natural for a young hick who's got nothing else to do but pass the time. And I didn't dream he'd be rash enough to go whisperin' the wilt-thou stuff to 'em all. I simply couldn't feature it. Yet, accordin' to his own description, that's his idea of windin' up a perfect evenin'. I'd about made up my mind that he was tryin' to kid me when he opens the subject again.

"Frankly now, Rusty, as between man and man, why can I be only a—well, a matrimonial runner-up?" he asks.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it as raw as that!" says I, stallin' him off. "You've just had a few poor breaks, that's all."

He shakes his head. "No, Rusty," says he. "Three times running is too many to attribute to mere bad luck. I've been wondering if—if there was something repulsive about me. Is there?"

"Well," says I, "you're no second Valentino or Dick Barthelmess, you know; but I can't see where you'd actually work up spine shivers in anyone. In fact, you got a map that would 'most pass for a collar-ad boy done on a large scale."

"Thank you, Rusty," says he, "for those reassuring words. Not that I crave flattery, but I was beginning to suspect that my features might be all wrong. If they're not, if I am a fairly presentable specimen of the genus homo, then something else must be the matter with me."

"There's a good deal of you, Mr. Buell," I suggests.

"Such as it is, yes," says he. "Still, I am hardly a sideshow freak. Six feet two is not abnormal, and I've known

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Anyway, When She Finishes She Gazes Into His Eyes Admirin' and Pats Him on the Cheek. "Allez Toi!" She Shoots at the Bunch

Luck and the Red-Haired Lady

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN THE beginning Slim became interested in the two per cent theory because of the possibilities it offered for starting arguments among the men with whom he worked; adopted it as his own by way of a jest. Even after he became acquainted with Ann Branton it was some time before he made a serious effort to prove its practical worth. Later, though—but that is the end of the story and not the beginning.

The story begins one morning in Wallace, a mining town in the Cœur d'Alene district of Northern Idaho. In those boom days the morning was the quietest part of the day. Scarcely anyone was stirring about, although here and there along the streets little groups of idlers were enjoying the warmth of the late autumn sunshine that flooded the narrow valley where the town lay. Already a covering of snow could be seen on the higher hills and ridges that surrounded the town—a silent warning of the near approach of winter.

Slim, who from his appearance could have been anywhere from twenty-five to thirty, came sauntering out from one of the hotels and stood on the curb sizing up the town. As he looked about he began to smile and his own version of an old song found utterance:

"Oh, the bear came over the mountain,
The bear came over the mountain,
The bear came over the mountain,
And this is what he saw."

Then his gaze wandered to the high hills, and with his head and shoulders flung back he filled his lungs with great draughts of the crisp autumn air as if it were an anodyne. At the same time his fingers searched aimlessly, fruitlessly, through his pockets. Finally aware of the barrenness of the search, a momentary cloud darkened his features. Immediately he smiled again and began blithely to carol the words of another old familiar song:

"Count your many blessings,
Name them one by one."

He had come into the town the evening before and had met a crowd of friendly miners with, for him, the usual result. During the evening he had squandered his slender summer wages and now was broke again. This was no new experience; but he knew he must find another job soon, and to him jobs were an affliction of an otherwise kindly Providence. Reluctantly his gaze returned from the enchantment of the distant horizon to the realities of the street.

Framed in the doorway of a brokerage office adjoining the hotel lobby stood a young woman—scarcely more than a girl—appraising him with evident amusement. In the window of the office were samples of ore from the various mines in the district; on a blackboard conspicuously displayed were listed the active mining stocks with the latest quotations.

Upon perceiving the girl and seeing her expression of amusement a quick smile played across Slim's lips. He lifted his hat, displaying for an instant his close-cropped curly black hair—the kind of hair a woman loves to tangle in her fingers.

"Gray Eyes and Red Hair! I've Never Met Up With That Combination Before"

"Good morning-after," he said. "You've guessed it. Now perhaps you will tell me if the mine operators of the district maintain an employment office in town, or does a man have to rustle work at the mines?"

"There is an employment office here," she told him, continuing her appraisal as she spoke. She perceived that he was lean, slim, above the average height, with wide, powerful shoulders, slightly stooped from years of work in the tunnels and drifts of the mines. She noticed that his forehead was wide and full—the forehead of potential executive ability; his nose high arched, and wide at the nostrils, indicating aggressive courage and reflective judgment; his jaw was long, square, heavy-muscled—the jaw of energy and will power. But his lips, wide, generous, impulsive, and his deep-set restless blue eyes revealed the dominating characteristics of the man.

"A ten-day stiff," she decided, using the term applied to the migratory workers of the West—unstable, irresponsible men who drift from camp to camp with the changing seasons. Then stepping out into the sunshine of the street she began to tell him how to find the employment office. But he did not heed her directions. Instead he gazed earnestly, almost accusingly at her hair.

"While you were standing in the shadow of the doorway I thought it was brown," he told her gravely. "But in the sunshine it is red—a kind of pretty red, at that."

At his comment the lines of her face grew hard and her eyes flashed angrily. She brushed a truant strand of hair back from her brow its color in the sunlight a blending of bronze and burnished gold.

"And I thought your eyes were blue," he continued, speaking gravely, impersonally. "They would be if it weren't for the gray lights in them. Gray eyes and red hair! I've never met up with that combination before. But I've met lots of red-haired ladies—dog-gone them—and they've all been more or less a mixed blessing to me. The last one—she had green eyes and a temper; and the one before her ——"

The girl began to smile again.

"Are you the man they call Slim—Seattle Slim?" she interrupted.

"Uh-huh," said Slim. "And I'll bet your name is Ann Branton. I've heard about you in the other camps. And like I was telling you, the last one had green eyes and a temper; and the one before that ——"

Again the girl interrupted.

"Tell me," she commanded, "did you get to Seattle according to your schedule this year?"

Slim shook his head regretfully. Years before, someone had told him Seattle in June was the most delightful place in the world for a ten-day stiff to spend his winter's wages. At that time he had not appreciated the irony of the information—for what ten-day stiff ever had any of his winter's savings left in June? But the possibilities of the city and the season intrigued him, and each spring he fared forth from the camp where he had happened to spend the winter, determined to see that fair port during her fairest season. And each spring his winter's savings failed before he reached Seattle, or some more immediate interest—usually a red-haired lady—served to divert him from his purpose. His efforts and his failures had become the theme for countless jests and stories told with much verbal embroidery by the miners who knew him.

"Didn't I just get through explaining to you that red-haired ladies always have been more or less a mixed blessing to me?" he continued, answering her question. "This spring I was on my way to Seattle when I heard about the last one—the one with the eyes and the temper—and I just naturally had to drift over into Central Oregon where she lived, to save her from a fellow who was planning to marry her—from one of the fellows who were planning to marry her. By the time I had saved her from the wrong one and had married her off to the right one, why, June had gone and so had my last winter's wages. So I drifted up here to look for another winter's job, and the first person I meet is another red-haired lady. Dog-gone it! I'll bet just about the time I'm ready to start for Seattle next summer I'll find I have to stick around to save you from somebody or something."

The girl had been smiling while he talked; now she permitted herself a rippling, melodious laugh of pure enjoyment.

"Just to see if it will work out that way I'm going to offer you a job," she told him. "I had intended to send you to the employment office, where you would have been given a job in one of the big mines. Usually I don't use

ten-day men myself. But because you spoke so slightingly of my hair I'm going to give you work for the winter. Next summer I'll see if I can find a way to gyp you out of your trip to Seattle."

"I didn't speak slightingly of your hair," Slim protested.

"Yes, you did," she insisted. "At least you did by inference. You said red-haired ladies had always been a mixed blessing to you."

"That wasn't a slight," he told her earnestly. "That was a compliment. If I had been half as honest as I am polite I wouldn't have used the word 'blessing' at all. Quite the contrary."

"I knew what you meant," she replied. "To get even, I'm offering you this job. Old Jack McKinnon—perhaps you've heard of old Cœur d'Alene Jack—staked out some claims this summer. The property lies a few miles northeast from here up above the camp called Burke. It is a pretty proposition—ore right at the grass roots, and a ledge that can be traced more than half a mile on the surface. McKinnon and his partner, a Spokane lawyer named Stewart, have given me the handling of the claims. I've already sent up the necessary machinery and now I'm sending a crew of men. We plan to sink a shaft to a depth of one hundred feet on the ledge where the ore outcrops, and then drift both ways along the ledge from the bottom of the shaft. You are broke," she continued, abruptly changing the subject. "Come into the office and I'll stake you."

As Slim followed her into her office he perceived her entire manner was changed. He sensed that, contrary to her custom, she had permitted herself a moment of relaxation, of levity, with an engaging stranger. Now she was the business woman again, a bit too brusque in her speech, her gray eyes a bit too bright, and the lines of an otherwise attractive face too hard for one so young. He waited beside her desk while she opened a safe. From a drawer she took twenty dollars, hesitated, then added five more.

"You will have to buy your own bedding," she told him; "and likely you'll need tobacco money before your first pay day."

She made a record of the money advanced, and then with pen poised above the book asked his name.

"Reynolds," he told her. "Bob Reynolds."

As she wrote she nodded abstractedly as if the name revived some old memory.

"I believe I once heard a theory of yours discussed What was it called? Oh, yes; the two per cent theory."

"That's it," he said; "the two per cent theory. I maintain the difference between the average person who succeeds and the average person who fails usually is not more than two per cent. I maintain that in order to succeed in any undertaking a person needs only a little more desire than average—about two per cent more—or a little more determination."

"How about ability?" she asked quickly. "Neither determination nor desire without ability would ever enable one to achieve success."

"Maybe not," Slim said, as if this were a new thought to him. "Maybe not. But don't you think the ability would be developed if the desire or the determination were strong enough?"

"Quite possible," she agreed.

Slim grinned again.

"Sure it is possible. And if ever you decide to put the theory to work for you, let me know the result, won't you? I already have several believers in the different camps who are trying it out, but none of them has reported to me yet."

"It might be worth trying," she said reflectively, "if desire counted for anything."

Abruptly she returned to the practical; told him how to find his way to the McKinnon claims; bade him good-by and good luck; and as he left the office turned to a pile of papers on her desk.

That same afternoon Slim went up the cañon to the claims. For the first few weeks he helped with the construction of the mine buildings and later with the installing of the machinery; then with other experienced miners commenced the work of sinking the shaft. From time to time during the winter Miss Branton came up to see what progress they were making. On these occasions she had for Slim the same brisk impersonal greeting she had for the rest of the men. The work in the shaft progressed slowly, as such work always does on a new development, but by the time the snow was leaving the lower slopes of the hills the following spring the shaft had reached a depth of one hundred feet in solid ore, and the men had begun to drift both ways on the ledge.

Unexpectedly one day Miss Branton came up and told them the property had been sold to a group of Eastern capitalists and that the work would be suspended.

Slim took his final pay check and returned to Wallace He had no particular destination in mind; simply was tired of the monotonous routine he had endured during the winter. Before he left town he went in to say good-by to Miss Branton.

As soon as he entered her offices she called him over to her desk.

"What is your opinion of those claims?" she asked. "And why do you suppose McKinnon and his partner sold out? They accepted one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the property. Seems to me they should have had more than that."

"McKinnon is nobody's fool," Slim told her, dismissing a questionable bit of business with the easy philosophy of the camps. "The top of the ledge is in place all right, all right. And there's a good showing of ore too. But below the bottom of that shaft—I don't know. I guess maybe I would have been glad to sell too."

Miss Branton studied him for a moment, wondering whether to question him for details; decided not to.

"You must be in cahoots with them," she jested, her lips smiling mechanically. "They didn't take me into their confidence either. At that, they treated me fairly enough. When they were ready to sell I tried to persuade them to let me have a small interest, and they refused."

"Fair enough," Slim commented. "And don't let anyone else sell you any of it unless you can buy the whole outfit. If ever you can do that little thing, send for me and I'll make a mine of it for you."

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That Same Afternoon Slim Went Up the Cañon to the Claims

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

The Evolution of Standard Oil—By Isaac F. Marcosson

HAVING traversed the provinces of production in this journey through the American petroleum domain, we now come to its most familiar landmark—the Standard Oil Company. In the preceding articles, whether in California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Oklahoma or Texas, we have encountered Standard companies or their subsidiaries to be sure, but they merely fitted into the larger picture.

Yet barely more than a decade ago any oil narrative would have begun—and, for that matter, have ended—with the vast industrial unit which, at the peak of its monopolistic might, controlled 85 per cent of all branches of the business. Today the thirty-four companies, once linked and now operating on their own, represent less than 50 per cent of the oil business.

It is a tribute to the thoroughness with which the old idea of Standard domination soaked into the American consciousness that the public still thinks of petroleum in terms of that company. Moreover, there are many individuals who continue to visualize John D. Rockefeller as the Warwick of oil, dictating terms to a vassal producing and consuming world.

The truth of the matter is that if Mr. Rockefeller were to return to the principality in which he and his associates were overlords—he is the last survivor of the old guard and long absent from the scene of his sovereignty—he would find himself on strange ground. Before 1911, when the United States Supreme Court delivered its historic wallop on the solar plexus of the greatest of all trusts, the so-called independent was the exception. Now more than 16,000 companies and thousands of individual operators are interested in oil in one way or another. It means that the field where competition was once a lost art has become the battle ground of fierce rivalry.

No one need be told that the words "Standard" and "suspicion" were formerly almost synonymous. Indeed, the name "Standard," or rather the force behind it, has not yet lost its power to provoke. Standard baiting, together with railroad nagging, constituted the favorite sport of politicians for years. More men have ridden into office astride the Standard goat than almost any other agency. The citadel of that company—26 Broadway, New York—has been the target of well-nigh incessant attack. The Standard has inspired a literature and a litigation all its own.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (Left), and His Son, John D., Junior

Growth of the Oil Industry

THESE are the well-known facts and they are of no particular concern to us here. What the average man wants to know is the status of the Standard today. What has happened since that fateful dissolution decree? Do those thirty-four companies really function as separate entities? What are the concrete consequences of the break-up of the most powerful business family that the trust era produced? Was an economic monstrosity created? How has it affected the oil advance?

Finally, what of that Rockefeller billion and the much discussed and little known personality behind it? It is with the answers to these questions that the present article is mainly concerned.

The immediate and outstanding feature in any appraisal of the evolution of the Standard Oil Company is that somebody's judgment erred—certainly in one direction—when the break-up of the trust was framed. The aftermath of dissolution reveals the most gigantic surprise—indeed, it is almost a superjoke—of these modern business times. If the powers that combined to disintegrate that one-time octopus believed that they were cramping the style of the men upon whom the task of managing the separate units devolved, they now realize that they have another think coming. When unscrambling the biggest of all industrial omelets they failed to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. That bird is still a prolific producer.

Not only are the various companies that comprised the Standard trust more vigorous than ever before, but the enrichment of the stockholders and the rise of some of their officers to authority constitute a wonder tale almost without parallel in our financial and commercial annals. The Rockefeller fortune itself will illustrate. In 1911 the book value of Mr. Rockefeller's holdings in the old Standard of New Jersey—the parent company—was $159,250,000. Today that same interest, because of reorganization and various other results of dissolution, would be worth exactly $857,500,000. This stock, by the way, represented only part of the Rockefeller assets before the distribution to philanthropy and to the various members of his family began. Having given $500,000,000 to his various foundations, and a similar sum to his son, John D., Jr., Mr. Rockefeller is struggling along on the income of the remaining millions. Like Andrew Carnegie, he will be unable to die poor.

This colossal increment in the Rockefeller fortune is only one detail. The Standard of New Jersey at the present time represents, in production, refining, marketing and transportation, a wealth and a prestige that exceed the total capitalization and all other combined resources of the entire Standard trust when it was dissolved in 1911. I have presented only two of the most striking facts.

Then, too, there is the effect of dismemberment on the whole industry. It is the unanimous feeling throughout the business that the old Standard trust would have been unable to keep pace with the remarkable expansion of the markets for petroleum products during the past twelve years. The combine could not have attracted the necessary new capital. A glance at the figures will confirm this statement. In 1911, $2,750,000,000 represented the investment in petroleum in this country. At that time the automobile era had been cranked up to a real get-off, which means that the gasoline demand had begun to boom. The $9,250,000,000 which now represents the legitimate oil investment in the United States was largely made possible by the dismemberment of the trust. For every dollar invested in the petroleum industry in 1911 there are now employed three and a half dollars, or an increase of nearly 250 per cent.

Distributed Holdings

THERE is another angle. At the time of dissolution there were only 6078 stockholders in the Standard of New Jersey, which owned the thirty-three subsidiaries. This number really means nothing, because a little more than 50 per cent of this New Jersey stock was held by eight individuals, headed by John D. Rockefeller. At the time I write there are considerably more than 300,000 stockholders in the various Standard companies that once comprised the Standard Oil trust. In four companies alone—the Standard of New Jersey, New York, California and Indiana—there are 142,420 stockholders.

This does not include 15,000 employes of the Standard of New Jersey and 11,370 employes of the Standard of California who have been buying stock on the installment plan, aided by bonuses from the company, and who will be full-fledged stockholders of record next year.

What was once a rich man's investment, as it was termed—for the old New Jersey stock sold at $840 a share at the peak price—has been brought within the range of the general investor, who can benefit by Standard efficiency. So much for the preliminaries of dissolution.

Fully to comprehend the evolution of Standard Oil since the decree, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the Standard that was. The methods that formed the basis of the famous government suit which led to dissolution—the bill of complaint alleged unfair-practice contracts, restraint of trade, railroad discrimination, inordinate profits and divisions of territory among the different companies—are part of the past. There are other details of that pre-dissolution era of distinct human as well as wide economic interest, and they are an essential part of the larger American oil story. Hence they cannot be ignored in the task at hand.

Whatever may be said of the performance of the old Standard combine, it represented the beginning of that epoch of trade and industrial organization which made the nineteenth century great in the history of business. I do not refer, of course, to the attitude toward competition. That is another story and led to its undoing. The Standard, historically regarded, was the first expression of waste elimination, and it also incarnated the closely coördinated activity which later found expression in the manufacturer-to-consumer idea.

Most people are apt to assume that the old Standard simply grew. It is in line with the widespread belief that luck, or happy chance, makes men rich. No delusion could be greater. The Standard marched to power and monopoly because it did not ignore what the human failures in this world dismiss as the trivial things. This is why they are failures. The master assimilator of trifles was John D. Rockefeller. In two hitherto unheralded incidents in his early life you find out why he and his group ruled the oil business once they made up their minds to do so.

When he was a young bookkeeper in Cleveland on a salary of $500 a year, his employer, without glancing at

the items, handed Rockefeller a plumber's bill about a yard long, saying, "Please pay this account."

This performance is a costly shortcoming of most people. Young John, being thrifty, gave the bill a careful examination and discovered various overcharges. Out of that incident came one of his cardinal rules, which was embodied in the value that lies in the conservation of small sums. These pennies were like Michelangelo's famous "trifles that make perfection." Out of them sprang the Rockefeller fortune.

The second episode dealt with Rockefeller's entry into business on his own. He had saved up $800 out of his small salary when he was approached by M. B. Clark, who wanted to establish a produce house and needed a partner with $2000. John D. went to his father to borrow $1000. His parent told him that he expected to give each of his children this sum when they became of age—John was then under twenty-one—but added that he would advance the amount provided his son would pay him 10 per cent interest. The boy assented and the firm of Clark & Rockefeller was the result. I cite this episode to show that there was never any sentimentality in business matters in the Rockefeller family. The fact that the future oil king had to pay his father 10 per cent interest on a loan sank deeply.

There is neither space nor occasion for any résumé of the development of the Standard Oil Company save in those big and significant details which affected the development of the whole petroleum industry. When John D. Rockefeller and his early partners went into refining -and until dissolution the production end of the Standard was the least important feature—they found the business in the wildest confusion. The price of crude fluctuated almost within a year from fifty cents to twenty dollars a barrel. Refining was primitive.

In those early refineries the raw material was heated to vapor in cast-iron vessels cased with bricks, out of which the vapors were passed off to a copper worm cooled with water. There was no attempt to save or to use the full contents of the crude. The more volatile products—the benzine and naphtha from the lighter vapor—were regarded as valueless

Directly Above the X is the Standard Oil Building at 26 Broadway, New York, the Best-Known Business Address in the World

Early Days of the Industry

MEN stole out from the plants in the darkness of night to empty the finest of motor fuels into the creeks where it would run away unobserved before morning. It was long before the motor-car age. The kerosene, or coal oil, as it has always been called, was the plant's only commercial product.

Oil was transported in barrels; there was no organized storage; and gambling in crude, with consequent corners and profiteering, added to the demoralization. Fires in warehouses were the bugbear of the industry. Old-timers have told me that it was typical of the oil psychology of the day that a fire that wiped out a refinery was regarded as a boon to all the others.

When you consider that there are 60,000 miles of oil pipe line in the United States today—the system from the Mexia fields in Texas to Bayonne, New Jersey, is exactly 1800 miles long—it is interesting to know that when an enterprising individual at Titusville, Pennsylvania, put down a two-inch pipe line running eighty barrels of crude a day from Pithole, one of the early oil centers, to the railroad four miles away, the oil teamsters rioted, denounced the innovation as a blow to their right to live and tore up the pipes.

Such is ever the ordeal of progress.

Into all this petroleum confusion was projected the vision of John D. Rockefeller and his associates. They wrought the first order out of the chaos, tied up transportation, built model refineries, charted the world for the consumption of American kerosene and brought their products to the front door of the consumer. It was this coördination—the company got its title from Rockefeller's desire to produce a standard oil—which gave the trust its premier place in the expansion of the business.

The lesson of the plumber's bill to which I have referred was never lost on John D. Rockefeller. Economy in small things was the order from the start. Under his stimulation an expert discovered, for example, that the number of drops of solder necessary to fasten the lid on a can of oil could be reduced from forty to thirty-nine. The change was made. It saved $50,000 a year at first and more as the trade increased. Wood for oil barrels was cut, stored and dried in its native forest before being carried out, a saving of perhaps one-quarter on that item of transportation. They carried out all wood—no sap.

Figuring Costs

IN THREE striking features, one of them now indispensable to big industry everywhere, the old Standard was the pioneer. Since the circumstances of their origin are unknown to the reading public, I will briefly tell the story as the final section of this prelude to what happened after dissolution.

Forty-four years ago an office boy named W. E. Bemis, then in his seventeenth year, sat outside the door of John D. Rockefeller's office in Cleveland. The Standard Oil Company of Ohio, the nucleus of the great trust, had entered its second decade.

On the wall of the reception room where the boy sat, and where all who entered could read it, was posted the price that the Standard Oil Company was paying for crude oil that day. Even then the company had begun to dominate the situation, because the Standard rate was the accepted one. This practice of exposing the daily price—it frequently changed every twenty-four hours—was the beginning of what is called today the posted-price system. The big buyers still literally post the price they are willing to give.

Young Bemis had a mathematical mind. One day he looked up at the posted price of crude and it set him to thinking. Business was slack for the moment, so he took a piece of paper and figured out the cost of manufacturing a gallon of kerosene. Incredible as it may seem, it was the first time that this had been done. After working out his problem in figures, the boy took it in to Mr. Rockefeller, who was so impressed that he gave orders for the establishment of an elemental statistical department. So far as

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Oranges and Oil in California

Glimpses of Our Government

The Task and the Tools

By William C. Redfield

SPEAKER CLARK'S gavel fell on the morning of March 4, 1913, as he announced that the House of Representatives of the Sixty-second Congress adjourned without day. I left my familiar seat in the House and passed through the long central corridor of the Capitol over to the Senate wing to join my colleagues of the new cabinet on the floor of the Senate. The chamber and its galleries were crowded with those who had come to witness the opening of the inauguration ceremonies. Mr. Marshall took the oath of office as Vice President and made a brief address, and when this was over the mixed throng of diplomats, judges, senators, representatives, officials new and old, with the guests, both men and women, poured out upon the platform on the east front to see Chief Justice White administer the oath to Woodrow Wilson and to hear the inaugural address of the new President. It would be more correct to say see the delivery of the address than to say hear it. Those were not the days of radio and amplifiers, and no man could be a sufficiently loud speaker to reach more than a small part of the vast outdoor audience.

The United States Revenue Cutter Bear, Stuck in the Ice, Near Point Barrow, Alaska

As soon as the ceremonies ended, the cabinet members, who had thus made their first appearance in public, followed the President to the White House to partake with many others of a belated buffet luncheon. Our own carriage was so delayed that most of the official party had preceded us. Therefore it happened that as we entered the dining room of the Executive Mansion Mr. Taft was coming out. As he passed through the vestibule several young officers who had been his aides gathered about him to say farewell. He paused to speak briefly to them and took each man by the hand. The farewells on both sides were cordial, almost affectionate. Thus the last words that were spoken to Mr. Taft as he stepped out of the White House into a retirement that happily was but temporary, expressed the sincere friendship of these young men. I felt at the time as I saw the pleasant incident that he also took with him the respect of the whole public he had served.

Getting Into Harness

THE next morning I went to the office of what till then had been the Department of Commerce and Labor and was sworn in as Secretary of Commerce, my associate in Congress, W. B. Wilson, becoming at the same time Secretary of Labor. My predecessor, Charles Nagel, received me and courteously said he was glad the department was to be guided by a man who would appreciate its true value. He added that his work in the department had given him much pleasure, especially that part of it which was related to immigration, to which subject he had devoted much time and thought. He commended his colored coachman to my good will and with a smile expressed his fondness for the team of horses that was used with the secretary's carriage. In a short time he withdrew and the charge of the new Department of Commerce fell upon me.

It was indeed new—an infant born that day—created by a statute approved on the morning of the day that we took office dividing the former Department of Commerce and Labor into two parts and turning over to the new Department of Labor the immigration and naturalization services, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Children's Bureau and their associated staffs—in all a force of more than eighteen hundred persons with their share of equipment. This done, it was time to look about to see how to deal with the nine services that remained under my direction.

Let us put a peg there to mark the spot and turn aside briefly to consider some matters which it is essential to discuss in order to reach a common understanding at the start. Of course if we are to talk together about public matters in Washington and elsewhere during the Administration of President Wilson, we must see our background clearly when we begin. This background is not unlike the screen in the movies. It is not the picture, but the picture can hardly be there without it. It not only makes the picture visible but clear so that you can see it in its true proportions. Probably no two men who were put at the heads of executive departments in Washington did their work in the same way, and the difference in the ways of working arose largely, perhaps chiefly, from the different backgrounds against which they saw the task to which their hands were set. A lawyer would look at it in one way; an educator in another way, and a manufacturer in still a third way. Mine was the third way; it had to be so because of my training. Perhaps it was neither better nor worse than other viewpoints, but it was different. The background was that of one whose thinking had been along the line of factory production.

The Barnegat Lighthouse

Generally speaking, progressive American manufacturers are differentiated from those in other lands by their characteristic criticism of their own methods of production. We look constantly for some better way to do our work. Our thought regarding our product is dynamic, not static. We do not mean to run the same machinery next year that we use this year if we can find some that is better. We are ready to adopt any course within reason that will enlarge our product and improve its quality. Change, provided it is a step forward, is of the very essence of our methods. We cheerfully scrap expensive machines to get others which are perhaps more costly but which produce better or more cheaply. We discard methods hallowed by time but by nothing else, in favor of others which will produce more or cost less. We look at our factories almost as living organisms whose members are constantly in readjustment. Medical men would say that the life of the various units in an American industrial plant represents a true metabolism always the taking in and building up, always the tearing down and casting out. It is the evidence of life.

Through a Business Man's Eyes

WITH these horizons and mental habits one who takes charge of a government department naturally looks about to see what it is, what it produces, how it works, whether the product, whatever it may be, comes out steadily and economically or whether production is hampered by poor tools, bad organization, weak management or insufficient or obsolete equipment. You will not go astray, therefore, if you imagine yourself sitting as a newcomer in the secretary's chair asking some such questions as these: What, after all, is this department? For what purpose does it exist? What is its organization? Who and what are its workers and under what conditions do they work? What tools and equipment does it use and in what condition are they? Are they modern or obsolete, good or bad, ill or well arranged? Is it properly housed with adequate light and space? In brief, what is the department here to do and how does it do it?

But, you say, this is not politics; this is business. You are quite right about that. It is business. Indeed, it is your business, for you help pay the bills and you share in the proceeds. Unfortunately politics does more or less come in, and just so far as it enters, the work ceases to be real business and becomes surcharged with something which, whether in itself good or bad, is usually hurtful to the work on its business side. Up there on Capitol Hill at the other end of town there is an atmosphere of politics, and by the same token there is less business than there ought to be, because, taken by and large, the spirit of politics is one of talking, whereas the spirit of business is one of working. It would not be wholly unfair, therefore—with some exceptions—to label our legislators the talkers and the executive forces the doers. Now some talkers think and more do not. Even so with doers. The difference is this: The

doer who does not think goes into bankruptcy; the talker who does not think is apt to go to Congress

It is necessary to clear the ground a bit before the questions we have asked can be answered. Stand with me a moment on the west side of the Capitol and look down over Washington. It is a fair prospect that the eye travels till it meets the heights of Arlington, far west across the river where the Unknown Soldier sleeps. Here are fine buildings, noble monuments, beautiful open spaces. In front and on either hand are structures containing government forces. They constantly grow in number and, let us hope, in beauty, for our capital city should be the outward expression of the best in our national life. You and I, however, shall not travel far together before you learn that what you see embodied in those fine structures is not the whole Government of the United States, but only a part of it, and in very many ways the smallest part. Washington may be the heart, perhaps the brain, of our national Government, but it is neither its hands, its feet, its legs nor its arms, nor is it the sturdy body which unites them in constant service to you and your family and your neighbors and friends.

Turn back into the Capitol Building behind us and stand in either hall of Congress or wander through the House or Senate office building. Much good and faithful service is there, but on the whole this is the center of talk. There must, of course, be talking. Some of it is constructive; more is like the popping of the locomotive safety valves—it makes a noise and blows off steam which is dangerous if confined; and last, not least, it wastes money.

The U. S. Cutter Bear and the S. S. Corwin on Duty in the Ice-Jammed Harbor of Nome Ready to Aid Any Vessel in Distress

Where Government Work Is Done

IN THE sense in which we have spoken of work it will not be found at the opposite end of the avenue in the White House. Plenty of labor, an excess of it, is found there, much of it needless, much a waste of the time and strength of our Chief Executive. There are also vision and planning and the thoughtful laying-out of policies and wise consultation at the White House, but the work of the Government cannot be done there, or at the most but a little of it. Scattered about the city are many places where work is done—work that adds to the safety and comfort of living, work that translates the results of congressional talking and executive thinking into service for you and me. Some of it perhaps you have seen on a vacation trip or a wedding journey, but most of it is hidden from your eyes and much of it is done under circumstances that, projected against our industrial background, will be found shocking and pitiful.

Speaking broadly, however, Washington is not the place where the government work is done. It is authorized, financed, directed, controlled there, but it is done elsewhere. Out on the open plains, all along our shores, on lakes and rivers, deep in mines, on mountain heights, in desert sands, far, far at sea, in many a strange land and among strange men that work is wrought. Sometimes it is done in quiet laboratories where a man of science measures with infinite patience tremendous things that are very small, sometimes in distant climes a government agent seeks for larger knowledge, sometimes where the sea seems to tear the foundations of the earth and tosses the fragments high in air, now where men are striving all unseen to keep the guiding beacons that mark the path of safety on the sea, again all round the twenty-six thousand miles of Alaska's coast, among the dangerous reefs of the Philippines, in the heart of Asia or voyaging round Africa, here running some boundary over perilous cliffs, there sitting in a quiet office in a distant port, measuring magnetic forces here, conducting industrial research yonder, now fixing the position of an avenue in a great city, again correcting coastal maps, here recording data for the future engineer, there seeking some new food or fiber for human use, all round the globe at all sorts of tasks, on the earth's surface and under it, on the sea and beneath its waters and in the air—there is where the work of the Government is done. Of that work the Chief Executive can under human limitations know but little, and of it Congress knows still less. But while Congress talks and executives plan, this work goes steadily on, and of its kind there is no task like it on all this globe.

With this partial suggestion of what the work of the Government is and where it is done, and recalling the background against which we are to look at our part of it, we are ready to examine the lesser portion of the larger task which was mine. So you are to think of the Secretary of Commerce as working in an office on an upper floor of a rented building on Fourteenth Street, opposite the Willard Hotel, in that early March of 1913. Two personal appointments have been made—the private secretary and the confidential clerk—and they have taken their places, as new to their work as I was myself except that employment in my former quarters at the House Office Building had taught them congressional routine. But even on the fifth of March I was not able to get to work. All that first day was given to receiving calls from friends, from would-be friends, from the various chiefs of services. The personal mail was large to overflowing, and the flow of telegrams was ceaseless. My secretary and confidential clerk were striving all day long to cope with the flood; that meant acknowledging five hundred or more letters and telegrams of congratulations. The representatives of the press assigned to keep the work of the department under observation called to size me up.

The atmosphere was more quiet the next morning and it seemed possible to think of answering those pressing questions. But secretaries propose and senators interpose. There was scarcely time to do more than remember the questions before they were thrust aside by the operation of a function of the legislators which was not laid down in their election certificates. Some of them thought it important that those questions should not be considered until after they had been heard.

Personal Solicitude of Legislators

SO THIS second day it became clear that some senators and congressmen had a keen personal interest in my success as a manager. They argued that since the work was new to me and, some of them would say, less new to them, they felt they ought to urge the importance to my success of maintaining at his or her present employment, perhaps at a slightly advanced compensation, Mr. or Miss or Mrs. So-and-So. They explained how competent these friends were, and pointed out the

(Continued on Page 78)

William C. Redfield

The Department of Commerce Building

HOME-CURED

By DAVID R. SOLOMON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD BUTLER

CONTRARY to general acceptance in the North, there are a few white people in Birmingham. Casual investigation of those few would seem to indicate that their principal occupation is not, as rumored, the making of iron and steel, but instead the buying and selling of their homes.

Stop the first well-dressed citizen on Twentieth Street and ask: "Pardon me, but what will you take for your home?" and his reply, instead of an indignant stare, in all probability will be: "Wel-l-l-l, I have been holding for twelve-five. But I might listen to twelve—all cash."

Therefore many an odd bit of change is picked up by the Birmingham trader in dirt; or, to be more exact, by the trader in the brown ore of Red Mountain.

The Richard Caldwells had been married over a year—long enough to accumulate one Airedale dog, a lot of first-hand information about married life, and a concrete-and-brick bungalow on the rise of the mountain, above beautiful curving Highland Avenue.

A goodly part of Cynthia's first-hand information was in how to change homes. When Richard had last sold their home—possession in thirty days—Cynthia had groaned in spirit, then climbed with him into the car to begin inspecting other homes and to encounter irate despair in the eyes of other goodwives. The concrete-and-brick bungalow was one of her first inspections; and her rejection was sudden, determined and emphatic.

But days of home hunting in vain, with the dreaded thirtieth day ever approaching, had lowered her standard of values. Finally, in desperation she returned to it; was mollified by the unexpected plenitude of closet space; nearly rejected it again when she saw the arrangement of the bedrooms; and surrendered to the big back yard for Airy-the-Airedale.

So she moved again, stifling the pangs at leaving to unappreciative strangers what had been her home. She began the labors of days in the concrete-and-brick makeshift. No woman's ideas coincide with those of her successor in either a husband or a house. She fought through the impatient period of new curtains and drapes; readjusted the milkman, the furnace man, the newspaper and mail deliveries. She moved furniture by day, and she shifted it back by night. And then finally she sighed, pushed back a straggling lock of bright hair into the bobbed mop, and guessed it would have to do.

In the meantime she was busily sowing the fields of emphasis upon Richard. A home was a home, she endeavored earnestly to impress, not a speculation. She thought she was a reasonable woman, but there were limits even to reason. She didn't mind moving once or twice; but when it got to the stage that she had lived on every street-car line in South Birmingham, and Airy-the-Airedale got lost because he didn't know which home to go to—she struck.

Meanwhile, there was no garage. Yes, she knew that the former owners had rented down the street. Richard might be content to leave the car out front, where he could start it every morning by rolling it down the hill instead of using the battery; but that was also where Jupiter Pluvius and the cold winds over Red Mountain could work their will on it.

She Drove Him Up the Long Way. She Knew When His Eyes Fell on the Home. He Was Sitting Up Straighter, Hoping That It Would be the One

"It'll cost a pretty good deal," protested Richard. "Anyhow, I'll get to it after a while."

"It will not, and you will not!" returned Cynthia grimly. "You can get the materials from Cousin Walter's supply firm practically at cost. If you need an architect young Walter will help you for just about nothing. And as for that getting-to-it-after-a-while stuff, Richard, 'after a while' in this case means tomorrow morning!"

At the resultant garage-and-servants' house even Richard was forced to admit that it improved the place a hundred per cent, and it seemed to stifle the selling hunger that rose within him.

The staring black-and-white roof hit Cynthia between the eyes every time they halted the car to get out. Again she hauled out young Walter.

"Walter," she demanded desperately, "what sort of roof belongs in place of that thing?"

"Red tile," responded Walter with the promptness of a workman who knows his tools. "That black-and-white creation is an eyesore."

Ensued another session with Richard. His selling hunger was appeased for a while by the last indulgence. What was the matter with the roof; kept the rain out all right, didn't it? Well—he rattled the evening paper and settled back into his morris chair—if she and young Walter would worry through with it and just send him the bills, all right. Whereupon there grew a red-tile roof.

For the last touch for the place Cynthia did not even go to Richard. The landscape gardener's price nearly gave her heart failure, but she ruthlessly sacrificed the quarterly installment of interest from her own individual four per cent railroad bonds. As a result, where there had been a discouraged-looking undersized oak, now were erect sturdy evergreens. The bald brownish spots on the lawn were succeeded by a velvet coating of deep dark green.

Passing automobiles began to stop and admire. Every visitor's first comment was "Lordy! How you have improved this place!" The former owner who had banked a thousand-dollar profit—quit speaking to Richard. When a picture of the place was printed in one of the Sunday papers among Beautiful Birmingham Homes, Cynthia's cup ran over.

And then Richard sold their home again.

For months he had been manfully stifling the hunger. He resolutely avoided real-estate agents and possible customers. By almost superhuman efforts he kept quiet when the other addicts were exchanging their "Offered me fourteen-five, but I told him nothing under eighteen would be even interesting," accompanied by the nods of those who were expecting to lie next.

He even refused to see a couple of real-estate agents when they sent in their cards. No more would he taste of the delight of bidding a prospective purchaser up and up till human flesh and blood could resist no longer.

He had quit. Permanently.

And then he sold the home again.

The Vulcan Coal, Iron and Steel Company appointed a new superintendent of one of the branches. The new superintendent, home hunting, saw the renewed concrete-and-brick bungalow, with Airy-the-Airedale on the lawn. He home-hunted no further.

Cynthia was away, mah-jongging. The cook was only human, and therefore susceptible to a rustling greenback. He looked over the place, and was almost arrested for speeding on his way to Richard's office.

Richard was very glad to see him. Even lawyers with well-established practices listened with respect when the Vulcan Coal, Iron and Steel Company was mentioned. But Richard sobered when the object of the visit was revealed. He was mighty sorry. They had made up their minds not to move again. They had shifted about so much, from house to house, that he felt that they would like to settle down. Would the new superintendent have a cigar?

The new superintendent would. Congenial smoke began curling up.

Nice town, down here, the new superintendent had found. Good live town. Didn't see why people should go to Switzerland and to California for scenery when there was a view like that from the top of the mountain. From the driveway, at night, when the lights of Birmingham were spread all out below like sparkling diamonds, and the furnaces shot their crimson pillars of flame into the sky, it was beautiful.

Richard silently nodded. More curling smoke from the cigars.

Well, the new superintendent supposed he'd better be going. Mighty sorry Richard wouldn't change his mind about selling.

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The Hero of the Devil's Kitchen

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

HE DREAMED of fights. Nearly every night, in his bed, he battled against giants and dragons, against alien soldiers who outnumbered him ten to one, against prize fighters, tough-thewed and mighty of chest. Despite his nocturnal combats, he woke refreshed and went to his bookkeeper's stool down at the bottle works with an almost confident air, for there was something reassuring, even inspiriting, about these dream fights: Stevie Glenn always won them.

No matter how doughty and vast his dream foe might be, no matter how prodigally muscled and solid-fisted, in these counterpane encounters Stevie Glenn was ever victorious. His attack was irresistible. His one hundred and twenty-seven pounds were the concentrated essence of pugnacity. He scoffed at odds. For him there was no such word as "fear." Neither the word nor its meaning existed for him.

Rather often he wished all his life could be a dream. He wondered why it was so easy to be brave in the dream world, when it was so hard in the more palpable cosmos of the bottle works and Clinton City. He was honest with himself, and so, to himself, he admitted the truth. Stevie Glenn knew he was a coward. He knew that if anyone, however puny, should advance toward him with clenched fist and belligerent eye his own lips would tremble, he would draw back, he would run.

Did the others know? he wondered. Sometimes he permitted himself to hope that his fellow workers regarded him as one of those silent, deep men who beneath a quiet mien conceal the dozing demon of temper; who, in a small stature, harbor a dangerous nature. Sometimes he practiced looking dangerous. In the privacy of his boarding-house bedroom, before his mirror, he contracted his round, rather mild face into a fearsome scowl, thrust out his not too elaborate jaw, and narrowed his light blue eyes to merest slits in imitation of the two-gun desperadoes of the moving pictures. He did not go about much, lest some circumstance might develop that would call for the trait he knew he did not have. Mostly, in the evening, he sat in his room losing himself in stories of buccaneering and adventuring, stories where challenges rang out and rapiers flashed, stories of forlorn hopes gallantly led, and stories in which little men turned on bigger men and trounced them. On other nights he read tomes on the bottle industry or studied works on salesmanship and cost accounting.

Because he did not want anyone to think he was afraid, Stevie Glenn was one of the first of the younger men in Clinton City to enlist in Company K when his country entered the war. All night long he lay awake contemplating the step. He nerved himself to take it by reassuring himself in several ways: The war would soon be over and the company probably would never leave the Clinton City armory; he would be transferred to the quartermaster corps, where his training as a bookkeeper could be suitably employed.

Even when one chill gray morning the transport carrying Company K nosed its way into the narrow harbor at St.-Nazaire, Stevie Glenn clung to the hope that had sustained him in the training camp, the hope that the fighting would be over before he had to do any of it. To his comrades in arms he said nothing of this. In their presence he frowned a martial frown and was silent.

The ride to the Front in the box car was utterly unreal to him. He could not, would not, believe what was actually happening. In the crowded murk of the car his companions bawled time-tattered army jokes at one another in loud, excited voices, or sang nervous snatches of song:

"Oh, she works in a jam factoree-e-e,
And that may be all right,
But you can't fool me "

He tried to join in the singing, but his voice stuck in his dry throat as if it were a burdock burr.

Still more unreal was the Front itself. It was so vast, so casual. He could not feel that he was part of this nightmare landscape of brown shell-churned earth and charred riven trees. He could not believe that he was the machine that trudged along toward Company K's appointed place in the front line.

He heard a sergeant say, "Where are we going?"

And he heard the top sergeant's answer, "They call the place the Devil's Kitchen. It's quiet just now. But there's been some red-hot fighting there."

A curious numbness had come to Stevie Glenn's brain, and his sense of the unreality of it all increased. He was looking at a picture, a grim picture of plodding men, desolate fields, black twisted trees. He was a spectator merely. The picture had nothing to do with him. That was before the first shell burst. It fell in a field off to the right. Instinctively, as it exploded, he threw himself face downward in the mud. He heard above him the shrapnel whine like a hungry dog.

He heard someone say in a voice that sounded far away, "That one got Joe."

He saw them carrying Joe away He saw the red. It was no longer a picture now. He became aware of his body. Sucking in his breath he got to his feet. How he covered the remaining quarter of a mile to the trenches he did not know. He found himself there, behind a sand-bag wall, in front of a deep dugout; he stood rigid and motionless as a dummy, his body cold and empty-feeling, his fingers gripping tightly the stock of his rifle. Dull nausea was on him, the sickness of fear. He wanted to scream. Why didn't something happen?

Something did happen almost at once. A strong enemy raiding party came over to investigate the green troops. It was no longer a quiet sector; the Devil's Kitchen was living up to its name.

Stevie saw the ghostlike figures of the enemy coming toward him, like hideous giant insects with their staring gas-mask eyes. His rifle was thrust through a loophole in the sand bags. He knew he should pull the trigger. He couldn't. His limp, nerveless finger had not the strength. There was chaos in the trench. Soldiers were scurrying about him like rats in a burning barn. Stevie Glenn lost all sense of direction, all sense of what was happening. The paralysis of utter terror bit him. He was like a man in a dream who cannot move a muscle although the tiger draws near. His rifle dropped from his hands. He could see the bayonets of the enemy now. With a wrench he raised his hands to his face to shut out the sight. He found he could move. He turned to run. He tripped over his rifle and fell, fell down the steep steps of the dugout, fell into the blackness of unconsciousness. He had fainted from fright.

He opened his eyes and found himself wrapped in dank gloom smelling of powder, and was convinced he was in hell. When he perceived that he was still alive and was lying in the mucky bottom of the dugout he was not at all relieved. Now they all knew what he had always known. He was a coward. They would shoot him against a wall. Lately he had dreamed of walls. He got up painfully but deliberately. He dragged himself up to the mouth of the dugout. Let them shoot him and get it over with.

He emerged into one of those spells of silence at the Front more terrible than the thunders of a barrage. Dead men lay about, his own comrades, the bodies of enemies. He stared at them dumbly. He saw no living men. He did not understand that Company K had fallen back to a stronger position, that the enemy raiding party had followed and been wiped out. Climbing to the top of the parapet where he could be seen, he stood there with closed eyes waiting. He heard the sound of soldiers coming near. What difference did

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"We've All Heard How Brave You Were in the Devil's Kitchen," Madge Vance Said, and Her Voice Was Low and Gentle

ATALANTA IN CONNECTICUT

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

SIGRID SIGURDSON furnished the kind of subject the New York sports writers love. She was the most startling thing to look at that ever walked on a tennis court. And how she could hit!

She was nearly six feet tall. She had red hair—a gorgeous red with a wave in it that hung to her knees; her skin was like a baby's, but delicately tinted to a biscuit color by long hours in the sun; her eyes—rather long, rather deep-set—were the color of deep water. She moved with that slow grace which is so rare among men and women that it always makes you think of a wild animal—one of the great cats, perhaps. She was like one of those large, ideal figures of women the Greek sculptors of the Golden Age loved to make and the Norse sagas sang, an Atalanta or a Brunhild. She was so flawless and so calm. Few would have guessed the heart that beat beneath that calm.

He Kept Roaring at Her. Sigrid Was Determined Not to Cry Again. But the Tears Came to Her Eyes Every Time He Asked in That Fierce, Exasperated Tone, "What's the Matter?"

She came out of Minnesota one June quite unknown to New York. She had played in California, at Cannes, in England. But nobody knew that. Nobody knew anything about her. Fred Thorne, who covers tennis for the New York Planet, saw her for the first time when she beat Mary Wood in the final round of the Rhode Island championships at Providence. Fred was as much startled as the gallery was. He sat for five minutes in the press stand, with a clicking key beside him and the telegraph operator waiting to send his story, while he realized what had happened. Then he talked into the operator's ear, and the next morning everybody who follows tennis in New York read what he said:

A great big beautiful girl with a rope of red hair hanging down her back and a power of stroke no woman has ever shown on a tennis court before spent half an hour this afternoon giving Miss Mary Wood, the five times American champion, a lesson in tennis.

The champion was game, and she used her excellent head. She drove and drove and drove to the big girl's backhand. That didn't work. So she chopped—chopped short, chopped long, chopped across the court. But the big girl took everything the champion offered and then came in and killed the ball. Finally the champion tried lobbing over the big girl's head. They were beautiful lobs too. But every single time the big girl took three or four or five steps back, and whang!

It reminded us of that other redhead who came out of California about ten years ago to show us effete Easterners just how fast a tennis ball could travel when a man hit it with everything he had. Yes, we mean Maurice McLoughlin. We know people who didn't see Sigrid Sigurdson smash yesterday won't believe it. But overhead she challenges comparison with the hardest-hitting man we have ever seen. She hit Miss Wood's lobs so hard that they bounded over the stands.

Her ground strokes had less speed, relatively. But they were so beautifully produced and so accurate! We hear she comes from Minnesota. Well, maybe. But we'd like to bet she's had about five years' coaching with Andy Graham.

If Miss Sigurdson can play every day as she played today she can beat any woman living, bar none. We pick her now to win the national championship. And if Miss Cecil Beach comes over here from England it won't make any difference. Sigrid Sigurdson will beat Miss Beach as easily as Miss Beach beat Lenglen.

Sigrid's father, Sigurd Sigurdson, read that story—there was a column of it—aloud at breakfast to Sigrid and Andy Graham. Hilda, Sigrid's younger sister, was still in bed. Hilda was always in bed at half past seven in the morning. Hilda was small and dark and no athlete—unless you count the fox trot.

Sigurd Sigurdson, a big choleric man with white mustaches, swelled out his chest as he read. Fred Thorne's story almost reconciled him to the fact that Sigrid was a girl. He had been an athlete himself—a swimmer, a fencer, and finally a tennis player. He had begun tennis too late ever to make the first ranking ten, but not too late to become a fanatic. He had dreamed of a son, a son to be called Sigurd Sigurdson II, who would play tennis as no man had ever played tennis before. Sigrid had grown to be almost as big as he was. He had done the best he could to forget that she was a girl.

Sigrid began to blush as her father began to read, and as he read on the blush grew deeper and hotter. It spread from her cheeks to her throat, from her throat to her shoulders. She blushed with pride, and she blushed with a profound shame. The shame was her inmost secret. She had never told anyone, not even Hilda. Her father did not see the blush. Andy saw it. But Andy said nothing.

After breakfast they went out on the court and Andy gave her the usual hour's stroke practice while her father watched.

Sigrid continued that summer to justify Fred Thorne's judgment. She played in seven tournaments between June and late August, met all the best women players in the United States and never lost a match. The scrapbook her father kept bulged with newspaper clippings. He grew prouder and prouder and Andy grew more watchful—if that were possible—and Sigrid's weight dropped from a hundred and seventy-three to a hundred and sixty-four, and the papers announced that Miss Cecil Beach had arrived to play in the American championships at Forest Hills.

Sigrid played as surely, looked as calm as ever, day after day, week after week, through that long, hard, hot summer campaign. And then one morning, six days before the championships, she went to pieces. She was at her morning stroke practice with Andy. Her father was standing beside a center post watching. Everything was just as it always was except that Sigrid couldn't keep the ball in court. Andy grinned at the first half dozen outs. But he grew sober when she kept on hitting out of court.

"Sigrid!" her father said sharply, his face red with anger.

Sigrid drove the next ball over the backstop. Her father shouted that time. Andy gave her an easy lob. Sigrid stepped back and smashed it. But the ball glanced off the wood. Sigrid didn't dare look at her father. Andy gave her another easy lob. Sigrid bit her lip and hit it. The ball traveled forty yards before it struck the ground. Sigrid burst into tears.

"What's the matter with you?" her father shouted.

"There, there!" said Andy. "Take it easy."

"What ——" her father began again. Andy stopped him with a gesture. He walked around the net and put his arm across Sigrid's shoulders. For a moment she couldn't control her sobs.

"There's nothing to cry about," Andy whispered.

"Th-th-that's j-j-just the t-t-trouble," Sigrid sobbed.

Andy patted her shoulder. She caught a glimpse of her father stamping up and down on the side lines. This couldn't go on. She couldn't stand it. With a sudden effort she managed to stop crying, smiled and straightened up.

"I'm all right," she said firmly to Andy.

"Sure?" Andy asked.

She nodded. She thought she was. She must be.

Andy went back on his side of the net and knocked a ball at her feet.

She returned it neatly with a trap shot. But she wasn't all right. She couldn't hit. She was worse than ever. Andy stopped her after half a dozen strokes.

"What's the matter?" her father roared.

"I don't know, father," Sigrid said quietly. The tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"You'd better go in and rest," Andy said. "Lie down in a dark room and see if you can't go to sleep. You'll be all right this afternoon."

Her father would have protested; but Andy stopped him. Sigrid went in and drew the shades of her windows and lay down on the bed. But she couldn't go to sleep. She couldn't even relax her body. For years and years she had gone to bed at half past nine and got up at half past six and played tennis several hours every day. She was in the physical condition of a prize fighter about to have his chance at the champion. She couldn't sleep in the daytime. She couldn't sleep until she was physically tired with her day's training. Hilda could sleep in the daytime. But Hilda wasn't in training. Besides, Hilda was up till all hours, dancing.

In the afternoon Sigrid went back to the court. She was just as bad as she had been in the morning. Her delicate sense of time and distance was gone. Her father lost his temper. He kept roaring at her. Sigrid was determined not to cry again. But the tears came to her eyes every time he asked in that fierce, exasperated tone, "What's the matter?"

"I'll tell you what's the matter," Andy said.

"Well?" Mr. Sigurdson roared.

"She's gone stale," Andy said.

"Stale!" her father said bitterly. "It isn't like any going stale I ever saw."

"She's gone stale," Andy repeated quietly.

Even Sigurd Sigurdson bowed to Andy Graham's opinion.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Send her up to Miss Mattie's place at Deep Harbor in Connecticut and let her forget about tennis for three or four days."

"Three or four days! And only six days left!"

"Four days, if necessary," Andy said.

Sigrid gave a little inaudible sigh of relief. It seemed to her at that moment as if she could go on living if she could leave off tennis for four days. She saw that her father was going to give in. He almost never gave in. But he would sacrifice anything, even his pride in his own judgment, to see her win the national championship. He was so afraid she mightn't win that he would let Andy send her away for four days when there were only six days left, if Andy insisted—and Andy did insist.

They put her on the five-o'clock train at the Grand Central. Andy got a chance to speak to her at the last moment.

"Don't think about tennis," he said. He smiled his engaging, understanding smile. "Think about what's on your mind. Decide it if you can."

"Do you think having something on my mind would would put me off my game this way?" she asked.

"Of course," said Andy simply.

"I'll try," she whispered.

At the moment she thought she could do it.

II

SIGRID arrived at Miss Mattie's at seven o'clock. At first she thought she wouldn't go down to dinner, and then she thought she would. She was no longer under the restrictions of training. She could eat something besides lamb chops. There might even be lobster. Besides, she was curious about Miss Mattie's house. She had heard of the place, but she had never been there. The old house had been an inn in the days when the Boston Post Road ran by the front door instead of half a mile to the east. It was now a small private hotel with a reputation for utter quiet and perfect cooking and unobtrusive service. You were likely to meet there almost any public character in his private search for peace. Candidates for the presidency go stale, as well as tennis players; and bankers sometimes wish to avoid interviewers; and even actresses rest from publicity. It was the rule at Miss Mattie's that you were free to speak to everybody, but that nobody was ever introduced by name and you were expected not to ask personal questions. If you happened to know your fellow guest merely because you had seen his picture in the papers, you didn't mention it. No newspaper reporter was ever permitted inside the door, although there were times when every paper in New York had a man at Deep Harbor waiting for some recalcitrant person of prominence to come out of Miss Mattie's sanctuary.

Sigrid found the dining room almost empty on this evening of the last week in August. She had an excellent dinner all by herself in the corner, while she watched Miss Mattie and the long-legged, agreeable young man she was dining with. Sigrid guessed they were old friends. She had a vague notion that she had seen the young man before; but she couldn't remember where, so she dismissed the notion. She thought the two were nice to watch. Miss Mattie was fat and placid and maternal. The man was lean and humorous and boyish. Sigrid liked his looks.

After dinner, Sigrid followed them out on the porch. She found a wicker chair by herself and sat watching the moon come up over an arm of the Sound. It was a gentle August evening. Peace stole over Sigrid.

She knew why she had gone stale. It had begun years back. But it had become acute only this last week, when she had overheard something Hilda had said. Sigrid had been lying in bed, trying to go to sleep before it was yet dark as her father liked her to do, and listening to the warm summer evening. Hilda was talking and laughing with a young man from Princeton in the summerhouse, in the side yard. Sigrid envied Hilda. Sigrid had never had a beau, and now when she heard Hilda laughing and talking she felt bitterer than usual. She was wondering just why it was that no man had ever kissed her—ever tried to—when she heard Hilda and her young man coming nearer. And then suddenly she could hear the words Hilda was saying:

"She's so magnificent that nine men out of ten just take one look at her and slink out of sight."

"What about the tenth man?" asked the boy from Princeton.

"Why," said Hilda, "the tenth man thinks he can beat her at tennis, and he insists on trying; and she just blows him off the court; and he never, never forgives her for it."

That was all Sigrid heard, but that was enough. It was true. She had known it was true. She had merely never admitted it to herself. But she could remember thinking that no man would ever fall in love with her unless he could beat her at tennis. Her skill practically limited her to the first ranking ten, and more than half the first ranking ten were married already; and the new men coming on were younger than she was; and then she realized that he would have to be bigger than she was too. In time, of course, her tennis would go. She would lose her speed and her power to stroke; but that would hardly happen before she was thirty-five. She might be a top-flight player at forty. She was twenty-four now. Sixteen years!

She couldn't give up tennis. She couldn't defy her father. She was afraid of her father.

She tried to be funny about it—lying in bed, staring into the dark, wishing she had a mother to talk to, wishing she had the courage to talk to Hilda about it. She pictured herself humorously as an old maid, left an old maid because she was so tall and strong and could hit a tennis ball so much harder than most men. But she ended by crying herself to sleep.

It was the first thing she thought of the next morning. Here she was, working hours every day to improve her game under the incomparable Andy Graham, when already her skill barred her from the thing that mattered most. She had known how completely she was cut off from the favor of men when her father had read aloud Fred Thorne's first story about her. Every phrase that had pleased the tennis player in her had hurt the woman in her. Fred Thorne had said she smashed like Maurice McLoughlin. How could any man fall in love with a girl like that?

She remembered all the boys she had beaten, all the young men. There was a long list of them who had never forgiven her. She remembered especially the young man, just a year or two out of Harvard, who had liked her, whom she had liked so much. He had played good tennis. Sigrid had cut loose with everything she had. She hadn't blown him off the court, but she had beaten him decisively — and she had never seen him since.

It would always be that way. At the thought the tears came to Sigrid's eyes. She brushed them resolutely away and looked up to see if anyone had noticed. The moon was so bright you could see quite clearly on the porch. Miss Mattie had gone in. The tall young man stretched his hands high above his head and yawned. Then he realized that Sigrid was present.

"I beg your pardon," he said amiably. "But, gosh, it feels good to sit here in the stillness and get sleepier and sleepier until you're glad to go to bed!"

"Yes," Sigrid said.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist. It was half past ten. Not for years had she been up so late. She wondered what it would be like to be as simply at peace with the world as he seemed to be—never to know what it was to worry about your form, about being in condition, about

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She Ordered Dinner in Her Room. A Telegram Came Up With Her Dinner. She Tore It Open

TEN PER CENT OFF

By Jane Grant and Katherine Sproehnle

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS almost the end of the lunch hour at the Ritz. A few groups of two's and three's idled over their coffee, languid in the warm hazy atmosphere of flowers and cigarettes. At a small well-placed table a delicate-featured woman sat alone. She drew on her long gray-suède gloves, gathered her gray-broadcloth coat around her and walked leisurely, gracefully down the short flight of steps to the Palm Room. Her clear pale face, accentuated by scarlet lips, showed just the proper mixture of interest and reserve as she passed through the early afternoon stragglers. A turban, scarlet as her lips, and as perfect, left a whisper of admiration in her wake as she disappeared in the revolving door which led to the street.

As she started up Forty-sixth Street toward Fifth Avenue some of her languor disappeared. She no longer gave the impression of an idle darling going to a matinée, a pampered society matron bound for a manicure to fill up the hour before teatime. An alertness, an air of purpose, came into her bearing and the indefinable mantle of the business woman whose afternoon is plotted out descended upon her. If you had been beside her as she turned up Fifth Avenue you would have seen it in her eye—shopping. She had the unmistakable look that comes to a woman only when she is about to go and spend money for something to wear. Perhaps you would have seen more than the usual unhurried interest. Her purpose was more clearly defined than a prolonged inspection of various costumes on the chance that one would please her. She was intent on a business that had to be accomplished with decision and dispatch. She was one of the army of women engaged in that intangible but flourishing business—professional shopping.

Professional Shoppers are in Great Demand in the Purchase of Engagement and Wedding Rings

These professional shoppers are a very important though almost unsung feature of the buying of women's apparel. Their ranks are filled by a variety of types, of which the artistic, reasonably beautiful and highly emotional type is very successful. So much does this sort of woman depend upon her moods that a lunch at the Ritz or an exclusive smart Park Avenue restaurant is essential before an afternoon spent in the stores. She would rather have this contact with the great and near great, even though it is beyond her means, than eat in a grubby table-d'hôte tea room. This delicate lunch among the most gracious surroundings serves the double purpose of being both means and end. She is buoyed up to an intelligent and happy afternoon of selection of clothes for other women—a profession which she has in many cases adopted merely because she wants to give herself the niceties of otherwise unobtainable surroundings.

The Charge-and-Send Craving

NATURALLY, the desire for a well-served luncheon is not the only reason for entering this interesting business, but it is in some degree typical of the kind of reason that leads women to take up professional shopping. It is a desire to have just a little bit more money, another hat, an extra room to an apartment, an added fillip of grace to their manner of living, which causes them to take up a work that will not confine them to office hours or label them as working women. For the woman who has the lust of shopping in her blood it offers an intriguing method of adding to an income. Even though professional shoppers are buying for someone else, even though beautiful things are only possessed for the moment by them, their craving to purchase, to inspect, to buy, to charge and send is satisfied. In the larger shops the saleswoman need not even know that the shopper is not buying for her own use, for her 10 per cent is taken off the bill in the auditing department. In addition to the flattering deference of the saleswoman, there is the larger satisfaction of this 10 per cent discount.

Some of the reasons for becoming a professional shopper are fascinating in themselves. There is the woman who likes to shop for the sheer joy of spending money. One woman we know had the mania for accumulation to an exaggerated degree. She would wander for hours through the stores, picking up a bit of lace here, an odd blouse there, buying things which were quite inappropriate and for which she had no possible use, just because she adored the feeling of purchase, something accomplished, and later the thrill of having the parcels arrive—the unwrapping, the piles of excelsior and tissue paper, and the addition of the new trophies to her own wardrobe or household effects. The announcement of a sale in the paper was a call to arms, and she would start out in the morning with as high a heart as if she were going to meet a returning lover. She would have lengthy conferences with the buyers in various departments as to coming events and modes. She would have bolts of luscious silk carried to the window and select dress lengths that she could have no possible use for—because they were beautiful, because the feeling of the material intoxicated her, and because, as she would say to herself and the saleswoman, "They'll come in handy sometime."

Little driblets of merchandise finally filled her trunks, her closets and storeroom, and wore away her income as they did so. One day she was confronted by financial difficulties. Her stocks had declined and it was necessary for her to make up the loss in some way. She tried to cut down her purchases and in a confidential moment said wistfully to the head of a department in a store, "I suppose I shouldn't come here any more. I'm really very hard up just now, but I can't bear not being able to buy things. It isn't that I need them—heaven knows I have trunks full—but I do like to pick them out."

"Well, why in the world don't you become a professional shopper?" asked the department head. "Only yesterday the hostess of a big hotel asked me if I knew someone who could help out-of-town guests with their shopping. So many of them have a lot of money and don't know where to buy the things they want."

"Why, I'd love it!" said our friend. "It would be fun to help anybody buy anything."

"Yes, and the commission is attractive too."

"Commission?"

"You know a professional shopper gets 10 per cent from the stores on anything she buys for her clients."

From Amateur to Professional

"I SHALL write P. S. after my name from this time on," said our friend delightedly, and thus took up a successful career which not only allowed expression to her suppressed desires but added a tidy sum to her income.

Other professional shoppers enter their business as an accommodation to out-of-town friends. The mail-order houses are not always adequate and *emigrés* from small towns who have settled in large cities and who have the advantages of the metropolitan shops are besieged with requests that range from pleas to commands. Also when friends from home come to, say, New York, they demand a shopping expedition as part of their entertainment. When the numbers swell to two or three visitors a week the resident finds that unless she wishes to risk the discourtesy of a refusal she might as well make a business of it.

Professional shopping is also attractive because it can so easily be made a part-time business. For this reason it is a magnet for women who are apathetic toward a full day's work, or who have home duties which fill up some of their time. The divorcee whose alimony needs a little padding

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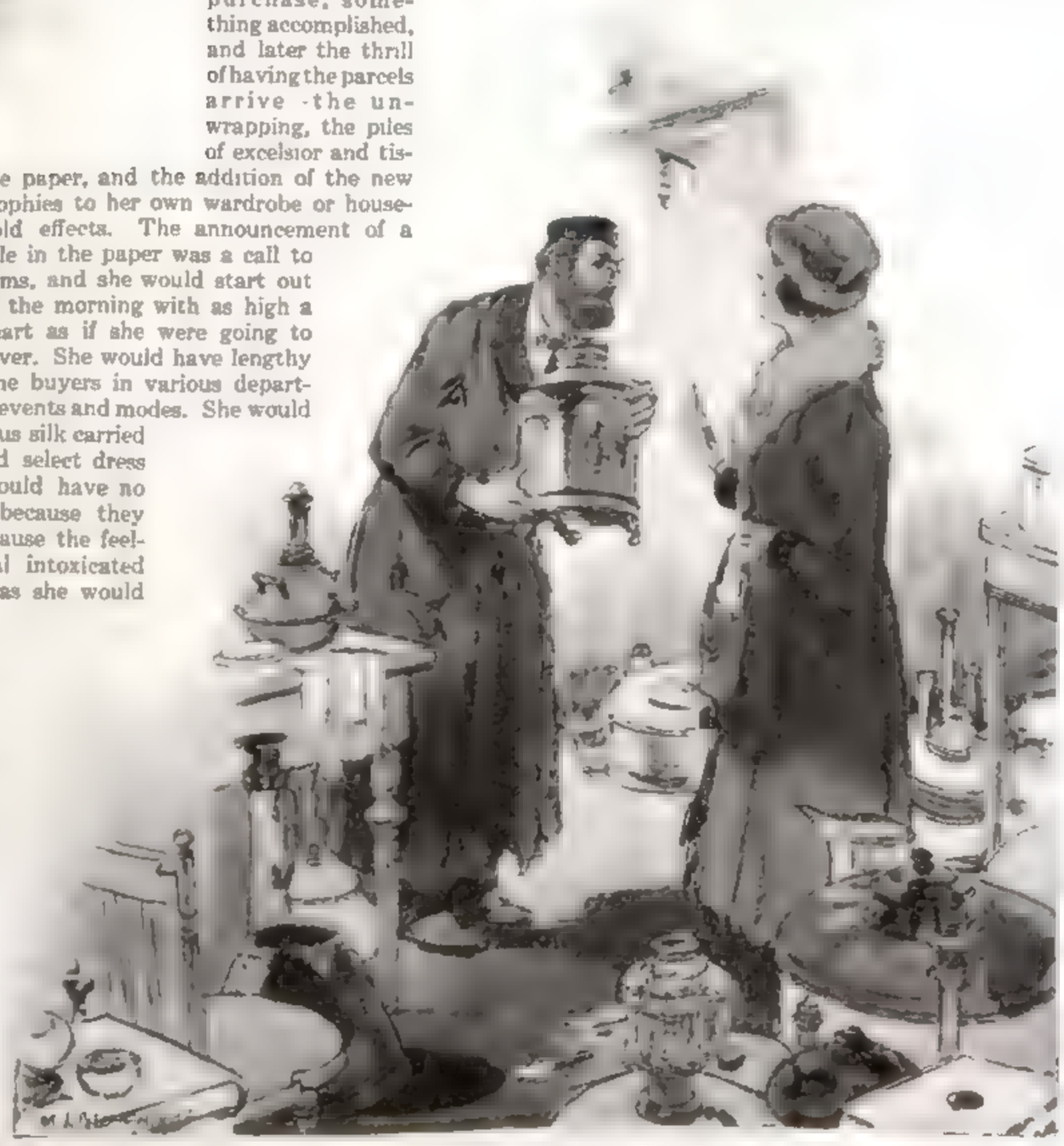

Their Demand for a Real Russian Samovar Means Merely a Trip Down to Brasstown on the Lower East Side if the Shopper is in New York

On the Trail of Missing Persons

By M. K. WISEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

There Was John's Phiz Looking at Him!

DOWN a long narrow corridor on the main floor of Police Headquarters in New York there is a room that deserves to be known as the chamber of mysteries. Plain unemphatic words are on the door: Missing Persons Bureau. In a year's time more than 9000 cases of mysterious disappearances come to the desk of the gray-haired captain who presides over this office.

Day and night, year in and year out, the bureau is in receipt of anxious communications—telephone calls, letters, telegrams and cables—from cities and towns in the United States and Canada and from more remote parts of the world. The messages are always the same. Someone is missing. Someone has mysteriously disappeared.

Appeals for the solution of these mysteries come in at the rate of from thirty to a hundred a day; from twenty to seventy cases of persons missing from their homes in New York and from four to twenty cases from outside the city.

Sometimes the search for the missing leads across the continent, to the oil fields, the Northwest, Canada, Cuba, Jamaica, the Argentine Republic. It may twist and turn and break over a wide area and perhaps end on a farm in Massachusetts or Maryland, in a furnished room or on a park bench in the metropolis itself.

Last year the number of disappearances reported to the Missing Persons Bureau totaled 9454. This total does not include fugitives from justice, but only persons who were reported by relatives or friends within a few days after they had disappeared without letting their intentions be known. Neither does it include 7571 cases classified as investigations—investigations undertaken by the bureau at the request of relatives concerning persons whose cases had not previously been reported and whose whereabouts had been unknown for anywhere from one to twenty years.

Why Girls Leave Home

OF THE cases strictly classified as missing persons 8000 originated in New York City. The others—1454 in number—were reported from all parts of the United States. At least two cases were reported from every state in the Union. Mainly the disappearances referred to the New York police from outside the city occurred in the populous communities of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and the New England states.

These disappearances occur for a great variety of reasons and last for varying lengths of time. Sooner or later all but a very small proportion of the missing are accounted for. Forty per cent of them are accounted for within ten days; 30 per cent within six weeks; 25 per cent within a year. Three per cent of the cases run from two to four years. In only two cases out of a hundred does the missing person go unaccounted for indefinitely.

As these figures indicate, 95 per cent of all persons reported missing in any one year are located or accounted for in that same year. This, however, is not the measure of the remarkable success of the police in trailing missing persons, since a considerable number of those who disappear return of their own volition or at least write home. The number of the missing traced directly as the result of the bureau's seek-and-find procedure amounts to 55 per cent of all those reported.

Thus, in 1923, the bureau was responsible for locating approximately 5200 persons.

A study of the bureau's records discloses some striking facts. Somewhat less than half—approximately 4050—of all the disappearances were of persons under twenty-one years of age, and most of these were boys and girls ranging from fourteen to twenty-one. Not one of the cases reported during the past three years proved to be a disappearance resulting from what is commonly known as foul play. Only eight or ten authentic cases of the kidnaping of infants have occurred in the past six years. The abduction of reputable girls who have been brought up in respectable homes is practically unknown. During the past six years the bureau has not had one authentic case of this kind.

The last statement may seem strangely at variance with popular conceptions as to the cause of the disappearances of girls and also at variance with newspaper reports of a familiar variety, but the significance of the statement will appear from the following comment by Captain John Ayres, who has been in command of the bureau since 1918:

"Last year 1550 girls were reported missing. This was in excess of the number for the year previous by about 150. However, the reasons that accounted for the disappearances and the proportion in which these causes resulted in disappearances remained practically the same.

"Forty per cent of these girls disappeared because of irksome home or employment conditions; 25 per cent were influenced by a desire to seek a career on the stage or in moving pictures; 10 per cent left home for a variety of reasons, the principal one of which was the quest of adventure; and in an additional 25 per cent of these cases a man or boy was involved in some way.

"It is worth while noting how the impression that abductions are commonly the cause of the disappearance of girls comes to prevail. Parents who report the disappearance of a daughter often come to us in a state bordering on frenzy due to the fear that she has been abducted. If the case is of sufficient importance to attract newspaper attention the suspicions of the parents are given widespread publicity. These accounts may even imply that the search made by the bureau is based upon the abduction theory, though the fact is that from our experience in handling between 8000 and 9000 cases of missing girls in the past six years we would always be disposed to discount the abduction theory from the very start.

"As indicated by the figures I have given, the chances are that the girl has gone away because she was dissatisfied with her home life or employment. The home conditions may have been too strict, her parents not understanding her need for a normally active social life; or she may have had definite ambitions for a career which she thought would be opposed if they were made known. On the other hand she may have run away because of a sentimental attachment, and in this case the chances are more than a thousand to one that she went of her own free will and is free to return if so disposed.

"We find that girls who leave home without the consent of parents or guardians to work out their ambitions for a career are frequently beset with dangers of which they have little apprehension. Because of the possibilities involved, entirely apart from any notion regarding abduction, the bureau regards every case of a missing girl as an emergency matter, doing its utmost to get the girl in touch with her parents or friends as soon as possible."

An Analysis of Causes

THE bureau's records show that the reasons which account for the great bulk of the disappearances remain about the same year after year. Men usually disappear for one of three reasons or a combination of these reasons—business reverses, extravagances that have placed them in debt, or domestic troubles. The number of adult males reported missing last year was 3270. In 25 per cent of these cases the principal factor leading to the disappearance was financial trouble. Domestic trouble accounted for another 25 per cent, while 40 per cent were accounted for by a variety of factors, including a desire for travel or adventure, boredom or dissatisfaction with employment.

The number of adult women who disappeared was 3382: 25 per cent because of domestic disagreements; 35 per cent because of a desire to improve earning capacity in new jobs amid new scenes; 30 per cent more for a variety of factors, such as a desire for adventure and travel.

In addition to the reasons already mentioned, between 5 and 10 per cent of the disappearances of adults are accounted for by mental disturbances of a temporary or permanent character.

The disappearances of boys up to the age of twenty-one are usually accounted for by one of three reasons—desire for adventure, a desire to start out for oneself and become economically independent, and unadjusted home conditions. Half of the boys who ran away from home last year did so for one of the first two reasons. The other half abandoned their parents either because the home discipline was too strict or because they resented being coddled.

He is Doing Well in School But the Wanderlust Hits Him Again

One cause that appears prominently among those accounting for the disappearance of men does not appear with anywhere near the same frequency as a cause of the disappearance of women—boredom. A surprising number of men after years of boredom with their occupations or

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MOPSIE DOANE

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

REASON I did it was because I liked Buck. Sure, the bunch hadn't meant any harm or anything, but you know how a bunch is—always kidding. Still I don't suppose I'd have peeped if I hadn't just been talking with Bernie Rice. Bernie told me right out that the only reason for his shooting pool that afternoon was his wife not being in town. And when I remembered what a free-and-easy good fella Bernie used to was when he belonged to the bunch and before he got married, I made up my mind to save old Buck or anyhow try.

You see what had happened to Bernie was exactly what might happen to Buck. Bernie hardly knew the girl at all, but one night somebody insults her and Bernie busts him, and the next thing the girl has up and married Bernie. You know how girls are.

So just on Buck's account I wandered up Mound Avenue till I was almost on top of 648.

Pretty soon the traveling man came along.

I stepped out from the tree where I was and said, "Good evening."

He edged over to the other side of the walk as if he thought I was going to stick him up or something.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Here's a little packet of private information that's for your own good. Listen. You was at the Elite Billiard Parlors about five today. Huh?"

"Well," he said after swallowing a couple of times, "what if I was?"

"Well," I told him, "I heard every word the bunch fed you this P. M. and, believe me, it's a set piece. There was a fella there who claimed his name was Buck and who said he couldn't go to a dance tonight and wanted you to take his girl for him. He said his girl was named Miss Doane and that she lived at 648 Mound Avenue."

"What about it?"

"There's just this about it," I told him. "That fella was lying. His name isn't Buck at all. What's more, the real Buck will be here in short order, and if he finds you monkeying around his girl he'll massacre you. And, believe us, he can do it because he's the ex-champion heavyweight of the state of Colorado."

Well, the traveling man took off his hat and scratched his head for a minute and then he asked me if I was telling the truth. When I said I was he scratched some more and finally thanked me and walked back in the direction he came from.

Naturally he had a right to thank me. I'd sure done him one good turn by saving him from Buck. But of course that wasn't why I'd meddled. I'd kicked in just because of what happened to Bernie Rice when he showed the girl what a classy right hook he had. A girl is always ready to take advantage of a thing like that, and I knew it would happen all over again if Buck forgot himself enough to pull a knock-out with Mopsie Doane looking on.

I knew Mopsie; knew her like a book. You see, the Doanes had lived next door to us before they moved to Chicago, and me and Mopsie had grown up together until we were pretty near ten years old.

Why, every day of my life when I'd run over to see Sliver Doane I'd slide up on the side porch where Mopsie'd be sitting, and I'd say, "Hello, Mopsie."

She'd say, "Hello, Bert."

I'd say, "What you fixing that roller skate for?"

She'd say, "Cat's fur to make kittens' britches."

Then I'd kid her for a couple of minutes and after that I'd say, "Where's Sliver?"

She'd say, "Sliver's in the woodshed piling kindling."

Then I'd go into the woodshed and find Sliver.

Kind of homely and snappy and tomboyish Mopsie was, but a right nice girl. Fact is I'd meant to go and see the Doanes as soon as they moved back to town, but somehow I hadn't managed it.

"Well," I Said, "What are You Always Stringing Buck Along For?"

Well, thinking of old days I walked along to 648, and there alongside a flower bed was something all in white. A girl. I squinted at her to see if it was anybody I knew, but after one shot I turned away. "Never was a Doane like that," I told myself. Fact this girl was so darned good-looking it made me nervous. But I hadn't hardly faced around when she gave a laugh.

I knew that laugh. Hadn't heard it since I was ten years old, but I knew it. I sort of caught my breath and looked again. There she was—Mopsie Doane; grown up and soft and clinging and pretty—you know how girls are—and yet the same old Mopsie.

Before I knew what I was doing I'd walked into the yard and said, "Why, hello, Mopsie."

She said, "Why, hello, Bert."

I said, "What are you standing out here for?"

She said, "Cat's fur to make kittens' britches."

So I kidded her for a couple of minutes and then I said, "Where's Sliver?"

She said, "Sliver's in the woodshed —— I mean he's up in his room. He's going to law school in Chicago. Why drag Sliver into the conversation?"

So we got to talking and I run through some comical stories and then, turning serious, I begun to tell her about the baseball game I umpired between Hennesy's Maroons and the Kellersville Superbas, where I gave that decision according to the rules and pretty near got assassinated for same, when she interrupted me and said, "Oh, yes, Bert, when you called him out at second he was out, and I don't see how anybody could think different. Listen, Bert, I suppose you're a great friend of Buck's."

So I told her how I knew Buck pretty well and how he was the amateur heavyweight champion of Colorado and how he'd driven from New York to San Francisco in five days, two hours and eleven minutes, but it never got into the record books because nobody was holding a watch on him. I was just finishing when old Buck crossed the lawn.

Looked kind of sore at seeing me, but of course he didn't realize how I'd saved his bacon by keeping him from showing off before Mopsie.

"Hello, Mabel," he said to Mopsie. "Hello, Bert," he said to me.

We said, "Hello, Buck."

He said, "Well, are you about ready, Mabel?"

She said, "Yes, just about."

I sort of suggested, "Looks like rain."

"Water don't scare me," Buck said in his usual deep, solemn voice. "Last summer I was at Lake Peewaukee and a young fella there wanted me to swim out with him. Pretty soon he said, 'How about racing back to the pier?' 'All right,' I said. Well, I beat him back by about ten yards. Afterwards I found out it was Johnny Weismuller, who holds all the records. Too bad there wasn't somebody holding a watch on us when we come in."

Buck's back was turned to Mopsie, and in the dark it looked as if she was making a kind of a face while Buck was telling his story. But I didn't have any time to think about this because just then a taxi drove up and Buck and Mopsie hopped in and started for the dance.

While I was standing there wondering whether or not Mopsie's intentions in the case of old Buck were serious Sliver came down.

I said, "Hello, Sliver."

He said, "Hello, Bert."

We kidded each other for a couple of minutes and then we got to talking about old times and Mopsie.

Pretty soon Sliver said, "Mopsie's getting ready to marry somebody."

It was a shock, but I was game.

"Who's she going to marry, Sliver?" I asked him.

"Ask the ice man," Sliver said. "They never tell me any of the family secrets. But if little Sister Mopsie has made up her mind to marry Buck—and it looks like it—he's a goner."

I said, "What?"

Sliver said, "Oh, you heard me. And if Mopsie ever made up her mind to marry you she'd marry you, and you couldn't help it either. Take it from me. You know how girls are."

Up to then I hadn't supposed Buck was really in danger—anyhow not unless he got a chance to show off, but now I saw where he stood—and there wasn't any safety rail either.

"Well," I said to myself, "I've gone so far and I might just as well go the whole route. If Buck's savable I'm going to save him. Buck is too good a fella to drop out of the bunch just because he's happened to make a hit with Mopsie Doane."

II

WELL, I walked home sort of all up in the air because Buck was sure finished unless somebody did something for him in a hurry, and I couldn't think of anything to do.

I wouldn't have cared so much if Mopsie had picked out anybody else, but for her to grab a good fella like old Buck

Why, six months before, when Buck had come to take that job with the B. & M. works, he'd dropped right into the bunch. And that isn't so easy either for a stranger in town, because it's some bunch. I'll say so. I've never had any better times in my life than I've had shooting a little pool with the bunch or playing penny ante with 'em or hunting or fishing or running down to Chicago with 'em, or just sitting around gassing with 'em, listening to Pop Henneberry's line of stories or watching little Purdy Francis do his card tricks. Some bunch. You said it. And every single one a prince.

Well, Buck was in the bunch and we were all certainly glad to be friendly with a fella like Buck who'd been everywhere and done everything and it looked like Buck was glad to hang around with us. Certainly I hated to see Buck getting set to drop out—for his own sake and for ours too.

Because you know what happens to a man when a girl marries him.

"Oh," he always tells you at first, "my wife is different. She's a regular fella and she expects me to go on with my old friends the same after as before."

That's what he says and that's what he thinks, but about three months later when he tries to get a night off to play a little poker he finds out where he stands. And where he stands is on the outside looking in. And that's where he'll stand from then on as long as he lives. He's finished. He'll never be one of the bunch again.

"Bert," I said to myself that night before I went to bed, "if old Buck needs somebody to stick by him and keep him from acting in a way he'll regret, you've got to do it because there's nobody else."

And right there I got my idea.

I knew it wouldn't do any good to talk to old Buck. He'd think I was wedging in where I didn't belong. He might even get a lot more interested in Mopsie just because he thought somebody was trying to pry him loose.

There was just one bet, and that was to talk to Mopsie herself. Mopsie had always been a pretty sensible sort of girl and I figured that if I only got acquainted with her again I could put it up to her so that she'd see what she was doing to Buck—and the bunch—and the bunch—and then maybe she'd let Buck alone.

Well, there wasn't any time to throw away.

The dance was Saturday night; Sunday morning I went around to the Doanes'. It was twelve o'clock when I rang the doorbell. Mopsie opened the door.

I said, "Hello, Mopsie."

She said, "Hello, Bert."

I said, "What's your face so red for?"

She said, "Cat's fur to make kittens' britches."

So I kidded her for a couple of minutes and then I said, "Where's Sliver?"

She said, "Sliver's in the wood—— I mean Sliver isn't here. He went back to Chicago this morning. Won't I do? Why don't you sit down and look comfortable?"

Well, I sat down in a porch chair and begun by asking her if she'd ever heard about that time when I went up North hunting with Pop Henneberry where he knocked over a deer after telling me I could have it.

"Yarn me after dinner," Mopsie said, breaking away. "Today I'm chief cook and bottle washer, and right now I've got to run out and beat up the floating islands. Stay right here because I'm laying an extra place and if you're real hungry I'll lay two."

So I stayed to dinner, and in the afternoon Mopsie and I went out to Island Park and rode on the Scenic R. R. and this and that. I didn't feel well enough acquainted to start anything about Buck, but I figured that if things went on so-fashion, nice and friendly, I could pretty soon come to the point.

So after I brought her home I made a date for Tuesday night.

That was how it started. Before long I was seeing Mopsie about three times a week and getting better acquainted right along. There was just one thing made me feel bad; that was the way old Buck took it all.

At first I didn't notice nothing and then I begun to see that old Buck was growing jealous. Yes, sir, old Buck was sore because of me going around with Mopsie. Of course he didn't say anything, but you could see it all over him. Got me scared because you know yourself that when a man gets crazy jealous he's as likely as not to break loose and marry the girl just of his own accord, without she does anything at all.

About time, I figured, to get out the life preserver—to ask Mopsie to do the right thing by old Buck, to stop keeping him interested.

So one Tuesday night in the Chocolate Palace when we'd got a table off in one corner I said, "Look here, Mopsie."

"I'm looking, Bert," she said.

"Well," I said, "what are you always stringing Buck along for?"

"Cat's fur," she said, "to make kittens' britches."

That sort of stopped me, so I kidded her for a couple of minutes and begun to explain the new dance step I invented when she spilled her ice cream on the floor and made me wipe it up with my paper napkin. After I had this finished I sort of worked around again to the subject of the bunch.

"Say, Mopsie," I said. "I'm going to ask you a favor."

She said, "What is it, Bert?"

"Well," I said, "it's a big favor and I don't want you to get sore when I ask it."

"I won't get sore, Bert," she said. "I wouldn't get sore at anything you said to me—ever. What's the favor?"

"Well," I said, not suspecting anything, "I want you to quit going around with Buck."

She sort of looked down at her place for a moment and then she looked up at me and said, "Of course I won't, Bert, if you don't want me to. I'll never do anything you don't want me to do—never."

It wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it. You know how girls are. She hadn't any more than got the words out of her mouth before I figured out what had happened. I tried to speak, but my voice was all sort of dried up and I couldn't find any words to say

After a while I managed to croak out, "That's pretty fine of you, Mopsie."

"No, it isn't, Bert," she said. "I'm only doing exactly what I've been wanting to do for ever so long. Oh, I've just waited for you to ask me that. Why, after seeing you again the only reason I ever let him take me out was because I wanted to make you jealous."

There was a long time when I couldn't think of anything to say, but finally I said, "Buck is a great fella, Mopsie. He—he's done pretty near everything."

"Sure he has, Bert," she said, "and sometimes I've thought I'd have to scream or jump up and tomahawk somebody instead of sitting quiet and listening to that graveyard voice tell the story of how he shot Niagara Falls sitting in a peanut shell, but nobody was holding a watch on him so it didn't get into the papers. Thank heavens I won't have to keep any more dates with him except the B. & M. picnic tomorrow, and I'll break that if you'll only encourage me a little. Well, all right, if you think it would be too mean I'll go with him; but he's only going to get two dances, the first and the last, if he stays to the last. And if I catch you looking at any other girl on the lot I'll pull all your hair out. Come on, let's get outside."

We walked into the moonlight and before we'd finished the first block we were talking about the price of flats. As near as I could see, it was all set that I should get married to Mopsie Doane.

III

THAT night when I left Mopsie I was certainly all confused, and for pretty near half an hour I walked around wondering if what happened really had happened.

For a little while I stood out in front of the Elite Billiard Parlors, and watching the bunch inside, I realized that I'd never been so homesick before—never before in my whole life.

Pop Henneberry was telling one of his stories, and while I was watching they all bust into a laugh and old Buck slapped Pop on the back and then somebody shoved a pack of cards over to little Purdy Francis.

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"Cut Out the Comedy, Mopsie. This is a Time to Act Serious. Leave Go of That Oar"

A STREAK OF THE MULE

"I'd Blow You to Bits Before I'd Let You Touch Me With the Tip of Your Little Finger," She Cried

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE blizzard which brought the schooner Bessie Corcoran to wreck on Conlin's Island had shaken rain as well as snow from its ragged wings. The northeast sides of trees, shrubs and houses at the point were plastered white. Icicles like fire-pointed daggers flared out of the eaves of the tribesmen's shacks in massive corrugated shapes. The big trees along the old Indian trail, powdered with snow at their crests, cast a deep green twilight, ominously beautiful, through their lower reaches. Sharp crags, high up, took the snow sculpturesquely, and the black water of the harbor to the east was damascened with faint wind ripples.

Bessie Corcoran, for whom the wrecked ship was named, stopped short in the trail and fixed her blue-gray eyes on her Uncle Cobe Parmenter's ruin of a place mistrustfully.

"This is far enough," she muttered to Rann Hobart.

She threw her red scarf over her shoulder, muffling all but her eyes. She was on snowshoes, with dark oiled boots lacing to her knees, gray knickers and a turtle-necked red sweater.

"What's the matter now?" said the big fellow, coming abreast of her. "Why is this far enough? I thought we came down here to see the ship."

"I can see the ship from here," said Bessie Corcoran. "Why must you always argue every point with me? You might, just once in a while, pay me the compliment of thinking that I might have a reason for what I do."

"It shall be done," said Rann Hobart, coming out satirically on the "shall." "If the truth was known, you're afraid your rascally Uncle Parmenter's eye will light on you in my company though. Isn't that it?"

"I don't see what possesses you to make such insinuations," the girl answered, flaming.

She drew clear of him. He jammed his felt storm cap well down over his black brows, which were full of sawdust. He was having green lumber ripped and planed to build a house, and he had left the mill to meet the girl secretly at a halfway point along the trail.

"Insinuations? What did I insinuate? Well, now, what did I? It's the rascally Parmenter I love in you, Bessie, more than it is the Corcoran mule. You get your ability to handle a gun from your Uncle Cobe Parmenter, even if your father is deputy sheriff. Why, if it wasn't for the Cobe Parmenter principle in you I wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with you, would I now? Be honest. If you were a Corcoran clear through you'd be just plain Miss Respectability whenever I came near you, and I'm the man that knows it. Lucky there's a pirate strain in both of us."

He got no reply, beyond the click of her showshoes, so he looked over his shoulder and muttered, "There's a soft spell coming."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because, inquisitive, water's running over ice."

The man's eye shifted from the incisive little peak of her chin to a break in the snow a dozen feet away disclosing a great patch of black leaf mold with a flow of crystal-clear water drawing across it. Bessie gave him a swift secret look. He could do things that no other man could do, truly; but he had the defects of his qualities. He wouldn't tolerate opposition. He had to have his own sweet way in everything; literally in everything. He brushed people out of his path like nothing where they conflicted with his iron will. It was whispered that he would as soon break a man bodily over his knee as a barrel stave, if the man was in his road. And who knew, perhaps a woman as well? Rann was a tattooed man, and her Uncle Shadrach had warned her to beware of tattooed men. Her lover had on his forearm in red and blue ink the marking of a Japanese dancer sitting saucily in a wineglass. Whenever Bessie caught sight of this abomination a cold wind passed through her heart, as if a door into his riotous past had fallen a little ajar.

Uncle Shadrach, who was unaccountably on the respectable side of the family, had whispered to her only yesterday that she was the first woman that Rann Hobart had been known to cast sheep's eyes at, on this continent, at least.

"You're in the toils," the old man had said. "That man is a mulehead. He gets what he sets out after. You better resign yourself to the inevitable with the best grace you can."

"You think the Hobarts have got any monopoly of mules?" she had answered scornfully, her eyes wide on her Uncle Shadrach, who was standing like a prophet with one fist hanging in his beard and the other bulging in the pocket of his sea-green reefer.

"Lock horns and perish then," Shadrach said, and Bessie had had hot and cold flashes.

She was in love with a tattooed man and a mulehead. She had even given her word to marry him; or as good as given it. Well, Rann had half promised to have those sacrilegious marks pricked out with milk drawn from the udder of a sacred cow. Yes, but to do that he must go to India; and India was clear across the world.

She looked now intently at the wrecked ship, in plain sight on the horn of Conlin's Island, and well to the east of those dismal shacks of her Uncle Parmenter's tribesmen. The little ship lay pathetically with her fore part under water and her stern out, weighted there securely by three hundred tons of bone fertilizer in her forward holds. Her masts and rigging had unbroken streaks of white on their northern rounds; and there were ugly white spits round the corners of the island.

"Hasn't she slid in a little deeper since yesterday?" the girl whispered.

"Not the fraction of an inch," Rann Hobart muttered. "Her rudder's pounded up a little maybe, and the tide runs in and out through that hole in her port bow. But she isn't in bad shape. Her masts are in line—that's the great thing—and the butts of the deck planking aren't started. The pitch in the seams isn't so much as cracked. She's on the safe side of the island, don't you see, as long as the wind holds where it is, and the wind was on the western board when the sun crossed the line; so that looks favorable. What a rum runner she would make!" he dropped out playfully.

He knew what her dire suspicions of him were. A black lock of his hair moved across the bridge of his nose, and all the devil in him looked out of his brilliant eyes.

"She's cast away, and that's the end of it," Bessie said resolutely. "That's how my father regards her, I happen to know, and he's the party chiefly interested."

"Or was—till he collected the insurance," said Rann Hobart.

"And why shouldn't he, pray, where she's a total loss?" the girl cried angrily.

"Don't you let your angry passions rise," the man coaxed her. "Constructive total loss, she surely is. The insurers won't throw good money after bad at this time of year, and they have turned her over to Rackby for a song. He'll sell if he can. I have heard, and they do say, that Captain Fish and your Uncle Parmenter are in the market."

"What sort of a story does Captain Fish tell to account for her being where she is?" the girl inquired.

"He bore from the Old Woman straight for the light on Conlin's Island, with the booms well out on the starboard side, everything drawing and the wind southwest. So he says. Then, before he could get her on the other tack you can sift out what you like, Bessie—the wind shifted. It came out of the no'theast like a wildcat and dragged that snow squall with it. Old Hopeless was at the wheel. Fish was either drunk or knocked silly by that unexpected blow over his shoulder. He let the anchor go too late anyhow, and the ship turned round on her chain and threw her stern up against the light, and grounded out. Fish won't agree that he was drunk, naturally. He says —— I don't know whether or not you've heard this story of the bright penny that's going the rounds."

The girl's face lost color, and her eyes, meeting his, had a kind of fright in them.

"Yes. Who hasn't? My father's about sick over it. You and I know he isn't guilty, Rann, but how to prove it?"

"There's one way to prove it," the man said quietly.

"But you won't try that way. Promise me you won't try, Rann."

"Which is the better of us at extracting promises?" he jeered.

He rocked her slim shoulders riotously between his square freckled hands. What did women know about the gods and devils that frame the destinies of ships? His eye rested boldly on those lips, so beautifully shaped and colored—and yet with that queer hint of family about them. There was certainly a streak of the mule in the Corcorans, just as there was a streak of the mule in the Hobarts. They were not manageable people, any of them.

It was dark when Rann eased his big body into the ship chandler's shop at Hanan's Landing. Every barrel head there was occupied. Artie Wincapaw sat with his wedge face in his hands, and his pipe going full blast. Zinie Shadd lolled on the counter. Brother Daniels was on a crate end with a quartered orange in his hand. And Captain Fish, in a blue coat split up the back, and red rubber boots, was sitting square in the middle of the yellow settee with a four-petaled banana halfway to his mouth.

"She never had a chance, I tell you," he whispered hoarsely. "It wasn't that touch of blue paint on her rails that did the trick either, the way I have heard some picture it out. No, sir, it wasn't that. That might account for a ship coming to grief in the end, I don't deny that; I never would sail in a blue ship if I could help it; but I got it confidentially that old Corcoran when he was stepping the mainmast of that ship slipped a bright penny into the step for ship's luck, in place of a five-dollar gold piece."

"I knew the man was narrow," mourned Zinie Shadd, "but still I didn't think he would narrow down to nothing altogether."

All faces were aghast, for this is the worst crime a builder can commit against his ship. It is treason to her timbers, and treason to her crew likewise, since every man jack of them has a God-given right to assume that there is gold under the mainmast before he brings his gear aboard.

"It's a craven lie, whoever says it!" Rann Hobart cried from that wilderness of hanging oilskins in the thick of which he had stopped to light his pipe. He blew smoke across the bowl of the pipe viciously, snapped the burned match through the open door of the spidery stove, and faced the slanderer.

Captain Fish for the fraction of a second looked mad enough to kill; but the yellow settee was not relieved of any part of his weight. He cleared his throat, and muttered that no offense had been intended. Rann Hobart put his pipe back in his teeth and looked excessively genial. None had been taken then, he said, at the back of his throat. But he struck the old ship's bell over the door a wicked blow with his fist as he went out.

"Sticks up for his father-in-law, I see," Captain Fish said then, looking purple still. "Didn't I hear the old lady was averse to his marrying the girl?"

"Averse to it?" said Artie Wincapaw very moodily. "Let 'em be averse to it, mister. Let 'em be averse to it if it comes to that, but that don't change the nature of the man. There ain't anything under heaven equipped to hold out against that man when once he undertakes to move it. He's mulish. He's a desperate hand, mister, that same Mr. Hobart. I was with him one cruise when he undertook to roll a stone down off a mountainside for the fun of hearing the crash, and he would have starved to death if it hadn't been by good luck he found the joint in the stone after forty-eight hours of struggle. He don't know the meaning of a setback."

"All the same," muttered Fish, "if it hadn't been that things are just as they are, I wouldn't have sat quiet under that jawing. If it hadn't been that they are—just what they—are"

He reached into the apple barrel, found an apple, split it with one grinding jaw motion, swallowed half, core and all, and brooded. This was how he swallowed insult.

That night Rann Hobart threw quarters at a crack in the drug-store floor with Rackby. In the process of self-education he won four dollars.

Mrs. Corcoran saw him through the window. She went home to her daughter with the information that he was a gambler born and bred.

"I remember that Caleb Hobart, his father, coming home in a drunken stupor after a good trip," the lady said into her daughter's pale cold ear. "He called for the glue-pot, and then started in to paper the parlor walls with greenbacks. He filled all the flower vases with dollar bills. That's how much disregard that man had for money. He really was an awful thing," she averred in a recriminating tone.

Bessie Corcoran said dreamily, "Oh, I don't know. Money isn't everything. Then again, any man that wants to come and plaster my house with coin of the realm is welcome to go into a drunken stupor once in a while."

"Now you're talking just to hear yourself talk," Mrs. Corcoran said severely.

"Am I? Oh, not necessarily. I guess if we criticize Rann Hobart it's a case of calling the kettle black. Uncle Cobe is next door to a pirate; he's implicated in all this rum running, and you know he is. Father's deputy sheriff. He ought to look into the doings on the point, but he won't, and Uncle Cobe knows it and relies on it. It's got to be hushed up, on account of the relationship"

Mrs. Corcoran went into the house in a boiling fury with the girl.

Early the next afternoon, by previous appointment, Rann was waiting at the head of the cove. He had brushed the sawdust out of his eyebrows, and stood there in his Sunday clothes, and in his Sunday manner, which was that of

(Continued on Page 133)

The Wrecking Gang Was Clustered in the Eyes of the Rigging, With the Waters of the North Atlantic Mousing at Their Heels

MISS WIGGIN'S LOVE AFFAIR

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Sing, hey, the merry maiden and the Tar! *Pinafore.*

"I WON'T have it! I won't have it!" Mr. Tutt brandished his gnarled fist with its frill of frayed cuff at his forty-seven-year-old associate, Miss Minerva Wiggin, known variously to the New York bar as the Conscience or the Guardian Angel of Tutt & Tutt, and swung his long legs to the floor with a clatter.

"Won't have what?" she returned with prim defiance, a faint pink creeping upward from her starched collar.

"Won't have you making a fool of yourself! Won't have you falling in love with—anybody except me!"

He smiled at her affectionately and patted her on the shoulder.

"Really, I'm surprised at you, Minerva! Trying to vamp a sailor old enough to be your father! It won't do! I can't have you turning the office of Tutt & Tutt, known throughout the length and breadth of these United States as the headquarters of respectability, honesty and celibacy, into a marriage bureau!"

"Respectability and honesty!" she sniffed. "If it wasn't for me —— Anyhow, I'm old enough to fall in love with whomever I please!"

"My dear Minerva, you please everybody," he retorted. "Do you think I could practice law without you?"

She glanced sternly at him over her eyeglasses, wrinkling her low forehead under its pretty wavelets of fast-graying brown hair.

"Stop pulling that soft stuff!" she answered stiffly. "I simply came in here to ask you a question about the Married Woman's Act —— Of course you couldn't practice law without somebody to look after you!"

"And I want that somebody to be you," he concluded gently. "Don't be angry with me, Minerva! Seriously, aren't you falling rather hard for this old sea dog with his 'Thar she blows an' bellows an' breaches, an' sparm at that'?"

"Really, I'm Surprised at You, Minerva! Trying to Vamp a Sailor Old Enough to be Your Father? It Won't Do!"

Miss Wiggin loved Mr. Tutt, but he was now so clearly interfering in her private affairs that she felt her self-respect demanded the registering of a protest. After all, he had no proprietary interest in her.

"That," she remarked, "is my business!"

"But not your only business, and not only your business! After all, Captain Ahab is my client. I can't have his young affections trifled with—in business hours at any rate!"

"Captain Ahab is able to look out for himself—even if he has got only one leg," she replied coldly, dissembling the flutter in her maiden heart due to the realization that she was able to inspire jealousy in Mr. Tutt. "Captain Ahab, as you must know yourself, is a very superior sort of person for a sea captain."

"Superior fiddlesticks!" growled her employer. "You positively annoy me, Minerva! What you can can see in that old tattooed peg-leg! He seems to have cast a spell over you!"

"I noticed you seemed to find him very interesting yourself at first," said Miss Wiggin with significance.

"Shouldn't one be interested in anybody that in place of the usual retainer sent one a case of Teague & Teague?"

"And an occasional refresher of the same stuff as well? It's you I'm ashamed of, Mr. Tutt—for not showing proper gratitude and for going back on a real friend."

"All the same," declared the old lawyer, shaking his head, "I don't propose to have this elderly salt breaking up my organization and cramping my style. And, anyhow, what do we know about him? If he wasn't off at sea most of the time I should be distinctly worried about you, Minerva. He probably has a wife in every port. You are at a dangerous age ——"

At that instant Willie, the freckle-faced office boy, stuck his head inside the door and grinned.

"Cap'n Ahab!" he announced in a shrill treble.

II

CAPT. AHAB HATCH, in spite of his years and wooden leg, might well have aroused uneasiness on the part of Mr. Tutt or anyone else responsible for the keeping of either a *femme sole* or a female soul. Indeed, the leg somehow gave him an irresistible touch of fascination, and he had been the idol of the entire Tutt & Tutt outfit from that very first afternoon when he had tacked into the office and hoarsely demanded to see the senior member of the firm. He was of middle height, but of a broadness extraordinary; and under his officer's cap his grizzled hair fringed a round ruddy face patched here and there with purple and punctuated with a horizontal colon of two shrewd little blue eyes. A genial man, an authoritative man, and a man of experience one could see at a glance, without the aid of those casual remarks which occasionally elucidated the more recondite of his yarns, verbal footnotes as to the trying out of whale's blubber, the marriage ceremonies of Fiji and other islanders, the manners and customs of penguins, the best way to divert the attention of cannibals to other fare than oneself, and the like. But as hinted by Miss Wiggin and admitted by Mr. Tutt, perhaps his strongest recommendation in the eyes of both partners was the fact that he never called without a bottle of something in the tail pockets of the long flapping blue coat that reached below his knees. It was the open sesame to 61 Broadway.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*"—or whatever it is—did not apply in an era of prohibitions. This was, as the Scripture saith, the real thing, and it was the best letter of introduction, the best credential in the world. Poor old Scraggs, the alcoholic scrivener in the wire cage in the outer office, inevitably gave evidence of high nervous tension long before Captain Ahab's wooden leg could be heard thumping down the corridor; and after the redoubtable old sea dog actually made his entrance, with his cheery "What ho, my hearties!" he was quite useless for the remainder of the day, and would loiter helplessly upon the outskirts of the group consisting of Tutt, Miss Wiggin, Miss Sondheim the stenographer, Mr. Bonnie Doon and Willie, of which Ahab formed the center.

"Cap'n Ahab!" repeated Willie, and Captain Ahab entered.

Lynx-eyed Mr. Tutt could have sworn that a flash of something more than mere recognition passed between him and Minerva Wiggin. All his suspicions were rekindled. Could she have been meeting Ahab on the outside? A thin steel blade seemed to be jabbing his aorta. There was no denying the fact that the captain was a good ten years younger than he was; and even if a man was no older than his arteries, a lawyer could not compete with a seaman. Sailors always had had a way with them! And women always were such fools! But Ahab disarmed him with but a single gesture. Extending his hairy right hand, tattooed with its indigo-blue anchor dividing the letters A H, he felt cautiously with his left in the recesses of his coat tails. For an instant doubt hovered in his eyes, and anguish in those of Mr. Tutt. Then the doughty follower of the sea triumphantly haled forth not one bottle merely, but two—Teague & Teague—and handed one to each of the partners of Tutt & Tutt.

"Nothing for me!" Miss Wiggin's tone left Mr. Tutt in doubt as to whether she were merely teasing the visitor or actually felt neglected.

"Bless your bright binnacles, lass!" answered Captain Ahab. "Only give me the chance and I'll hang all the jewels from India's coral strand round your pretty neck"—he pivoted suddenly, shifted his weight and swung his wooden leg whistling near the head of the snickering Willie—"and batter the brains out of you, you grinning imp! Avast! Off the quarter-deck, all of you!"

"Yes, get out!" directed Mr. Tutt as he shoved a chair towards Captain Ahab, and the office force of Tutt & Tutt reluctantly departed, with a final suggestive inhalation from Scraggs. Captain Ahab lowered himself into the chair and felt in his pocket for his small black pipe.

"Let me hold the match for you," begged Miss Wiggin, while Mr. Tutt scowled at her indignantly.

"But Captain Ahab is an invalid!" she simpered, observing his displeasure.

"I'm weak when it comes to wimmen," agreed the captain, languishing at her through clouds of smoke. "I lose

headway. I can't steer. I get a lee helm. I bang on the rocks every time." He bowed gallantly towards the lady. "I'm high and dry out o' water this very minute!"

Mr. Tutt grunted and lit a stogy, while Miss Wiggin pulled a chair so that it faced Captain Ahab and seated herself in it.

"But what's the use?" sighed the captain. "Here I am, sixty-seven years old ——"

"Sixty-seven!" protested his admirer. "You don't look fifty!"

"Sixty-seven come August—and not a penny laid by! Forty-one voyages have I made since the day I sailed out of Nantucket Harbor in '71 with the three hundred and seventy-first lay in the old Albatross under Capt. Pellatiah Spriggs, to be gone twenty-eight months—and nothing to show for it at the end except experience. Blast my lights! What sort of a life is it that puts a man on charity in his old age? Look at me! Another voyage or two and I'll have to take my kit up to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, when I ought to be able to retire to my own snug little shanty with a snug little mate beside me to keep me company and light my pipe."

"Have a drink," interrupted Mr. Tutt.

"Aye, aye!" answered Ahab, winking at Miss Wiggin as the old lawyer disappeared behind the screen in the corner to get the tumblers

"But you must have saved up something!" she said.

"I had—twenty-seven thousand dollars."

"What became of it?"

"The Wall Street sharks took it all away from me—gave me oil stock for it—trimmed me good and plenty. I was robbed—just plain robbed! If I'd only stuck to whale oil!"

"Poor Captain Ahab!"

"But I'm hoping this last voyage, with what I inherited from my half brother, will put me on Easy Street again; and then—if I can find the right lass—we'll ——"

"Here's your drink!" snorted Mr. Tutt.

Captain Ahab took the tumbler and raised it with the grace of a Sir Walter towards Miss Minerva.

"Well, here's luck!" he said, draining the tumbler without removing it from his lips and drawing the back of his hand across his mouth.

"And it so happens I've just had a bit of it. That's what I've come in for—that and to thank you for all you've done for me.

"You remember I told you I had a half brother up in Troy who died a year ago last March without leaving any will? Well, I must say he never showed much interest in me when he was alive; and, even if he had, his affairs were so mixed up that after paying debts, funeral expenses and lawyers, the estate didn't realize over two thousand dollars. That, as next of kin, came to me, and I've got it safely banked; but the other day, going over his papers in the lawyers' office, I found a letter that led me to believe there might be something more coming to me that had been overlooked."

"As I recall the matter," said Mr. Tutt, "your brother was a manufacturer of steam dredges."

"Yes, and a mighty poor business it was—the sales few and far between. Smith, Wyatt & Smith was the law firm that attended to his affairs; and they had me appointed administrator, filed my accounts, got me discharged by the court and closed everything up last June. They sent me a whacking big bill, which I natcherly had to pay, and very kindly let me keep what was left. Now here's the p'int: I found this letter, from which it would seem that my half brother sold a dredge a couple of years ago to a party that had never paid for it—for five thousand dollars. It appears that there was some little dispute about defective machinery, and for one reason or another the thing was still hanging fire when he died. The order was on the books, but the delivery hadn't been entered; and Smith, Wyatt & Smith passed over it somehow and it didn't get into the schedules. If it turns out that there is a claim, and I leave it to Smith, Wyatt & Smith, they will make me file an amended schedule and go through heaven knows how much of folderol. Whereas, if I say nothing about it and let you handle the matter for me, it will save me running up and down to Troy and a lot of money besides, for I know your charges are reasonable."

"Have you got the letter with you?" asked Mr. Tutt.

Captain Ahab took from his pocket a huge green wallet and unfolded a dingy paper, which he handed to the lawyer.

EMPIRE STATE DREDGING CORPORATION
FIELD STATION NO. 1
NAVESINK, N. J.

CYRUS W. CAMMOCH, *Engineer in Charge of Works*
B. K. WADLEIGH, *Field Secretary*

EZRA M. HATCH, Troy, N. Y.
April 19, 1922.

Dear Sir: The defects in the Goliath Dredge No. 2, delivered under our contract, have not been fixed up by the man you sent down. He worked around here for several days and made one trip to New York for material, but did not get anywhere, and not getting any answer to our letters, we ended by ordering an entirely new traveler chain and pulley from the Manley people in Hoboken. She works all right now. The traveler was billed to us for $126.14 less 10 per cent, and our labor charge against you is $29.10. If you will authorize a deduction of $140 from the total of your bill we will be pleased to send check promptly.

Yours, etc.,
C. W. C.

"What makes you think this was not cleared up long ago?" inquired Miss Wiggin.

"I don't say it wasn't," answered Captain Ahab. "I only say that maybe it wasn't. It's worth looking into—even to a few dollars' expense." He cleared a deprecatory frog from his throat. "The fact is—one don't like to speak ill of the dead, natcherly—but this half brother of mine—Ezra—drink got the better of him the last few years towards the end. Yes, madam, I figure he did business mostly in his hat, as you might say. And what books he did keep wasn't of much assistance."

Miss Wiggin looked reproachfully at Mr. Tutt, whose disregard for system was proverbial, as much as to say, "You see what you might be accused of!"

"Yes, sir," went on Captain Ahab, giving his wooden leg a hitch to starboard, "Ezra was in pickle pretty consecutive after 1921. I calc'late this Goliath No. 2 was the last dredge he ever turned out, and after the fuss arose over the traveler and pulley he stayed consistently stewed up to the time he died."

Captain Ahab sighed.

"There's a lot to be said for prohibition," he remarked. "So when I came on this letter I just slipped it in my pocket and went over to Lawyer Smith's office and looked over Ezra's bank statement. There wan't a single deposit of over five hundred dollars since January 1, 1922. From which I argue there is an even chance that the Empire State Dredging Corporation, never having received a reply to their letter, never took the trouble to pay the bill."

"Let us hope that such will turn out to be the case," smiled Miss Wiggin. "Five thousand dollars would go a long way towards building your—your ——"

"—— little nest," supplemented Mr. Tutt innocently.

Captain Ahab became slightly purple around the gills.

"Avast, there!" he growled, turning in his chair.

"No offense," hastily apologized Mr. Tutt. "I shall be glad to try to collect the claim for you. By the way, when do you sail?"

"According to schedule, in about three days. But one of our plates is loose and that may delay us."

"And then how long do you expect to be gone?" asked Miss Wiggin, while Mr. Tutt tapped the floor impatiently with the sole of his congress boot.

"About three weeks. Of course, I could go down to Long Branch myself and attend to this; but I thought, being so long overdue, it would be more shipshape to put it in a lawyer's hands. So I spoke to the cashier of the bank up in Troy and he recommended Tutt & Tutt, and I guess I came to the right place."

He looked from one to the other and nodded genially. "Yes, sir, I like you a lot better than I did Smith, Wyatt & Smith. I don't mind saying that I distrust lawyers as a class. It looks to me as if they spent most of their time manufacturing trouble. By the way, what will your charge be?"

"Our ordinary charge for a collection is 10 per cent," replied Mr. Tutt.

Captain Ahab rubbed his chin.

"Ten per cent—that would be five hundred dollars on the regular price of a dredge. Seems like a lot of money just for writing a letter."

"Can't we make an exception in Captain Ahab's case?" pleaded Miss Minerva. "If there is a special providence for idiots, drunken men and sailors, there ought to be special rates as well for looking after them."

Captain Ahab slapped his thigh

"Flukes! That's a good one!" he bellowed, shaking convulsively. "That's a thrust in the giblets! And where, my lass, do I come in? With the—ha-ha!—the nuts or the stewed prunes?"

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"Let Me Hold the Match for You," Begged Miss Wiggin, While Mr. Tutt Scowled at Her Indignantly

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By STRUTHERS BURT

Phillips Lake, Wyoming. Death Cañon in the Background

IN MY country, since I have been there, there has been no great change in the character of its inhabitants. There has been an inroad of rather alien folk in the shape of Midwestern farmers, but the original background was so thoroughly etched in that the newcomers have been pretty well absorbed. Hardy, adventuring men, the first settlers, many of them coming into the valley because they wanted to end their days, after years of aridity and water holes, in a country of greenness and perpetual water. One of them told me that he was tired of living in a place where you saw a visitor coming at sunup and watched him all day, and then he didn't get to your place until half an hour late for supper.

Of course, there are numerous men who love deserts—desert rats, they call them—and many more who love the treeless plains, or the burnt umbers and ochers of the Southwest; but the men who come into the mountains and stay there have a vision of trees and waterfalls.

Cosmopolitan Neighbors

I CANNOT pick out and describe, even in a line or two each, all those first neighbors of mine; fairly distant neighbors most of them, living anywhere from five to forty miles away. I cannot even give a satisfactory composite picture of the curiously cosmopolitan society, surfaced by common desires and common traditions, that distinguishes most cattle countries. In the case of my country, not so cosmopolitan as some others I have known, since it was a rougher country and a country of small holdings; not so cosmopolitan as the little town in New Mexico where English aristocrats and American millionaires rubbed shoulders with cowpunchers and Mexicans and the four-pluses of golf suits were as common as spurs and chaps. And not so cosmopolitan as that other little town in the state of Washington that was for a while ornamented by four gorgeous ex-British cavalry officers who arrived with some capital and the intention of going into ranching, but who spent most of their capital giving champagne luncheons every Sunday in a striped marquee set out on the bare sagebrush flats of their holdings. The neighbors who were not invited fell into the habit of taking up positions of advantage on the near-by hills to watch the proceedings through field glasses, and the town council finally passed a special ordinance against the ex-officers because one of their guests stumbled in the main street on a Monday morning and lay there and blocked traffic. My own country was not so cosmopolitan as these two communities, and many others; it was grimmer, but it was sufficiently cosmopolitan.

There was, for instance, the handsome son of a great New York family, who had been sent West because he was thought to be a drunkard, but who developed—unlike most of his fellow remittance men—into the shrewdest and most sober of cattlemen; and there was the son of an American admiral the rest of whose family lived in Florence; and there was an ex-policeman from Pennsylvania who had shot a man justifiably but had decided to emigrate; and there was the illegitimate offspring of a race famous in New England; and Dodge, the Harvard man; and another man whose talk was of the roughest, but who occasionally let drop a phrase astonishing in its delicacy and sureness of education; and there was the mysterious heir of a South African official, who had a photograph of two beautiful sisters.

These, and more like them, and then a score of men whose real names and stories were never known at all.

The heir of the South African official is still in the country, and will be there forever. He was shot a few years ago by a boy who had worked for us, and the shooting was so necessary that the boy was never even arrested. The Boer, between whom and the boy there had been bad blood for a long while, rode over to the boy's ranch, announcing his intention of murdering him; and arriving at the door, placed his horse between him and the cabin and attempted to shoot the boy and his wife through the window.

A Happy Moment at Bridger Lake, Yellowstone National Park

Dramatic Characters

A STRANGE fellow this Boer, a charming, blue-eyed, curly-headed young man with a slight foreign lisp. He had been a mounted policeman in the Canadian Northwest and a top cow-puncher everywhere, but he told me that he had once fallen and injured his head, and I don't think he had ever got over the injury, for he was undoubtedly insane at moments. He could never spend a night at a ranch without taking something away the next morning, and then you would find the thing he had taken, up the road where he had thrown it half an hour later. One time I was riding with him through the fringe of cottonwood that bounds the ranch on the south. He sniffed the scented air.

"This always reminds me," he said, in his soft voice, "of ballrooms."

The illegitimate son of New England was even more dramatic. There is no reason why I shouldn't mention his name, for it is not the name of his kin, and he is dead now—blew his brains out a few Augusts ago when he was alone in his isolated ranch house—but we will call him Smith. They found him two weeks later, the shotgun, the trigger of which he had pulled with his bare toe, between his knees. A tortured, hampered, damned sort of poet this man was. To the last person who saw him alive, Dodge, he raved a l one moonlit night of the loveliness of his lakes and mountains and whispering forests.

He was the son of a Maine seamstress and a member of the

famous clan to which I have referred. Some way or other he had obtained a good education and in the late 80's he appeared in our country from another part of the West with a young wife, a couple of children and a herd of thoroughbred cattle. He took up a ranch on the shores of the great lake north of us, twelve miles above the nearest settlement and sixteen miles below the most southern outlying soldier post of Yellowstone Park. Between him and the rest of the world, on all sides but one, was unbroken forest, through which ran the dusty ribbon of the road from the valley to the high plateau of Yellowstone. But on the fourth side to the west his ranch sloped down to the lake, and across the lake, green where the pines and fir were, gray where the granite arose, white with snow above, was the gigantic vision of the Tetons. A beautiful place this man had, the finest for its view I have ever seen; but it was no kind of a ranch. He built himself a handsome log cabin, long and rambling, and settled down to raising thoroughbred cattle. He was soon discovered to be an odd man, but for two or three years nothing sinister was attached to his name. Then a partner, a man we will call Wheelwright, appeared from the East.

Wheelwright was a good-looking, polished man, the son of a general in the United States Army; but he had got himself into some sort of scandal in New York and his wife had divorced him. He and Smith seemed to be the best of friends, but when there is a pretty woman in a triangle people will talk, even distant neighbors; and so after a while it was said that Smith was jealous. The truth of what happened I don't know; nobody knows. At all events, after Wheelwright had been in the country about a year, he and Smith, hunting cattle, went into a ford on the Snake River that Smith knew and Wheelwright didn't, and Wheelwright was drowned. The gossips claimed that Smith had deliberately sent Wheelwright below the ford, but Smith, in a posthumous letter, denied this and said he had not been within half a mile of Wheelwright at the time.

An Unsolved Mystery

THIS is Tragedy Number One. Tragedy Number Two is harder to explain away. Smith lived on with his wife at the ranch. Two or three more children were born; and then, five or six years later—I am not sure how many years intervened—the still young Mrs. Smith was found on a bitter winter's night, moonlight and frozen snow, with both her hips broken. Smith said that she had injured herself while skiing; but hips are hard to break, and even those who liked Smith—only two or three—admitted that he had a maniacal temper that came near to or actually was insanity. Besides, surrounding this particular incident there were curious circumstances.

A soldier from Yellowstone Park was the one who discovered Mrs. Smith's condition. In those days, during the winter, a snowshoe patrol of one man came down from the station to the north once a week to the little settlement to the south, and the scout was accustomed to break his journey at Smith's. But when, on this particular frozen night, he came to the log cabin, he was refused admittance, although every window was blazing with light and he had heard someone playing furiously upon the piano. The soldier, being a wiser man than most soldiers, pushed the protesting Smith aside and entered. In an inner room he found Mrs. Smith. Without wasting time, he hurried on to the settlement and returned with a party of men and a sled. I have talked to some of those men and also to one of the women who attended Mrs. Smith, and they swear that she told them that if she got well they would hear the truth, but if she died no one would know. She died, of course; the nearest doctor was then over two hundred miles away and the pass had to be crossed. The little expedition had not gone very far before the young wife with the broken hips succumbed

Smith, making some excuse to go back to his ranch, never returned, but snowshoed straight north, and so out of the country, and out of the country's knowledge for seven years. At the end of seven years he returned, but all his stock had disappeared; and his children, all but the youngest girl, who had been adopted by some wealthy people in Chicago, had been parceled out among the neighbors.

Frank Giles and His Son, the Guide and Cook for Bar B-C Ranch Pack Train, Throwing the Diamond Hitch

I don't know how accurate any of this is; even the most honest are not to be trusted completely when their prejudices are aroused. Smith claimed that the whole thing had been framed up to run him out of the valley and steal his stock; but I am positive this isn't so, if for no other reason than that I know well some of the men he accused. At all events, Smith was a broken man and behaved as such. He hardly left his ranch at all, except to come down to the little settlement for supplies, and his entire attitude toward the world became even queerer than it had been before. After a while he brought another wife back to the lonely place beside the lake; a woman as strange as himself, whom he had found playing the fiddle on an excursion steamer in Southern California She was the daughter of some well-to-do people in the East, and they sent her a small monthly allowance. Smith told me that once he had married her he could never get her to play for him.

"When I ask her to play," he said, "she plays only discords; but once or twice a year—usually late on a moonlight night—she will begin to play and will play like an angel for hours."

I am not likely to forget the first time I saw Smith. I was riding up to Yellowstone and a man who knew Smith told me to be sure to drop in upon him. I came, about ten o'clock of the morning, to the forested road that led off in the direction of the lake from the main highway. It was a very still and warm and sunny morning, the sunlight falling in round patches of gold through the sleeping evergreens. Along the forested road, tacked to a tree here and there, were the bottoms of boxes on which had been written scrawlingly in pencil:

"If you love God's creatures and intend them no harm, you are welcome. John and Mary Smith."

A Strange Reception

PRESENTLY I came to the cabin and the view of the lake. Around the front door boards had been erected to the height of about two and a half feet, and on the front door was a sign that read, "Private. No Admittance." I climbed over the boards and knocked. A voice said, "Come in."

A man was sitting by an empty fireplace reading a three weeks' old copy of the New York Sun, and on one of the bare walls was a lithograph of John L. Sullivan, and on another was a picture of Bishop Potter. The man did not look up when I came in, nor did he speak for several minutes. After a while he put down his paper and asked me who I was and where I came from—most un-Western questions. He was a slim, tall man of about forty, with straight black hair, worn rather long, and a dark mustache, not unlike Robert Louis Stevenson in appearance; a thin-faced, sensitive-looking man. Down to the waist he was clad in a cowboy's flannel shirt and around his neck he had a red handkerchief, but below the waist he had on faded Eastern riding trousers and stained putties. His conversation was equally bilocal. Most of the

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A Stop in the Rockies, While on a Pack Train Trip to Mount Leidy

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

IV

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN AFTER moments whenever he came to look back on that first meeting—that and the events that surrounded it—there always would be one or two things in that maze of happenings that Jerry Blandon was not likely to forget. Norris Colquitt had, in fact, disappeared he was gone, leaving no trace behind him; yet, in the face of this, what was as remarkable as the circumstance itself was the bearing of his young wife. She had nerve, no doubt of that. Few women, frankly, could have been more resolute and determined.

She came down the stair, a slender figure in a dress of some dark fabric smartly cut; and her head erect, her eyes bent on Blandon, she walked toward him.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr Blandon," she said evenly; "you seem to have come just in the nick of time." As she spoke she gave him her hand; and the touch of it was cool, untempered; as steady, too, as a rock. "Nanny has told you what has happened, I presume?"

Blandon gravely nodded.

He was still bewildered—staggered, as a fact, by what he'd learned: but with the butler still lingering on the scene he managed to smother any show of the consternation he felt inwardly. Effy Colquitt turned to the man.

"In what room have you put Mr. Blandon's things, Temple?"

The butler replied, "In the east room, madam," and a faint smile lit her eyes.

"That's the room next to Norry's, Mr. Blandon; he'll like to have you there when he returns."

It was like a jolt to Blandon.

Nanny Granger spoke abruptly: "Graham's back, Effy."

"Graham!" She turned swiftly to the other girl. "That fellow'" Blandon caught the note of swift startled tenseness in her tone. He saw her eyes widen as she stared at Nanny Granger. "You are sure?"

The girl nodded. "Positive. Mr. Blandon saw him. He was with Horace Pegram in his car."

Blandon listened in wonder.

His bewilderment left him befogged and floundering. Out of the web of happenings in which he found himself entangled he could make neither head nor tail of what was going on; but that the situation was something startling, not to say sinister, he could have no doubt. The tense breathless air of the others in the room was amply significant of that. Again Nanny Granger spoke:

"I'm going to my room, Effy. I'll be there if I'm needed."

It seemed to Blandon as if again a swift look passed between her and the person she now addressed. It was as if she, as well as the others in that house, were nerved up and awaiting something momentarily impending; that meanwhile they meant to keep closely in touch with one another. But what was it? Blandon fidgeted restlessly.

At a sign from the mistress the butler silently withdrew. A moment later Nanny Granger, hurrying up the stair, reached the head of the flight, and as hurriedly disappeared. As she did so Effy Colquitt turned to Blandon.

"Now, Mr. Blandon," she said sharply, "I must talk with you!"

It was the one thing Blandon wanted. The words were still on her lips when he swung toward her with impulsive eagerness. "What's happened?" he exclaimed. "Tell me now, what's become of Norry?"

"Perhaps you can tell me!" Colquitt's wife retorted with sharp directness.

"I?" The blunt abruptness of the remark was startling. It was the same implication, too, that Nanny Granger had put to him; and he had difficulty to control a moment's irritation. "I don't understand, Mrs. Colquitt. How should I know anything?"

"Why did you send that wire?" she returned.

A Yellow Face, its Lips Parted Till the Teeth Shone, Grinned Up at Her

The two—Colquitt's wife and Nanny Granger—seemed determined to hang to the point. Restraining his irritation, however, Blandon related the circumstances of how and why he had sent it. She listened attentively.

"Then you had no other motive? You had no plan, for example?" A plan? Another motive? He stared blankly. "Answer this, Mr. Blandon: What part had you in that other business, the affair of the Ouananiche?"

"The Ouananiche?"

His mouth was agape, his face screwed into a knot of bewildered wonder. Effy Colquitt gazed at him fixedly.

"The schooner Ouananiche—that three-master down at the Boston wharves. Tell me what you know of her; or, rather, who are those men aboard'"

Blandon shrugged.

"You'll have to explain yourself," he growled. "I don't know what you're talking about."

It was the truth, of course. All she'd said was so much Greek to him. He knew nothing of any craft such as the one she mentioned; much less had he any knowledge of the men aboard her or what they and the rest of it involved. His wonder, his growing resentment, too, she seemed not to heed.

"I'll have to be frank with you, Mr. Blandon," said Effy Colquitt quietly. "I have heard a great deal about you in the past six months. But don't misjudge me now; you must store up nothing against me till you have heard all I have to say. You are my husband's friend; you were his closest companion in France; and I would like you to be my friend too. At the same time, though, I'll have to give you the truth. I know where you have been the last six months; the last four years, for that matter. I know all you have been doing besides. Nanny has told you—I heard her from upstairs—that I have been hunting for you. And so I have, Mr. Blandon. What's more, I found you, too, though you may not know it. At the time you were in Sunda, across the Straits from Singapore you and your two friends, Semple and Lonergan. Before that, you were aboard a British tramp, shipped as a common sailor, a foc'sle hand. I know, too, about the time you were knocking about Tahiti, then the Philippines. It cost a great deal of time and patience to find out all this, but I did, Mr. Blandon!"

"Well, what if you did?" he growled.

With a quick movement Effy Colquitt laid a hand on his arm "Wait!" she appealed softly. She smiled up at him, too, as she spoke. "Let me make myself clear now. I mean nothing unfriendly; in all I have learned there is nothing to reflect on you. You have always gone straight; I know that for a certainty: you always have been honest and courageous. But that's neither here nor there," she added "What you wish to know, no doubt, is why I went to all these lengths to hunt you out. Shall I tell you, Mr. Blandon?" she asked

His eyes were sullen. "I'll admit I'd like to hear."

"Very well; it was because I was afraid of you!"

"What?" cried Blandon, aghast; and again she smiled.

"But now I'm not afraid," she said quietly. "Your coming has let me see how groundless my first fears were."

Blandon gave it up. "Look here," he said brusquely; "what's all this got to do with Norry? You haven't told me yet what's become of him. If you're going to tell me I'd like to hear."

She still smiled at him evenly.

"Here's what's happened," she replied.

It was a brief tale, the story Effy Colquitt had to tell. It was the account of her husband's life in the five years since Blandon last had seen him. Brief as it was, though, and touching only the high spots of what had occurred, it was more or less comprehensive to the man that heard it. After France, Colquitt had returned straight to Wickshire, taking up his work in the mills, the Pamquid Company. These, it seemed, had been left to him by his father, the founder of the concern; and as the son was the only surviving member of the family, both the father and mother having died, the entire management had fallen on his shoulders. The burden, however, hadn't seemed to dismay him. He had married the first six months after his return from France; and from then on until nearly four years later Colquitt had plunged into business, engrossed in all its details. Then, all at once, something seemed to happen. His interest in the business flagged, his energy flagging with it. Bored and restless, he began to drop his duties, staying away from the mills and leaving their management to others, his employes. Before long there were lapses of a week, then at times a fortnight, even longer, when he never so much as set foot inside his office. It was about this time he first had begun to hunt for Blandon, striving feverishly to find him, and as Effy Colquitt came to this her voice dropped; there was a restless helplessness in her tone.

"Nothing seemed able to rouse him, Mr. Blandon. It was not only with business he was bored; he was bored,

too, with everything else, it looked. Even his own home seemed to have that effect. Humdrum, he called it. 'Nothing ever happens here,' he protested. To use his own term," added Effy Colquitt, "this town where he lived, his business, too, and even his very home, all were a dump, a graveyard!"

A dump? A graveyard?

Blandon pricked up his ears. It was as if, in repeating this, she'd torn a page from his own book; and he peered at her suspiciously. If she saw the look, however, she gave no heed to it.

"But all this is a mere nothing," she continued adding "Men like my husband business men often get in that same mood. All of them strike a moment when they resent the drudging, cut-and-dried routine of their daily lives, the never-ending monotonous grind, and long to cut clear of it. One and all they long to get somewhere where, as they say, something is happening. Adventure, in other words, is what they long for; and I don't blame them either. I'd like it myself; so would countless thousands of others women, too—wives like myself tied down to their homes, their responsibilities. But never mind all that. Do you know what's happened, Mr. Blandon?" She broke off sharply, a sudden catch in her voice. "I'll tell you what! We're all in peril in this house. I warn you, you may be in peril too!"

Blandon awoke with a jerk

"Peril?" He wondered if he had heard her right. "Oh, come now, Mrs. Colquitt!" he protested; but that she was seriously in earnest he was not long left in doubt.

"Think what you like," she said slowly; "it's the sober truth—peril!"

Blandon looked at her anew in wonder. She might be frightened, though she managed stoutly to keep herself in hand; but to think that in a place like this, Massachusetts then, too, in any such surroundings—there could be a peril such as her words seemed to forecast! Why, it was incredible! She was merely overwrought, that was all; and with a smile he spoke:

"You mustn't get like that, Mrs. Colquitt. You're just excited because Norry's gone away."

"Gone away?" She flung a sharp look at him. To his wonder there was a faint mockery in it too. "I know what you think," she said slowly; "you believe he's just run away, I suppose. You fancy he's gone off somewhere for a little rest and change; that he'll be back in a day or so?"

"Naturally," he smiled.

"Yes?" she remarked. In the same tone she added, "And what would you say, Mr. Blandon, if we had reason to think it might be months, might be a year before we heard what had become of him?"

"I don't think it," still smiled Blandon.

And what difference was it if Colquitt had lit out for months, for a year? With all the money he had, why shouldn't a man seek rest, amusement?

She brusquely cut him short. "I don't think you understand, Mr. Blandon. My husband has responsibilities in life There is his business; there is this home here of his; he could not dump their responsibilities on others' shoulders. As it is," she added, "already his affairs are in a mess. His competitors are on his back; they have managed already to cut into his trade; there is trouble brewing in the mills. We've been warned a strike is near. That man Graham, the one you saw tonight in Pegram's car, has come here for that purpose—been brought here, rather. He is being paid, I've learned, to foment trouble; and do you think with anything like that staring him in the face my husband would be mad enough to run off on a holiday?"

"But, Mrs. Colquitt ——"

She cut him short. It was evident now she no longer was in the mood to hear him passively

"You know nothing, Mr. Blandon; I see that now. You do not believe me when I tell you we are in peril. Would you still doubt me if I told you that Norry had been threatened: that I had been threatened too?"

Blandon peered at her.

"In a place like this—Massachusetts?"

"In this place. In the house you're in. Last night at midnight the mill office was broken into, the books taken from the safe. This evening, at dusk, our telephone wires were cut. Tonight, on the road outside, that car was held up there."

"Yes, but you forget," Blandon interposed, "it was Pegram, not one of you, they held up."

She flashed a look at him

"Has it struck you, Mr. Blandon," she inquired, "that it might have been you they were trying to get?"

"What!" he exclaimed

She shrugged her slender shoulders. "Well, I hope it's all moonshine, all buncombe, Mr. Blandon, as you seem to think. I may be just overwrought, but ——" She stopped short, catching abruptly at her breath. "Hark! What's that?" she breathed swiftly.

From the floor above came the sound of a sudden commotion. A door banged, there was a sharp scurry of footfalls along the hall overhead; then a woman's voice raised itself.

"Effy, Effy! Temple! Quick, out on the lawn!"

It was Nanny Granger's voice. Her face lit with a frightened gleam, she raced into view on the stairs.

"Outside! A man! That sailor, Effy! I saw him. The one with the scar!"

Blandon gazed at her stupidly.

"Why—why—what's up?" he stammered.

He still was speaking when there was a crash, followed by a tinkle of breaking glass, and a heavy object, a missile of some sort, came flying through the stained glass window at the back. Striking the stair rail it rolled down the flight and struck with a clang against the brass fender before the fireplace

"Ah!" cried Effy Colquitt, a catch in her breath.

Reaching over she picked the missile from the floor.

It was a stone the size of a man's fist. Wrapped about it was a square of torn paper, the yellow sort used in wrapping packages.

As she spread it open she caught her breath again. The paper was wet and soiled, its surface smudged with fingerprints; and across its face a heavy hand had penciled three lines of print.

Her voice breaking, Nanny Granger gave a stifled exclamation:

"The men from the schooner, Effy?"

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Through the House, Thudding Like the Strokes of a Muffled Sledge, Three Jarring Blows Were Struck Somewhere Against the Wall

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 3, 1924

TO REDUCE war taxes is to give every home a better chance. . . . Of all services which the Congress can render to the country, I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others.

—*Calvin Coolidge.*

Saving Swamp Life

THE Izaak Walton League of America has an ambitious conservation measure before the present Congress. This bill asks the national Government to acquire by purchase three hundred miles of Upper Mississippi bottom lands now endangered by a gigantic drainage project. It is proposed to save the area forever for posterity. It will take three million dollars to do it, and three hundred thousand dollars a year for maintenance and policing, one hundred thousand to go to the Department of Agriculture for wild life and two hundred thousand to the Department of Commerce for fish life.

The one-hundred-and-four-page report of the hearings before the House Committee on Agriculture would seem to prove that this three-hundred-mile area represents the last stand of wild bird life and warm-water fish life in the upper valley of the Mississippi. The league brought leading scientists of the Universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois to Washington, and their testimony makes it clear that this region is the greatest highway for migratory birds in North America, and the nation's greatest spawning grounds for warm-water fishes, especially black bass, the game fish of the rank and file of Americans.

From these Upper Mississippi sloughs, swamps, creeks, lakes and ponds in 1923 the Bureau of Fisheries during low water rescued 148,000,000 three to six inch fishes, such as pike, pickerel, perch, crappie, sunfish; and 40,000,000 four to six inch baby black bass. These fish were shipped to stock the waters of thirty-two states.

The region is famous for its small fur-bearing animals, and during 1923 more than four hundred thousand dollars' worth of pelts were trapped. Government supervision would greatly increase the output. The pearl-button industry relies very largely on the upper river for its mussel shells, and in 1923 approximately two hundred thousand dollars went to clammers. This amount can be increased. The aquatic-plant life of these bottom lands is valuable and government control would greatly increase the yields of wild celery, wild rice, lotus and arrowroot because of the proper protection of their natural habitats.

The hearings developed the fact that the three hundred miles is of incalculable value as a breeding ground for water fowl and rest and feeding grounds during the northern and southern flights. Two hundred and sixty varieties of songbirds nest along the Upper Mississippi and it is a famous sanctuary for insect-eating birds.

The advocates of the bill declare that the navigation of the stream is constantly jeopardized by quantities of silt which will be carried down the river should these bottom lands be cleared and the soil loosed by cultivation. The league maintains that the future of the Mississippi River demands that its bottom lands should not be drained, but should remain covered with an anchorage of permanent vegetation. Important testimony was presented to prove that the drainage of this three hundred miles would precipitate, during high water, floods upon the lower river.

We have drained during the past fifty years an area greater than the five Great Lakes, and eleven million more acres in addition. In 1922 forest fires destroyed the equivalent of a ten-mile strip extending from New York City to Denver, and Congress appropriates the insufficient sum of four hundred thousand dollars to fight forest fires. Eighty-five per cent of our waters are polluted, and pollution has become a national menace to human life. It is time for America to wake up and to call a halt on waste and on our haste to develop every resource regardless of conditions, and to force unneeded acres under the plow. These great swamps and desert ranges may conceivably be a better national asset in their natural state than under cultivation.

Better Business in Britain

THE British are an able race, and the official reports for the past year issued by the British Board of Trade illustrate the extent to which business ability is still effective in war-torn Europe.

The year 1923 was by all accounts a hard one. Unemployment continued throughout the year. A labor government went into office as the result of dissatisfaction with the economic policy of Mr. Baldwin. The French occupation of the Ruhr harmed some British industries. The pound sterling declined notably during the year. Nevertheless, the trade of the United Kingdom was large.

The imports were valued at $5,342,000,000, the exports at $4,311,000,000. Specie to the amount of $75,000,000 went out; $30,000,000 worth of diamonds came in. The net income from foreign investments was $730,000,000. The earnings for the year in shipping and other services were another $730,000,000. After paying for the excess of imports of goods there was a balance of $470,000,000 available for investment abroad. To prove that it went abroad, one has only to point out that new foreign issues placed in London during the year amounted to some $660,000,000. These are to be added to the existing foreign investments, estimated at nearly $15,000,000,000. The national profit for the year, also, was what remained after paying the war-debt installment for the year.

The recognition of Russia is regarded in Great Britain as an economic advance. In the note of recognition stood the following:

"Technically unconnected with recognition, but clearly of the utmost importance, are the problems of settlement of the existing claims by the government and nationals of one party against the other and the restoration of Russia's credit."

This is the introduction to a salvaging operation. The par value of prewar investments of British nationals in Russian securities and industries is given as $460,000,000, the war debt of Russia to Great Britain as $3,350,000,000. That is obviously something of utmost importance and will receive proper attention, though against these credits the Russians are setting up huge counterclaims.

Fortune's Upper Limit

AT IRREGULARLY recurring intervals alarm is denoted lest there be no limit to the fortune-making possibilities of this or that individual. In the main the American people approve of and applaud signal success, and marvel at rather than envy many of the larger accumulations. This is especially true if it is felt that the builder of even a monstrous pile has rendered great service by cheapening and popularizing this or that article of general consumption.

Of late the gloomy prognosticators have turned their attention almost exclusively to an automobile manufacturer who branches out into railroads, steel mills, forests, water power, and what not. His product covers the earth, but not all sections so intensively as it does this country, so that the possibilities of addition are very great. His fortune is supposed to be the largest in existence; and one might leave the subject there, except that a responsible leader of one of the major political parties in Congress recently expressed the opinion that it would grow until it reaches the stupendous sum of five or ten billions of dollars.

It is not because a congressman's guess on this open-to-all topic is better than any other citizen's that it is referred to here. But a legislator may be presumed to express to some extent the prevailing popular suspicions and fears. Are we really then menaced with such private fortunes or are they bugaboos of the imagination?

If this were the first time that such fears have been entertained they might deserve a more serious consideration. But these Brobdingnagians of wealth are no new phenomenon. To mention only a few, Rockefeller and Harriman were bogies far more terrible in their time than any manufacturer of small cars is considered to be today. It was feared that they would soon own the earth. Nothing seemed to be beyond their awesome ambition or means of accomplishment.

But today Rockefeller is a thin old man of more than eighty-four, cherishing his golf and digestion, while Harriman has been dead these many years, struck down by a dread malady before whose conquering and victorious march the greatest of man's money-making is but the faintest of all idle vanities.

Nor do the fortunes of the great captains of industry show signs of growing to any forbidding extent after these men themselves have gone. The prodigious figures which result from reckoning compound interest always surprise those who make the computation for the first time.

But in actual practice wealth does not accumulate that way. It is true, of course, that as markets widen, the limits to the growth of large fortunes widen also. If a product can be sold all over the earth the owner may well become richer than if he sells it in one town only. But Nature has set limits upon man's vaulting ambitions—limits which no one has yet overreached.

It sometimes happens that the higher fortunes rise the faster and harder they fall. But even if growth has been so wisely planned and progress so carefully consolidated that no such common failure is possible, there are other boundaries set. Customs change and new products take the place of old. Competition springs into being when success is abnormal. New laws are designed to curb an expansion which public opinion deems unwise.

But beyond all else and limiting every phase of human endeavor are the everlasting boundaries of human strength and life. Men grow old and change their interests. Those who scorned to give away large sums in early or middle life feel otherwise as years advance. Finally death itself puts an end to the great enterprise, for rarely do heirs or successors have both the same abilities and the same ambitions as the founder. When all other reasons for the knitted brow of care have been unraveled, then let us worry over the menace of Mr. Smith's or Mr. Robinson's fortune, but not till then.

WILL YOU BELIEVE IT?

By Richard Washburn Child

FOR the best part of my lifetime I have been watching the kind of things which we human beings will allow others to put into our minds. Good fortune has given me the chance to observe not only in the field of national politics, and with intimate contacts with public men and the voters who elect them, but also in the realm of the law. For nearly twenty years I have seen a great deal of the working of the press and of the use of propaganda; for fifteen years one of my hobbies has been to run down the facts about spiritualism and other supernatural or occult "mysteries." I have a vast amount of data on the kind of mind fodder to which even the men and women who claim education and intelligence allow free entry.

I have come to this conclusion: If a stranger came to the average human being and handed him a lot of shiny green leaves covered with a blue powder and said "Eat this!" the average human being would at least inquire where the stranger obtained this oddity and what it was, before it was taken and swallowed. Our stomachs are held precious.

The Power of Assertion

BUT if a casual acquaintance came to the average man and said, "By all means keep a parrot in your house! A parrot has on its feathers a certain germ. It has been discovered by a famous bacteriologist of Vienna that these germs float about in the air and destroy the germs of rheumatism and infantile paralysis," then a lot of us, with bright, glad faces, hungry for knowledge, will chorus, "Is that so? I must tell the neighbors." In other words, the same degree of caution about swallowing for the stomach does not extend to the things we gulp into our minds.

If I write my accumulated evidence of the gullibility of the modern, supposedly civilized mind, I do not desire merely to give amusement; I am hoping that the evidence may tend to show that grave disorders may arise from the assertions by printed or spoken words which the human being of modern times takes in through his eyes and his ears as readily as a violent illness may arise from things he takes into his mouth. If I can contribute to prevention I have done a day's work.

I remember once discussing with Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who had a British propaganda post during the war, the subject of concerted drives to make people believe things. He said:

"It is a task requiring a great deal of conscience. Not only must the propagandist stick to the truth but he must labor energetically to put truth within reach of human minds, at least as fast as human minds swallow the first lies they can gather up."

At this point I hear the voices saying:

"Oh, he means human beings who are below par in mental equipment. He means the stupid, half-baked persons who are now called morons. We know what a moron is. A moron is one of those persons who have minds which never grow up, which remain the minds of children; it's the class of human beings the psychologists have pretended to discover. We have always known them; we used to call them stupids. Of course they are fertile soil for planting any nonsense."

But I do not mean morons. On the contrary, I mean clergymen and bankers, business men and statesmen, presidents of ladies' national clubs, societies and federations. I mean to include even those persons who would be shocked and offended if you said to them casually, "How much of all you believe is so?"

Let us try you! The chances are ten to one that you believe that women on the farm go queer or insane more than the rest of us. You have heard that they are lonely, isolated. Of course it must be so. It has been said in this country for a century. Everyone knows about it. Most everybody has heard it. The woman on the farm! Loneliness! Insanity! But it is not so! On the contrary! The National Bureau of Mental Hygiene has looked into this. More people per thousand go insane in cities than in the country! And in the country the men go insane much faster than the women!

The Mind Reader

THAT is the kind of untruth you believe because of the mere power of assertion. But you are no worse than a man who was once a candidate for the presidency of the United States. One day I sat with him when a stranger, Doctor Somebody, a grave, whiskered old rascal, came in to discuss psychology with the great man. The doctor prepared to demonstrate the powers of mind reading. He asked the great man to write on several small pieces of paper ten various questions. The great man did so, taking pains to mention matters of which "the doctor could not possibly have heard." The doctor then directed him to roll up these pieces of paper into pellets, and then the

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THE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Moving Day in Shakspere's England

SCENE I. *A street.*

ENTER WHEEZE, *a mover, and* WRENCH, *a mechanick*

WRENCH: How now, untimely knave! What cheer, cheese?

WHEEZE: Peace, cat's meat; peace, good ash can. Know you not that today is moving day?

SCENE II. *An apartment.*

Enter SIGNOR CANARIO.

SIG. CAN.: Now the darksome night is fled,
Folded is the folding bed,
Crated are the drawers and dressers,
Naught is left for our successors;
Snuggling in the baby's pram
Lies the evening leg of lamb;
Baby lies, the darling soul,
In the scuttle with the coal;
All, it seems, is ready then
For the stalwart moving men.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *a master mover, with* WHEEZE, CROWBAR, BELCH *and* LAUNCELOT, *movers.*

NORTH.: Now twice two hours the laggard-footed sun
Hath climbed the difficult staircase of the sky,
So hoist, my sturdy buckos, hoist and heave,
And let your furious hooks beclaw and bite
The varnish'd chiffoniers' mahogany.
Let the piano, fiercely crowded by
The vengeful hinges of the narrow door,
Roll on reluctant casters down the hall!

SIG. CAN.: Softly, softly.

NORTH.: On the van's floor let the great mirror lie,
And stand the ice box on the baby carriage.

SIG. CAN.: Softly, I say; softly.

NORTH.: Break, glass! Crash, china! All shall pass away,
And Man himself on his last Moving Day. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE III. *Another apartment.*

Enter SIGNOR CANARIO.

SIG. CAN.: Is this a teapot that I see before me
Or shattered relic of an ancient age
Dug from the kitchen midden of past time?
The dinner plates have shuddered into dust,
The guest-room bed hath sprained its dainty sides,
Showing its dowels in unseemly guise.
What, all my furniture is wreck'd? All? All?
Is all unhing'd? Then unhinge, too, poor brain!
(He goes mad.)
Halloo, halloo! Poor Tom's a-cold, sessa! Ho, a paper cutter, perdy! What will cut paper will cut thread, though 'twere thread spun by the three divine Greek dressmakers.
O happy paper cutter! This be thy sheath! *(Falls on paper cutter and dies.)*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTH.: I seek the good Signor Canario,
That he may pay the guerdon for our toil.
(Perceives SIG. CAN.*)*
Why, how now, carcass! How now, grisly shell!
Thy inner tube is pierced, and the shoe punctured,
Yet still I hear thee cry, "Thine is the fault!"
Peace, cry no more! I come to join thee, egg!
(Falls on umbrella and dies.)

Enter WHEEZE.

WHEE.: This was the noblest mover of them all
Who to his client's fate conjoined his own.
Ah, life is little worth without a boss,
I'll not survive, nor long lament, his loss.
(Falls on whisk broom, but survives.)

CURTAIN —*Morris Bishop.*

Spring

Amurrican Impressions of the Hon. Cecil Edward Guthrie St. John Muffin

(A Sequel to Being Broadened)

NEW YORK.

OLD THING: Just a chit to let you know that I'm most frightfully fit, and keen as mustard on the States. As I told you in my last, I'm engaged to a jolly little Amurrican girl I met on the ship coming out here, and naturally, as she's absolutely in the know on things Amurrican, I'm having a ripping time. We've decided, until something turns up, that I'd better lecture, as I'm broke to the wide at the moment. Do you remember that book of poems with rather a Noyes-Masefield touch I wrote when I was up at Cambridge? And do you recall the one that begins,

England! My Mother Country! With its downs and dunes asway!
And the mews that are calling—calling!
England! Avast! Belay!

I do wish, old man, you'd have a look round my diggings and send it me. Elizabeth thinks it would be an uncommonly good idea to lecture on it—readings, and that sort of thing, you know—but I should have to mugg up on it a bit, of course. England, the Mother Country—capital title, what?

New York is frightfully amusing, I find; particularly with Elizabeth to show one about. The city itself is on an island and across the river are near-by places with quaint names such as we have at home. Brook Lynne, for example, sounds quite charming, doesn't it? It's evidently proper country, from the way Elizabeth speaks when I mention that I should like to go there. I fancy, from what she says, it's a goodish bit away, but I shall go one day when I have time. I want, also, to see Wee Hawken, one of the early Scotch settlements on the Palisades, although Elizabeth seems to think I may be disappointed in it. She has taken me about the Central Park, and this day week we are to go to another one—the Bronx or the Yellowstone, I'm not quite certain. I haven't seen the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens, of which I heard so much in Australia—I believe Sydney has the only one finer—but Elizabeth says no one here goes. One wonders how it pays.

Elizabeth naturally was keen to know what I thought of New York.

"Top hole!" I exclaimed as enthusiastically as I could, but it didn't seem to satisfy her, as she immediately explained it hadn't been so dug up since she could remember. The Amurricans are fearfully sensitive about their country, you know.

Bye-bye, old chap—don't take any wooden tuppence-ha'pennies, as the Yankees say!

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Come on, Dad! Let's See What He's Burying"
"Wait Until He's Gone!"

"He's Through. Let's Go!"

"What Do You Know About That? He's Been at it All Day and We've Dug it All Up in Fifteen Minutes, and Not a Bone"

Who said they like hearty soups?

Thousands say it every day! And they prove it by eating these hearty Campbell's Soups. No other food tempts the appetite in quite the same way!

Prove it by any of these Campbell's favorites, which offer such a pleasing choice to your taste for hearty soups.

In each of these soups are blended the finest vegetables the market offers, rich beef broth that strengthens and appetizes, substantial and nourishing cereals.

But do you know how they differ?

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup contains nutritious pieces of beef and most of the vegetables are blended in a smooth, delicious puree.

Campbell's Beef Soup is even more generously supplied with those tempting pieces of beef. Because there is more of the meat, there is less of the vegetable foods. They are combined in a blend which many find their first choice.

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup the vegetables are diced, chopped or whole—for those who delight especially in vegetable foods.

All three soups reveal the skill of Campbell's famous chefs!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

They Left Him Seated on the Rock

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XLIV

IT WAS a thoughtful and subdued party that sat round the camp fire that night. Their talk was inconsecutive, fragmentary, made up of half phrases. They had been drawn very close together by a common danger and it was difficult to realize the danger was over. They could not help thinking of what might have happened. Very little had separated them from tragedy.

"Makes one believe we're under some protection," muttered Henry, his eyes on Tommy's bandage.

Then Kate, thinking no longer of Sullivan as of a menace to safety, but as some poor mother's son—"One can't help pitying."

And William, very human again—"There was a gourd in that canoe. Somehow I hope there was water in it. I saw the gourd."

And Mary, fingering a bitten nail—"I hope that shot I fired ——"

"You acted in the cause of justice, Mary."

Her answer—"Who am I?"

"We ought to be grateful, I suppose," said Lydia. "What is it the Bible says?—'The wicked shall perish.' It seems a bit of a shame they don't get a second chance when ——"

Another unfinished sentence.

In the face of stern justice, resentment quickly turns to sympathy. Only Olive Banbury was unchangingly severe. That could be understood.

"He got his deserts."

Vernon rose very quickly and moved away. A second later Averil was by his side.

"Don't, dear," she said. "Please don't!"

"That's all right," said he. "Only—rather a trying day, you know, and —— Deserts, eh? After all, why not? There's plenty to be thankful for."

He turned to join the others.

"You will be alone," she said reproachfully.

He muttered something she did not entirely hear.

"Must get into training," it sounded like.

A moment later William came pelting up with news that the Mascot would arrive about noon the day after tomorrow.

"Just in on the wireless."

"We'll have something to tell them, anyway," said Tommy with a laugh.

For the next forty-eight hours great preparations were made against the return of the yacht. Everybody was involved doing something. Then on the morning of its expectation news came through that it would not reach the island before two or three o'clock.

Kate was in despair. She had tuned herself up to embrace Joshua at noon precisely and further delay was almost more than her patience could endure. Throughout his absence she had been tormented with fears of ills that might have befallen him.

"I won't believe he's all right till the yacht comes in," she confessed.

"But it's absurd," said Averil. "Of course he's all right, and don't forget he'll be bringing letters from home."

Kate brightened perceptibly.

"Aye, that's so; and I'll hear about how our Annie has fared."

"Your first granddaughter, isn't it?" Lydia asked.

"Grandson, if you please."

Lydia laughed. "You seem very certain about it"

She would have said more but that William's bare big toe torpedoed her shin under the trestle table.

"Our Annie knows what's expected of her," said Kate with proper dignity, and turned to upbraid Mary and Henry for being late.

Vernon was too excited to do more than pretend to eat. He made some excuse for slipping away.

"Dropped my watch up there," he said, "and I'm lost without it. The rest of you will be down when the boat comes ashore. Say I'll be along directly in case I'm late."

He chose a path which led to the highest knoll in the island, where he sat upon a great wedge of rock and looked down over the tree tops and the palm tops at the lagoon below. There was in the scene a marvelous tranquillity, color and sound merging with each other in the making of what at once was picture and harmony. The smooth feel in the air, the vast blue rotunda of sea and sky, the brush of the surf on the beach, the warm drone of insects and wanton patches of scarlet flowers together melted and mingled into a single entity. A verse of Stevenson's flashed half remembered, half forgotten across his mind:

To make this earth our hermitage ——

Then a line he could not remember and the final couplet:

God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

But did it suffice, or was all this beauty no more than a background to the ugly facts of every day?

Presently he saw the Mascot steam slowly into the lagoon, starting across the still surface two slants of golden ripples that stretched and widened until they lipped against the coral reefs on either side. Though he started to his feet, Vernon did not dare go down to meet the little boat which, with Mr. Isinglass and Joshua Morgan aboard, was being rowed to the landing place. He would have to choose a moment when the old man was alone to find out whether or no the registered letter had come. He lacked the courage to face a negative shake of the head before the rest of the company.

A roar of welcome from William, reduced by distance to something less than the humming of a mosquito, came up to him. He saw hands stretched out to help Mr. Isinglass ashore—Mr. Isinglass in a black tail coat and white duck trousers and an absurd solar topee. He saw Joshua and his little fat wife lock and relock themselves in each other's arms, and almost could hear their breathlessness and feel their emotions. Then one of the sailors heaved a bag ashore which William took possession of with a familiar postal-service touch.

Surely this was the mail! Yes, for a seal was broken at the neck of the bag and presently a heap of tiny white specks like bits of confetti was spilled upon the rocks, sorted over and distributed. After that there were people sitting down and heads bending forward and white sails spread that were newspapers. He could see them talking, laughing, passing letters to one another or tossing them away. Those two so close together were the Morgans, fighting over a slip of paper and bumping heads in eagerness to read it together. Suddenly they leaped up simultaneously, jubilantly.

The white slip was fluttering on high and a huge Midland voice broadcast on so mighty a carrier wave of sound that all the Pacific might have heard, "Twins! Our Annie—twins!"

And all else was in abeyance until handshakes and backslappings and words of congratulation were exhausted and old Joshua had been carried off by Kate to celebrate the occasion with a bottle of Bass which she had been cooling in the creek against his return.

From where Vernon sat it was like looking down upon happiness through the wrong end of a telescope. Infinitely far away and small it was, immeasurably remote from himself. He waited until one by one the tiny figures had drifted away—only Mr. Isinglass remained. When the last had vanished behind the palms that screened the shore, Mr. Isinglass scrambled to the top of a rock, and standing erect he beckoned. Impossible to define what instinctive knowledge caused him to act thus. Three times he beckoned, then he climbed off the rock again, and spreading out a colored handkerchief he put up his umbrella and sat down.

Vernon waited no longer. He took a straight line through the trees and in three minutes he had reached the rocks Mr. Isinglass tilted back his umbrella and shot a glance at him.

"So here you are," he said. "I had begun to fear you had left us."

"I wanted to find you alone." Then, with overmastering impatience, "Have you got the letter?"

"Letter?"

"Yes, yes. I asked you to call for a letter at MacAndrews'."

Mr. Isinglass thought for a moment, then nodded.

"I remember perfectly; but I thought it was a registered package you ——"

"It's all the same."

"Is it? Hardly. A registered package might contain money."

"It would have contained money."

Very slowly Mr. Isinglass put down his umbrella and poked the ferrule into the sand.

"For heaven's sake," cried Vernon, "answer my question!"

Mr. Isinglass lifted his eyes.

"In the name of honesty, Winslowe," he demanded, "what did you want with money?"

Vernon's hands fell to his sides. "It hasn't come."

"What did you want with money?" the old man repeated. "You have been given faith, trust, love—what better service could money bring you than these? Winslowe, I talk to you now, not as to an angry man with a grievance against the world, but as to an honest man with a whole world of responsibility upon his shoulders. The problem of these people's future is still unsolved and you ask for money, and I ask—what for? Is it that you may leave the problem unsolved—find for yourself a way of escape?"

"No, no!" cried Vernon, and he was trembling.

"Then for what other reason?"

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Let Libby send you this complete toy store

Remember way back when —you played store? Great fun, wasn't it? Let your children have that fun, that training—with this finer toy grocery

The realest toy grocery store you ever saw!

ABOUT a foot and a half wide, over one foot tall, with shelves, a counter and 12 toy Libby cans in actual colors. A store that will make any child dance with joy. A toy that teaches—in hours of fun.

How to get it

We will send this Libby Toy Grocery Store, postage prepaid, to any address in the U. S. for 25 cents in stamps and complete labels from twelve 16 oz. cans of Libby's Milk or 25 cents in stamps and complete labels from twenty-four 6 oz. cans.

Don't miss this unusual opportunity to get the Libby Toy Grocery Store while you are proving how inexpensively you can give all your cooking greater richness and finer flavor with Libby's Milk. Your grocer has Libby's Milk, or can get it for you easily. Send the labels and 25c to

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 505 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

The milk that good cooks use

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

Tell your grocer to send you Libby's Milk

This offer is void in Idaho, Nevada, Montana, North Dakota, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Kansas, Indiana and Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 36)

"Why should I explain my acts to you—and say what I wanted the money for? If you care to think it was for myself, think it. My words won't alter your opinion. I tried to raise five thousand on a reversion, and I've failed I was fool enough to hope I could repay the capital these people intrusted to me, and I've failed. But I don't fail alone, Isinglass. You dragooned me into this business, remember—backed up the lie I told, egged me on, made it possible. We go down together—you and I."

The face of Mr. Isinglass was shining.

"I don't believe we shall go down," he said, and quoted at memory: "'There are some lies on which men mount as on bright wings toward heaven. There are some truths which bind men down to earth with leaden chains.'"

He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a registered package and held it out

"Yours. From the very first I've never doubted you, but in this I wanted to be very sure. Money sometimes—But no, never with an honest man. You forgive me?"

Vernon stood a while without a word. Suddenly he thrust the registered package back into the old man's hand, saying, "Take it. Be my banker, Mr. Isinglass."

"Not this time," came the answer.

For a moment it seemed Vernon might do anything laugh—cry. He certainly felt very strange. His feet were light and something had ceased troubling inside his head.

"But look here, I—look here, I ——" he gasped.

"There, hop along and read it by yourself," said Mr. Isinglass.

XLV

CLUTCHING the letter against his side, Vernon strode on and on. He would walk a mile—two miles before seeing what it contained. Not from fear, but rather from gratitude, he delayed seizing the life line that had been thrown to him. He was like a traveler within sight of an inn who slows his speed to better his thirst. He made a wide detour of the camp, swept over the rising ground and came down into the tangled undergrowth on the far side. Thorns tore at his flesh and prickly vines trailed from his clothes; but they did not deter him; the quick physical pain they inflicted spurred him on. He had no goal save the limit of his own patience. He had waited so long for this moment that, now it was at hand, he postponed it.

Presently the brush thinned to more open country, starred with flowers and bright with birds and butterflies. Through a natural avenue of trees he saw the thatched huts of some of the islanders. Children were playing before open doorways and old men were sitting in the sun. They were curious folk, these islanders, and Vernon knew if he were seen young and old would gambol up and amble up to have a look at him. Wherefore, as quietly as possible, he retreated by the way he had come until at last in the shade and solitude of a tall umbrellalike tree he took the letter from his pocket and broke the seal. It was a long letter. It said:

My inclination, when I got yours from Cadiz, was to take no notice. I had cut adrift from you that day at your flat. It took some doing, because in old days we were friends and that kind of friendship sticks. Here's what's happened then: I put your letter out of my head. You wouldn't be advised or discouraged before the thing began, so I saw no reason why you shouldn't stew in your own juice. I let three months go, then I knocked up against a fellow who gave me a few facts about the way you'd been treated by what he called the bunch at home. He didn't tell the story sympathetically, but as though it were rather a sound joke which reflected glory on the chaps who separated you from your cash.

Somehow that fellow made me angry—unreasonably angry; and I hit him. It happened in my own club and he was my visitor, and as you can guess there was a devil of a row about it. That episode set me thinking that, if an outsider could lose his temper plus his sense of what not to do in his own club, for no better cause than a tone of voice, the treatment you met with might have supplied some excuse for going off the deep end and running amuck. "I any rate I dug out your letter and pushed round to see what could be done about it.

What I found out must be stale news to you by now, as I imagine old Fletcher Winslowe's lawyers will have cabled you that he died a few days after you left England. Apparently his rejuvenation was a washout, for when I dropped round to look up the old boy I found he had been under the greensward at Finchley for about ten weeks. A few days later I fell in with a crony of his who said you were his sole legatee and would collect between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds when everything was cleaned up. I can't tell you, old chap, how glad I was since it gave you the chance you were looking for—a way of clearing up decently. Knowing what an age these lawyer blokes take proving wills, I'm whacking up our old friendship with a loan of five hundred in case there's a temporary shortage.

I'm sorry I blackguarded you that morning, but I liked you more than a little and, if it comes to that, I still do. It's queer, but I can't help believing there is a treasure in that island if only you could find it.

Well, the very best to you. Tell me when you're back.

RALPH

He read the letter four times, then threw himself face down in the grass and the troubled thoughts filtered out of him into the warm earth currents and relief filled the empty spaces they had left behind. For half an hour he lay there utterly relaxed, dimly conscious of fate's generosity and of nothing else; and while he lay, without a conscious effort, his plans for the future developed and ordered themselves and fell into appointed slots in his mind.

It was all beautifully clear when he rolled over and sat up hugging his knees and staring out before him—marvelously clear. They had come to the island and had found the treasure. Yes, and it was old Roger Winslowe's treasure, too—or at least the remnant of it—which had passed down from generation to generation and had come to the hands of the last of the line in a lonely islet of the very seas where the treasure had been harvested. There was not a flaw in the argument; it was so simple as to solve itself. The old treasure was theirs to divide—the same treasure, save that the currency had changed and the doubloons and golden moidores had, with the passing of time, been rehatched into Bank of England notes.

He did not stop to ask himself how the money should be split up, he only knew that he wanted none of it. He did not regard the inheritance as personal property. It belonged away from him, and there was not a thought of charity in his mind as he accepted this fact. What must be done was so perfectly obvious; the only thing that was not obvious was the method of doing it. His reward lay in relief—unspeakable relief and gratitude. By the grace of circumstance the chance had been given to him to expunge some ugly scratches from a slate and start clean.

With glorious and overwhelming force came the thought of what, with Averil's help, might be mapped upon that slate for his future and hers. He must get to her at once, tell her everything, enlist her aid and —— It seemed terrible that she was an hour's walk away. He wanted her beside him that very instant. He wanted—but the detail of his wants was lost in the knowledge that the need for restraint, which in the past had governed his dealings with her, had vanished. He could go to her now as a schoolboy to his chum, with marvelous news and marvelous hours of comradeship for the telling of it.

They must get away by themselves somewhere—somewhere absolutely alone. Then he thought of the yacht's dinghy and the great open sea. There must be nothing ordinary, nothing casual or everyday about their meeting. This was to be an hour that one day should be a memory. He jumped to his feet and started briskly down the hill. The village children ran out to meet him. They had flowers in their hair and their little faces were flowering with smiles. From the doorway of his hut Kaifulu called a greeting and Kaifulu's young wife dropped her eyes and fingered a little necklace of seed pearls at her throat. A slant of sunlight shining on the pearls started a thought in Vernon's head. He passed by, stopped and came back.

On the Last Journey of All He Bore Upon His Back an Old Box Strapped With Brass, Beneath the Weight of Which His Knees Bent Almost to the Ground

XLVI

BY THE happiest chance Vernon found Averil alone. She was sitting on a rock within a hundred paces from where the dinghy was moored. It seemed she must have known he would seek her there, for as he approached she looked up with a welcoming smile—a smile which turned to puzzled amazement at the extraordinary change in him. Never before had she seen

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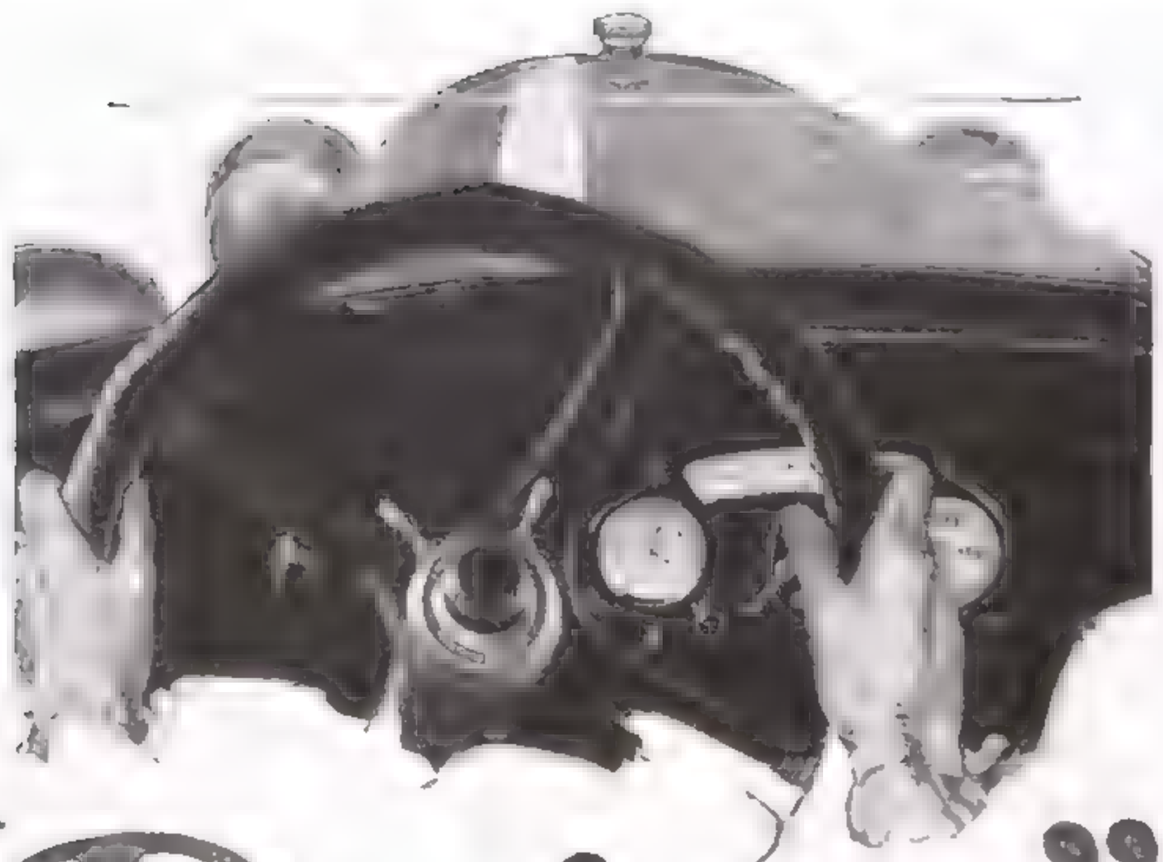


"Drive" the new V-63

BECAUSE of its known leadership, the Cadillac has been purchased with greater confidence than almost any other automobile.

People have bought this car much as they would buy Government Bonds—with unquestioning trust in its value and dependability.

In many instances, they have even dispensed with demonstration rides, taking the position that the Cadillac *has* been demonstrated and that its very name denotes its quality.

Naturally, the New V-63 has been purchased in this same manner—with the same implicit confidence in Cadillac performance based on its reputation.

But almost immediately, the New V-63 owner discovers this striking truth—that fine and efficient as have been past Cadillac types, and enviable as has been their reputation, they nevertheless afforded him no adequate criterion of the quality of this new car.

The New V-63 simply cannot be compared with previous Cadillacs—splendid as was their performance—

And certainly not with any other automobile, either foreign or American.

The New V-63 is extraordinarily different—must be judged by new standards—higher than have ever before been associated with a motor car.

This difference is in vital phases of performance. It is due chiefly to Cadillac's new harmonized and balanced 90° V-Type eight cylinder engine, and can be realized only by riding in the car.

Consequently, even though you have taken for granted the surpassing quality of Cadillac performance—*Drive* the New V-63.

V-63

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 38)

him swing along so gayly, planting his feet upon the ground as though he owned it. He broke into a run as he saw her, came up and stopped breathlessly. His face was glowing with pleasure and excitement. All trace of those troubled lines at his eyes and mouth had vanished. She stared at him as at another man—a younger, better man; a man whom for long months she had searched for in vain.

Her question, "Something's happened?" sounded terribly banal.

He nodded vigorously.

"Yes, beyond belief."

"I'm so glad."

"I've looked for you everywhere. It's shot me up in the air, this thing—winded me. Let's get away by ourselves."

"You want to tell me?"

"Oh, Lord!" he replied.

It was the youngest thing he had ever said to her—one of those revealing things. She rose and stood by his side.

"I'm ready."

He pointed at the lagoon.

"The dinghy's down there. Let's ——"

"All right."

The fat little dinghy bobbed out into the lagoon, bouncing over the waves that warped its surface by the rift in the coral reefs. The sea beyond was brushed by a steady breeze. Vernon socketed the mast, spread a small brig sail, and taking the sheet in his hand sat beside her. Even then they did not speak. On and on they sailed, with slaps of water clopping against the gunwale. The slant of the wind tilting the boat more and more as they passed out of the shelter of the island brought them closer together.

Then his bare arm, resting on the tiller bar, touched hers and she said, "Tell me."

From his breeches pocket he took Ralph's letter, and turning to the middle page pointed to the passage which told of his inheritance.

"Read that."

She read it slowly, then, without lifting her head, "Yes. Well?"

"Don't you see what it means to me? Don't you realize the amazing mercy of it?"

"To you?" she repeated, still looking away.

"Yes. Averil, haven't you grasped it? It's a way out. Averil, aren't you glad?"

In his enthusiasm he gripped her hand. She drew it away sharply and faced him.

"No. Why should I be glad? You say there's something wonderful you want to tell me, and it boils down to a bit of money—the same as last time; it was money then. A way out, you say—yes, it's a way out for you, I suppose—a money way. Oh, it seems to me that you can only be miserable and only be glad for money's sake!"

He was looking at her stonily. Far away on the horizon a black whorl of cloud, the shape of a sandglass, spun upward into the sky. The sail flopped as the wind emptied out of it; the boat ran forward a few yards, steadied and lay motionless in a treacly calm.

"I'm sorry. Perhaps it's unjust to say that, but money and no more than money seems such a wretched thing to share. I'm glad that you will be able to—to get yourself out safely."

The fault was his. It had seemed so obvious the money was not intended for him—too obvious to abuse her intuition by saying so. He had assumed she would have thought the best of him; but instead—well, she had justice in thinking the worst. Love may be blind; not so intelligence. The magic hour he had planned was not for him; the joy they might have shared was shattered by misunderstanding. There was nothing to be said. He got to his feet, lowered the sail, unshipped the mast, and taking the oars brought the dinghy round toward the shore with powerful strokes. The storm cloud in the east had risen higher and was swelling visibly. Huge and menacing, it swept toward them, a giant in copper armor and a purple cloak.

Vernon had not seen it, had not noticed how the sunlight winced at its approach. Her words had dulled all but his personal senses. He was terribly, bitterly wounded. Impotent anger checked the impulse to put himself right with her—anger and a hard pride which drew the blood from his face and set it in the mold of a man who is suddenly ill. With a queer recognition of a quality of pain that sometimes comes to a man, he remembered an incident of many years before when, as a small boy at a prep school, he had been accused of and caned for a fault he had not committed. The same old hard pride had kept him silent under the cane. He had denied the offense and had suffered the more severely on that account. That was bad enough, but what was worse was the rankling impotence of being up against something too big for his strength to compass. He would have given anything to have been able to row with his back to Averil while the pattern of these thoughts was revealed in the twitching of muscles at the corners of his mouth and the dull red of his temples. He knew her eyes were upon him, weighing up his misery or even perhaps rejoicing in what she must have felt was the justice of it.

The silence was so complete that all the little noises—the dipping of oars, the clucking of water along the gunwale—sounded big. She had not taken her eyes from his face since he began to row. She watched him, perplexed, wondering and slowly enlightened. She would have spoken then were it not that her sudden failure in intuition had ungoverned her power to say the right thing.

Then suddenly, "Oh, I'm so ashamed!" she cried.

He looked up to see her filmed with thin gold from the melting sunlight, luminous against a great wall of banked-up clouds.

"No, don't speak. Let me show I've some understanding. That money—it wasn't for you; you never thought of it for yourself; you were going to give it all up. It was for those others—treasure you'd found for them."

All he could do was nod. But the illness had gone out of his face. He was still red, but not with anger—a kind of abashed red. He looked like a schoolboy, awkward at having been apprehended in an act of unlooked-for generosity, fearful of praise, yet glowing at the thought of having well earned it.

She put out her hands, and he had to get rid of the oars to take them, and laughed at his clumsiness in doing so.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she pleaded.

"Forgive? It was my fault," he said. "I ——" But he didn't want to talk about that. There were better things. "I spent a bit of the money—only a bit—I just had to. Don't know if it was wrong—didn't stop to think. It's in the pocket of the jacket you're sitting on—the right pocket—or left, perhaps. Um-m—in that little wooden box. It's for you. Chuck 'em away if you'd rather. You see, I shan't touch another penny but this. Averil, it's been terrible loving you as I have and never saying so."

The little necklace of island pearls trickled through her fingers, hanging from the last and shining simply against the angry threat of the sky.

"For me?"

He nodded.

"I stole them for you, I suppose; but somehow I can't make myself mind."

Neither, it seemed, could she, for she lowered her head for him to fasten the clasp. Then they looked at each other, breathed—and he said, "The future's safe now."

Up above them two huge masses of clouds met and battled for the highroad of the air—regiments of storm troops that frothed and writhed in spinning whirls of black and white.

"Averil," he said, "I want to kiss you more than anything else in the world; but until I can come and say it's all splendidly over—it's all—— Oh, you know what I'm driving at."

"I know what you're driving at," she answered.

He threw up his head and stretched out his arms.

"I'm a boy again!" he cried.

Then the rain fell—straight, gray, obliterating. Then a roar of wind whipping the sea to white spume and flattening it as with a mighty iron. Then great jags of lightning cracking in the air like pistol shots and the split and rumble and roar of the thunder.

XLVII

PUFFING from the exertion of the climb, Mr. Isinglass reached the spot where Vernon had looked down on the arrival of the Mascot. It was the first time he had ventured so far inland, and the heat that preluded the storm, plus the steep ascent, exhausted him. He sat down on a patch of grass and slowly recovered his breath before attempting to inspect his surroundings.

The first thing he noticed was the dinghy—a tiny white speck in the open sea; the second was the vanguard of the storm, and the third the huge wedge of rock upon which Vernon had been sitting. He examined these three objects in turn.

At the first he remarked, "Well, well." At the second, "Hullo," and at the third he whistled. Indeed, the third interested him so much that he continued to look at it and continued whistling as he looked. The rock lay at a slant; the wide butt of the wedge was flush with a circular bed; but there was, however, a pointed end which was clear of the ground by two or three feet. Mr Isinglass got up and walked round it twice. The result convinced him that the position of the rock was perfectly normal, that it had neither been moved to its present position, nor at any other time could have been standing vertically. This was proved by the fact that the bed upon which it lay was integral with the rock itself.

It was true the rock had practically no resemblance to a needle, but there was this virtue in his discovery: It was situated in a prominent part of the island; it possessed a point; and the point, in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, cast a substantial shadow. Mathematics was never a strong suit with Mr. Isinglass. He succeeded, however, in making a rough guess where the point of the shadow would fall at noontide, and having done so marked the place with a bread pill pressed into the rough surface of the bed rock. Having no compass, he took out his watch and laid it over the bread pill. Years before someone had shown him how to find the points of the compass through the agency of sun and time. Although Mr Isinglass could never accomplish this feat without considerable difficulty, it was one of which he was inordinately proud. Having collected his thoughts, he set to work, and ten minutes later was satisfied that he had succeeded in locating the north. As an actual matter of fact, he had missed his reckoning by several degrees.

Laying a twig on the ground to act as a finger post for future operation, he produced a penknife which boasted, on one of its metal sides, a four-inch rule.

"Now," said he, "a pace is thirty inches, and the map said fifteen paces due north, three west and under. Let's see where that will bring us."

Accordingly, he cut a cane, measured and marked thirty inches upon it and cut it again to that exact length. While so doing he became aware of the rapid approach of the storm.

"Bless me, I must hurry or I shall lose the sun."

With all dispatch he busied himself measuring up the fifteen paces to the north. He needed the sun's rays to help him find the west. It had not occurred to him that this could be achieved by taking an angle of forty-five degrees from the line he had drawn to the north. Persons who occupy their minds with the affairs of men and women are often incorrigibly stupid in the simplest mathematical problem. Brave as a lion in face of human emergency, Mr. Isinglass could not approach the thought of long division without trembling. His attempt to find the west before the storm put out the sun's eye was a pathetic example of earnest but inaccurate endeavor. The only relief to an otherwise painful situation lay in his complete assurance that, although hurried, he had not allowed himself to be misled. The three paces took him to the edge of a five-foot drop at the bottom of which was a disorder of ferns and rocks.

With great agility and no small personal risk he scrambled down and was delighted to find that the earth beneath was soft and friable.

"It's a gift," he remarked as he dug his fingers into the soil. "It's a gift. All I have to do is invent some nonsense about that Needle Rock and the trick's done."

He was laughing and chuckling when the first blast of wind and deluge of rain smote him.

"God bless me!" he cried with sudden memory. "Now I wonder who was in that dinghy. God bless me! We don't want a tragedy at this stage."

Heedless of angry elements and the infirmities of age, he made for the beach at a run. As he came through the final fringe of palms he saw William Carpenter and Tommy Gates racing up the coral reef, their drenched shirts flattened against them by the wind. Seeing the old man they stopped, and coming back seized him by the arms and bore him along between them.

"They're in the dinghy—Winslowe and Miss Chester!" gasped William. "Out there they are! Hidden by the rain, but the lightning—there!"

As he spoke there was a blinding flash and by its light they saw the dinghy bucketing shoreward in the trough of the waves beyond the line of creaming surf.

Vernon and Averil were huddled together in the stern. The wind, which at the beginning of the storm had blown indifferently from any quarter, was now roaring down the island from the nor'east. To row in such a gale was impossible, and, taking a chance, Vernon had hoisted the little jib sail. Even with so small a surface of canvas the dinghy was lying over at an acute angle and cutting a swath of water as she leaped along.

"They're done for!" cried William. "They'll never find the opening in this gale!"

He released his hold upon Mr. Isinglass and, tearing off his shirt as he ran, raced up the coral reef to the gap. Whipped by the wind's fury, the surf had spread across it—leaping, churning breakers that re-formed into waves as they entered the lagoon and swept over its surface in vast diminishing corrugations.

"Here, here!" roared William, his arms above his head and the shirt flying.

Impossible to say whether they heard or saw, but as the dinghy came level with the mouth of the lagoon Vernon put his helm hard down. What followed was terrible for the watchers. The tiny boat straightened up, then heeled over nearly flat upon the water. They saw Vernon seize Averil and throw their mutual weight backward. It was a forlorn hope, but luck was with them, and, half full of water, the dinghy righted herself, was snatched at by the wind, and came leaping over the triple bars of surf into the relative calm of the lagoon.

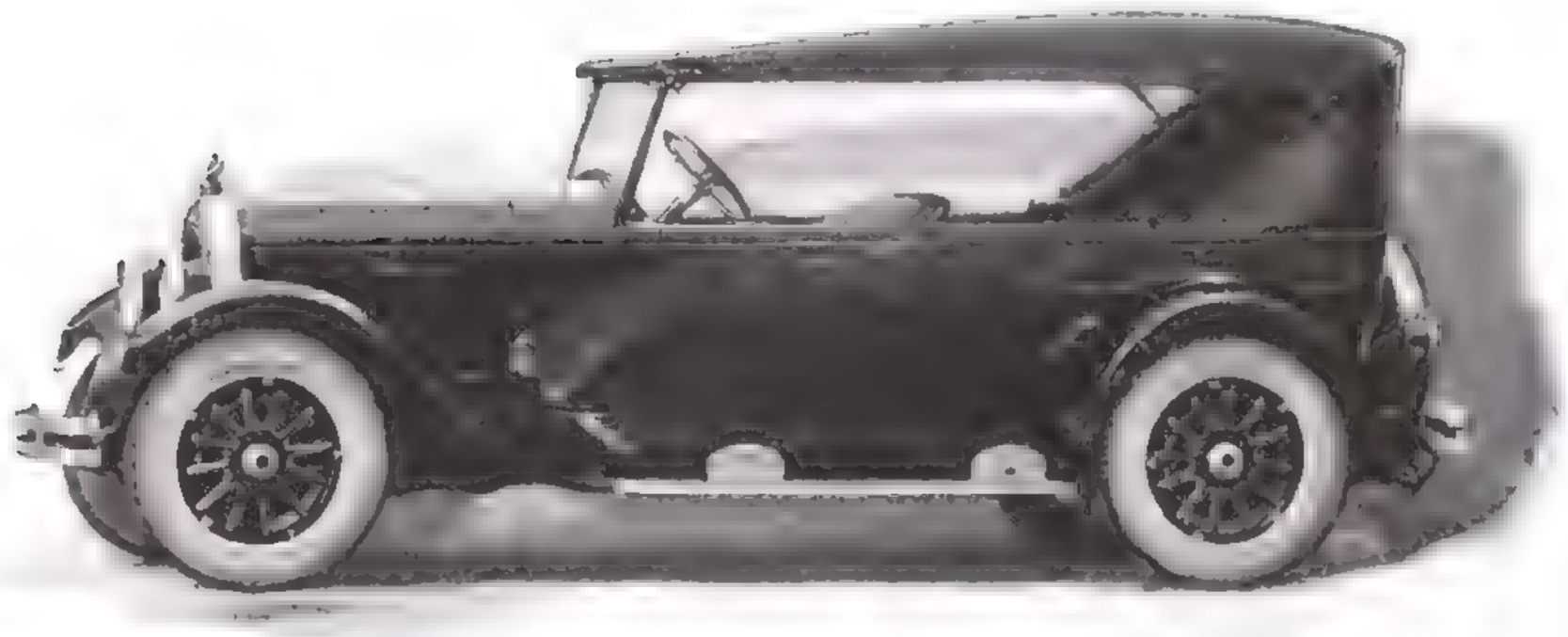
William could stand no more. With a wild halloo he went into the sea headfirst and in a dozen mighty strokes had gripped the dinghy's gunwale. Presumably he imagined he would find its occupants too exhausted and helpless to bring the boat ashore.

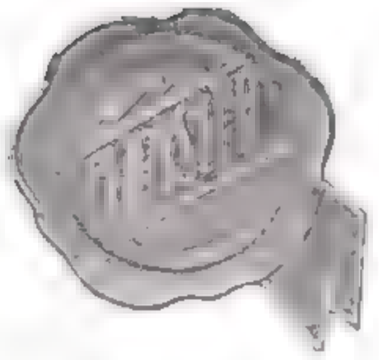
What he saw gave him the greatest surprise of his life. The man and the girl were looking at each other with faces which glowed with happiness and content. What he heard seemed to have no conceivable relation to the ordeal through which they had passed.

Vernon was saying, "I love you—I love you—I love you."

"D'you want any help!" gasped William.

(Continued on Page 64)





The Phaeton
$1395 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

Chrysler Six Engineering Gives Results Previously Unknown

The nation-wide acclaim with which the Chrysler is heralded is due to the quick appreciation of a motor wise public that here, at last, is a car which is a marked departure from all earlier practice and performance.

With rigid exactness, Chrysler engineers have adhered to the soundest principles of design, yet they have applied these principles in new ways which result in an advance over previous construction as great as the improvement of the modern lin-o-type over the primitive type methods of Gutenberg.

In distinctive appearance, in performance ability, in economy of operation, in fine standards of manufacture, in roadability, in driving convenience, in supreme quality, motor car experts give the Chrysler Six a place apart.

For the Chrysler is more than a great engineering feat—it is, literally, the culmination of all past engineering experience; it is an evolution from previous practice as important as the evolution from Watt's first crude engine to the great steam turbine of today.

Thus, through the scientific application of thermo dynamics and a new perfection of gas distribution and utilization, the Chrysler three-inch motor is made to yield 68 brake-test horse power.

It has a high-gear speed range from 2 to over 70 miles an hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

A 7-bearing crankshaft heavy enough for a two-ton car, fully machined and perfectly balanced, combines with scientifically designed and balanced reciprocating parts to produce vibrationless power at all speeds. The Chrysler Six has, literally, no "period."

Special combustion chambers burn *all* the gas, eliminating the usual gumming of pistons and valves, and positively preventing spark knocks.

The scientifically designed carburetor and Chrysler air-cleaner, which permits only clean air to enter the motor, assures unheard-of power, pull and acceleration.

Freedom from the usual motor troubles is guaranteed by the Chrysler oil-filter. All of the oil in the crankcase is cleansed and purified every 25 miles of driving. As a result, the Chrysler is both perfectly lubricated and extraordinarily economical in oil consumption.

The new Chrome-Molybdenum tubular front axle and Chrysler pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearings on the king pins, make the Chrysler as easy to handle at speeds of 60 to 65 as at 30 to 35. Complete confidence at all speeds results from the perfect control of Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four wheel brakes.

The Chrysler Six is 160 inches over all length. It readily adapts itself to an ordinary city parking space.

Yet so scientifically have its proportions been utilized that it is generously roomy for five large adults.

With a touring car weight of 2705 pounds, ready for the road, the Chrysler rides more comfortably and solidly than other cars of twice its weight.

Such riding comfort results from perfect distribution of weight, lower center of gravity than ever before achieved, a new degree of spring balance and a new and scientific spring mounting.

Chrysler springs are close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels. Sidesway and road weaving are eliminated.

Only by personal experience can you comprehend the radical difference between the Chrysler Six and earlier motor car practice. Don't fail to put Chrysler quality and performance to a thorough test.

The Touring Car, $1335; The Phaeton, $1395; The Roadster, $1525; The Sedan, $1625; The Brougham, $1795; The Imperial, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cris'ler

FOOLISH, WE FLIES!

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT HAS been often remarked, as if it were something unnatural, that prisoners newly released from a long confinement seem rather bewildered than exhilarated by their return to freedom. However they may have chafed or raged against the cruel monotony of the prison routine, the strict restraint of stone walls and iron bars and the unblinking espionage of vigilant jailers, however passionately they may have longed for liberty, the actuality of their sudden enlargement affects them with no rapturous ecstasy; they utter no shouts of joy, they indulge in no capers or double shuffles of delight, nor are their faces uplifted and their arms upthrown in pious gratitude to the smiling heavens. On the authority of a veteran warder of the outer gate, "They act sorta dumb; kinda 'sif they didn't know where they was at—even when there's friends to meet 'em."

"Bobby!" Bobby Opened His Eyes and Hastily Averted Them

Stupefied! Gazing with vacant eyes on a world that was not the world they knew; a world that had advanced and changed while they were held insensible of its progress and strange to its mutations, which, imperceptible day by day, yet in the sum of days had become at once and shockingly apparent! Pale ghosts expelled from an accustomed Hades, half blinded by the glorious light and almost incapable of exercising a nearly atrophied volition! Bewildered? Of course! If you lay life down and go away you can hardly expect to return after a long absence and take it up where you left it. Problems of adaptation and contact confront you. Where shall you go? Whom see?

Bobby Peters had something of this just-out feeling when he stood outside the office building that housed Riley & Kemp, where he had been doing quite a stretch. He gazed blankly on the passing crowd. Each individual in the hurrying hundreds had some sort of purpose in his motion—some objective. The street cars had their destinations, the chauffeurs and drivers of the endless streams of vehicles knew where they were going and what they were going to do.

They had their plans more or less formulated, every one of them, while he, Bobby, had no plan whatever and was altogether uncertain which direction to take.

He might go due east and jump into the lake.

That was merely a momentary thought. It presented itself, but was not seriously entertained. No reason why a newly liberated young man with the world before him should do anything so absurd. Still, if he wanted to do it, he had no conflicting engagements of either a business or a social nature. His brain could say to his legs, "Legs, carry me to the municipal pier," and his legs would obey the order, owning no other authority than the brain, as his brain owned no master but him, Bobby, who now by a swift succession of circumstances could do exactly as he darned pleased, bossed by nobody.

All the world before him!

But the trouble was that it was a new world, a closed oyster of a world that had to be pried open by a purposeful sword. Supine, he was out of it. Where to go? Whom to see?

Here he was, staggering in a vicious circle. Well, get a move on! Don't block the sidewalk! Back to the hotel and formulate, and after that exult.

Legs, to the hotel!

Beneath his feet words burrowed, like a mole i' the ground, but lightning-swift. They sped from an agitated old man in the ninth story of the building on which Bobby had just turned his back; and on the instant they were answered by a sad-faced young man sitting at a desk half a mile away.

"I want Mr. Colernan. . . . Mr. Coleman, I said. . . . Why in —— Heaven help me! C-o-l-e ——"

"Be calm. This is Mr. Coleman."

"Oh, that you, Owen? Why the devil do you people go to a deaf asylum for your switchboard operators? Tell that girl of yours —— Eh?"

"Who is telling me to tell her, do you mind telling me?"

"Riley speaking."

"Is that Mr. Riley they speak of so highly?"

"You'd have no reason to doubt it if I were in hand's reach of you, you spindling jackanapes! But listen to me, Owen. I've no time for foolishness and no mind for it. Where's that father-in-law of yours? I've called the house and I've called the office, and he's neither place."

"Have you tried elsewhere? Because I think he's most likely there," Owen drawled. "On the other hand, he may be on his way. In any event, he'll be eating lunch with me at Walter's in—yes, from forty-five to sixty-five minutes from now; so if you will make one of the gay little party——"

"I don't believe I will. I'll tell you, and let you break the news to him. It's about that cub of his. . . . Yes, Bobby, confound him! He's just tendered his resignation, to take place instantly if not sooner, wrecked my office furniture, abused me something cruel and shameful, and put me in bodily fear and terror; and before I could get at him to wring his neck he's out and away. . . . Yes, quite unprovoked. I had sent a few words to him out of kindness and for his own good—— Eh? . . . Yes, I know. I told Dick Peters that I'd hold off for a while longer, but there were unforeseen developments, and this is what I want you to tell Dick: You tell him that I was with Mrs. Riley at a tea room on Michigan Avenue last Friday afternoon—a thing I'm offering no excuse for, only that I was dragged there. Well, I was there, anyway, and so was Dick's boy Bobby, you tell Dick. Yes, here comes me young gentleman, bold as a brass brickbat, who but him? And with a disgraceful painted Jezebel—— Eh? . . . Oh, you've seen her, have you? And pray what did you think of her, and —— Well, never mind. The point is I kept still and said nothing. Short of collaring him and shouting into his ear, I doubt if I'd attracted his attention, anyway. But I kept still. Then this morning he doesn't show up, and Kemp, my partner, gives me an earful about him and some carryings-on on Saturday that Kemp didn't fancy. And on top of it, here comes Mr. Bobby marching in with a black eye, a skinned cheek and a to-hell-wid-ye swagger, and I'll not deny that I remonstrated with him—out of kindness. For I've a liking for the lad, not mentioning Dick, and —— I'm distressed, Owen, and I'd not like Dick to think I'd broke me word. You tell him I'm willing to forget this morning's doings if you can get hold of that young fool and make him see where this scarlet —— "

"Right-o!" Owen broke in cheerfully. "Mighty kind of you, Mr. Riley, and I'll square you with my papa-in-law. But as to this lady, you've got her wrong. She's peculiar and has lived much abroad, but she's a most worthy woman, and I understand she was very kind to Bobby when he was a kid. He's devoted to her and all that, but—but we'll let that rest and let everything rest until we can see you. Just let things lay a day or two, will you? . . . Fine! . . . Yes, the matter shall receive our best and immediate attention."

Owen hung up and at once returned to the papers on his desk. He was a very busy man now, Owen; no busier than he had always been, perhaps, but with an increased sense of responsibility since the time-honored Anson & Jasper had become Anson, Jasper & Coleman. Rubber stamps bearing the new firm name were already being used by the establishment; the new stationery, already ordered, would

(Continued on Page 44)

Above is shown pattern No. 530. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal!

Every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." That pledge in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back up such a promise. The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against substitutes. Look for it when you buy!

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

"Oh, don't apologize. A little mud and water can't hurt this rug!"

Let his umbrella drip! It doesn't matter. For this hall is covered with a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug! Water and mud cannot penetrate its smooth, durable, seamless surface. A few easy strokes of a damp mop will take up all the dirt in a jiffy.

Besides being practical, what warmth of color this rug lends the hall. How well the pattern harmonizes with the woodwork and colonial staircase. And Congoleum designs come in a host of other motifs just as attractive as this one—elaborate Oriental, dainty floral, neat tile-effects—patterns suited to every room in the house.

These modern rugs can be relied on always to lie flat without tacks, cement or any other kind of fastening. And they're remarkably inexpensive.

Note the Very Low Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	1½	feet x 3	feet $ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25		3	feet x 3	feet 1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50		3	feet x 4½	feet 1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75		3	feet x 6	feet 2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta
Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.....Montreal

(Continued from Page 42)

soon inform the world of his elevation; the engravers were even now pushing busy burins over enduring brass for new doorplates. Anson & Jasper were not doing the thing by halves, but square thirds, like the square people they were; and a man owed their business—and his own—undivided attention during business hours. Family matters must wait.

Nevertheless, and doggedly as he might try to do his duty, Owen was obliged to admit that this matter of Bobby had to encroach on sugar broking; and eventually he pushed his work from him, and leaning back in his chair, did some prolonged private meditating. Then, after looking at his watch, he summoned a clerk, gave him some directions and hurried off to keep his luncheon engagement with Mr. Richard Peters.

While these two were lunching and discussing what Mr. Riley had referred to as an unforeseen development, Bobby Peters, in the privacy and relative quiet of his hotel bedroom, was formulating, or rather trying to get his chaotic recollections into such order as to make formulation possible. The great trouble was that the only development that commanded his continual attention was the one under his left eye. He was trying to reduce that by the application of successive lumps of ice from the big pitcher that the bell boy had brought up at his request. Lying on the bed in his shirt sleeves, with a protective towel around his neck and another towel inclosing the ice lump, it must be admitted that he was not a heroic figure or a tragic figure or a romantic figure; but tragedy is not at all particular about its stage setting. Marat must have looked rather ridiculous in his bath.

The truth is that the young man's fragmentary thoughts really bordered on the tragic. They were fragmentary because, however earnestly he strove to bring them to bear in orderly fashion upon the problem most immediately confronting him, they were continually shattered and dispersed by—Cathy. They were tragic in as much as they concerned the imminent parting from his parents. That was going to be a hard thing if he faced the music—as he would have to. Of course he might leave town—temporarily—and write to them. They would be no less shocked by his determination, no less grieved; but he would be spared the pain of witnessing their grief, of listening to vain entreaties and replying to futile argument and remonstrances. The thing had to be done, so why not ——

Cathy again! Cathy had said distinctly—Cathy had nothing to do with it. She was out of his life, and by her own act. She ——

Father! He knew his father. He would probably laugh, as he had laughed when he was told about Cathy. Father, finding that this was no joke, would get grim and sarcastic; then he would get into one of his purple, apoplectic rages and bellow things that, father or no father, no fellow would take. He wouldn't understand. He and old Riley were as thick as thieves, and then father had taken quite a notion to Cathy since that night when she, blushing, smiling, trembling ——

Father—father would be hard to face and talk to; but mother! She would cry. Sure! And she would coax and plead with all the endearments known to foolish mothers of sons. He would have to endure her passion of weeping, to steel himself to the heartbreak in her voice, to loosen her clinging arms and break from her embrace

"Oh, Bobby! Bobby!" And "Bobby darling, have you thought of Cathy? How will you "

Yes, he could write; but somehow it seemed sort of piking business—like throwing a half brick through a window and beating it. Not sporting. Might as well ring a man up on the phone to call him a liar. That would save unpleasantness, too, except for the man; but it wasn't done. If you've got anything unpleasant to say, say it by word of mouth, eye to eye

Another lump of ice for the eye.

A liar! Cathy had called him a liar! Well, she was jealous—jealous and vain—and then this guy Burke had come along. . . . It didn't matter. All over! Curtain! Fin-ee! Forget it!

No, he wouldn't write. He would explain that he had to get out on his own. After all, it was the law of Nature; and what was more, it was a law that didn't have any exemption clauses

They wouldn't have expected him to stay at home if he had married Cathy; then why

He would fix up a good selling talk on the subject and if he couldn't sell them on it

He was still working on his selling talk and trying to keep Cathy out of it when the door opened quietly and—what do you know? Of all the nerve!

It Came to Bobby, in Accordance With a Lately Formed Resolution, That He Must Climb to Her

"Listen!" cried Bobby in a voice choked with angry emotion. "You clear out of here, and make it snappy, get me? Take the air! On your way, and get going while the going's good! Don't goggle at me, darn you! Beat it!"

Owen deliberately moved a chair to face the bed, and adjusting his trousers to protect the crease, sat down in it. He looked with his usual air of slightly melancholy abstraction at his young brother-in-law, who had started up and was gesticulating furiously in the direction of the door

"What seems to be agitating your mind, Bobby?" he inquired easily. "The bloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy. Am I to understand that my call is unwelcome or ill-timed?"

Bobby took a step toward him and shook a forefinger in his face

"I'm through with you!" he said huskily. "And when you get back home you can tell Lynette that I'm through with her. She's no sister of mine. Anybody who would take advantage of a fellow's confidence the way you two have done, and make trouble for him with the girl he's engaged to—write to her things that were practically lies just to be smart and make trouble—well, I'm through with that kind. I'm through with you. You broke into this room; now break out again, and the quicker you go the less likely you'll be to have your face slapped, and that's the living truth"

"I suppose you know what you're talking about," said Owen imperturbably. "I don't; so suppose you tell me, Bobby. You aren't through with me until you have Come, let's have it." He gave Bobby one of his rare twinkling smiles, which, however, had not the slightest softening effect. "I think something really serious must have happened," Owen continued in a graver tone; "but whatever it is, don't blame me or Lynette until you're perfectly sure that you have some reason for it."

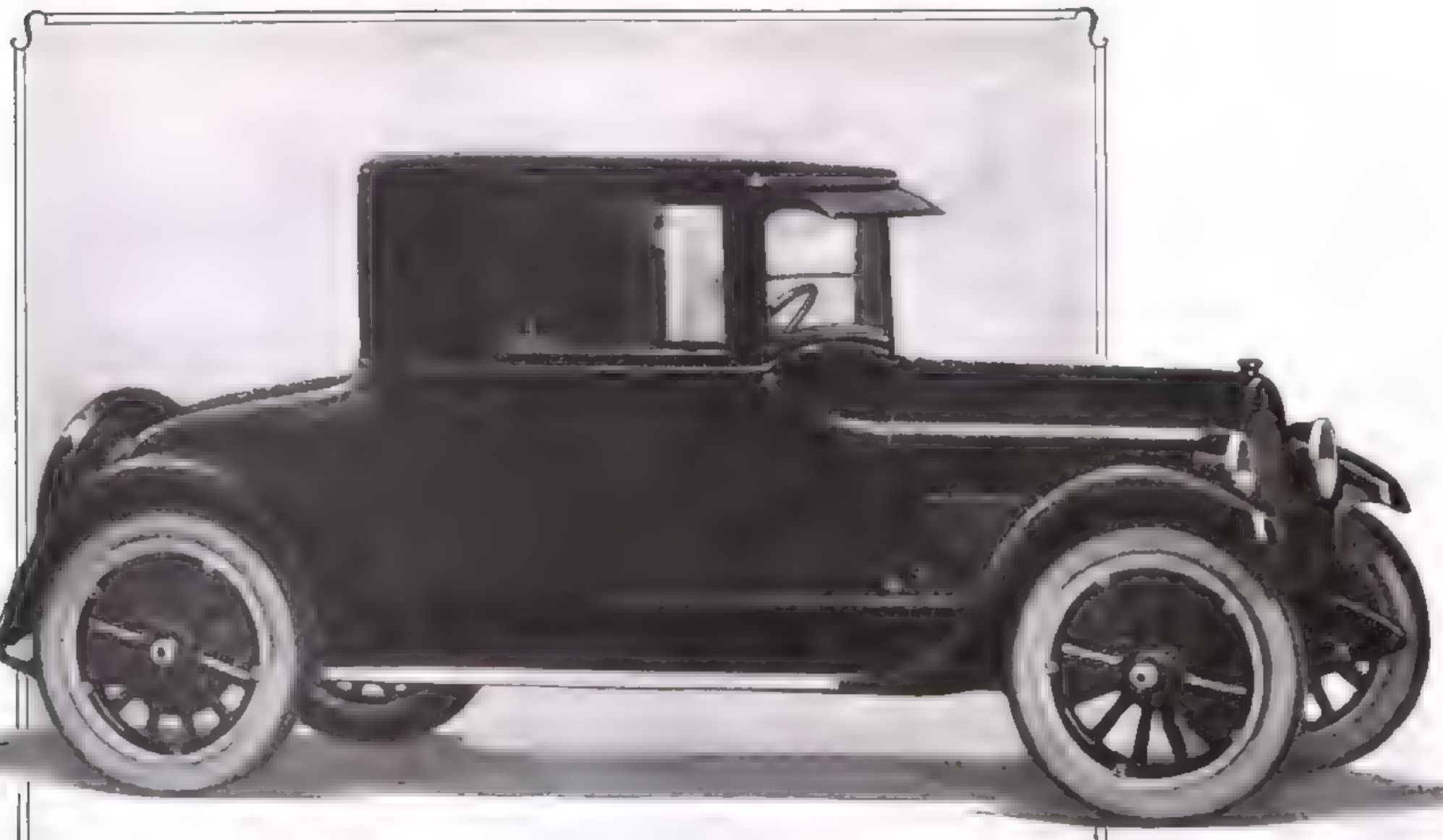
"Oh, nothing much has happened," said Bobby, with a ghastly grin. "Just one or two annoying little circumstances, that's all. I go to Cheepahassac on Saturday and I find Cathy has heard all about my lunching with Sashka—which I had a perfect right to do—and she promptly gave me the gate; I come back to town this morning and I find old Riley has heard all about it, too, and he insults me and I quit. Rather irritating, what? You wouldn't call it serious. Of course you didn't tell Lynette, and of course Lynette didn't go clacking it all over and write to tell Cathy about it, and of course you didn't think it would be a good joke to tell Riley at the country club and ——"

"Of course not," interrupted Owen rather sharply "A perfectly absurd supposition—unless you start out with a conviction that I'm that species of a camel, and that Lynette hates you with a deadly hate and never will forgo that hate, and is a malicious fool which she isn't and doesn't, and I'm not. I'm stating this as a matter of plain fact, and in no sense complimenting us. We don't happen to be, that's all"

Bobby stared at him

"Now, my dear Watson let us examine the further facts and see what we can deduce," Owen went on blandly. "I will ask you if you brought Sashka to Vicary's in a closed carriage with the blinds down and took her away with similar precautions against observation. I pause for a reply."

(Continued on Page 150



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EVERYDAY TRAP SETS

By HAL G. EVARTS

SUCCESS in trapping, like success in all other lines of endeavor, is the result of close application and study. A wide knowledge, both of the habits of fur bearers and of the various methods of making sets for them, is absolutely essential, and an experienced trapper will make a good catch of fur where a novice who has an equal number of traps in the same locality may fail to take a single pelt during the season.

When I first started trapping as a boy I made the same mistakes that characterize the trap lines of every beginner. Hollow trees were my favorite sets, and I placed traps in every hole in the ground—at that time being unable to determine whether or not a den was in use, or the variety of occupants it sheltered. The trails leading to it might be overgrown with last summer's weeds, the mouth draped with cobwebs or blocked with drifted leaves and debris, but all such evidences of disuse failed to dissuade me from setting a trap in every deserted burrow and visiting it regularly.

The result of that winter's trapping consisted of three civets and one opossum. Four years later, during the fall of my fifteenth year, I made a catch of nearly two hundred pelts in six weeks in the same territory. This assortment of skins included civet, opossum, muskrat, skunk, raccoon and mink. Since then, at odd intervals, I have trapped for several other varieties, and at one time and another have stripped the pelts from most of our fur bearers, though my trapping operations have been too limited to permit of my catching any great number of each.

The muskrat is our most abundant American fur bearer and the least difficult to trap, yet varying methods must be employed according to the conditions. Since the muskrat is a denizen of the streams and marshes, spending far more time in the water than on shore, he is most easily taken in traps that are set under water. Bank rats, as the animals that dwell along the shores of streams are sometimes called, have regular feeding spots. A rat will swim along the bank and select a likely spot—a clump of willows or a matted growth of grass that overhangs the stream—and start feeding on the roots exposed at the water line. He digs back into the soft mud to uncover still other rootlets and eventually works out a shallow cavity, his excavation usually including the mud both above and below the water line so that the floor of his feeding nook is covered with a few inches of water in which he plays round while dining. Every muskrat that swims along the shore will resort to such a spot either to feed or to play, and it is for this sort of set that the trapper seeks, as he follows the stream in his boat or in waders.

A Lynx Whose Foot Has Been Caught in a Trap

Marsh-Dwelling Muskrats

THE trap is set on the mud floor of the scratching place with from one to three inches of water over the pan. Muskrats also make use of partially submerged logs and crawl out upon them to rest or to feed, and the trapper carves out a flat notch just below water line with his ax and makes his set. Marsh-dwelling rats also have their regular feeding grounds—these differing materially from those of bank rats, since there are no overhanging banks beneath which they can operate—that usually consist of flat platforms of rushes and the debris of foodstuffs, the less edible portions of plants and roots that have been transported to the spot. Round the fringe of the accumulation there are always partially submerged depressions that show the routes by which the muskrats climb out of the water, and the traps are set in the water on these runways. Marsh-dwelling rats, instead of constructing underground tunnels in the banks—or sometimes in addition to such underground dwellings, provided that the shores are sufficiently high—build huge mounds of rushes that rise above the water. The entrances open near the bottom of the structure, well under water, and lead upward to the ample nest cavity that is located well above the water line in the center of the heap. There is always a runway leading from the water to the peak of the house, and the trap is placed under water at the foot of this trail. If there is not sufficient space to form a bed for the trap, several stiff rushes may be thrust into the house a few inches below the water and the trap placed on this artificial platform.

It was formerly a custom among trappers to cut into the house after the freeze-up and place the trap in the interior nest cavity. This practice is now prohibited in many of our states, since the occupants have no shelter aside from the houses, and an area of marshland may be entirely denuded of muskrats in a few days of such operations when the ice is on. In more northerly localities, where the marshes and lakes are frozen over for months at a time, another method is used for the winter trapping of muskrats. The rat cuts up through the solid ice and hollows out a feeding shelf on its surface, but below the heavy protecting blanket of snow, which last is sufficiently porous to permit the air to filter down to his feed ground. He transports roots, rushes and other aquatic plant life to this spot, eats the best portions and thrusts the refuse up into the snow roof of his refuge, from which custom the trappers have given this form of feed grounds the name of push-ups. The trapper with the handle of his ax, or with some other like instrument, drills through the mound of refuse and snow, sets his trap on the feeding shelf and closes the hole.

Civets, skunks and opossums, though evidently disliking the water and seldom entering it, nevertheless follow along the shores of streams; perhaps for the reason that the water forms a natural barrier and they turn along the course of it instead of crossing or turning back; perhaps because food is plentiful along the margins of streams. Mink and raccoons take to the streams naturally, traveling either in the water or following the shores. As a general thing the same bait and the same set will take any one of these five animals, though there are certain methods that are better adapted for the catching of each variety than for the rest. There are spots where the trails of all fur bearers that follow the streams will converge—a point where the bluffs or high banks pinch down, leaving but a narrow shoulder round which all four-footed travelers must follow or make the climb over the top. Perhaps the roots of an undermined tree serve to form such a narrow shelf above the water; log jams, too, seem to attract the fur folk. It is at such points that the trapper makes his bait sets. Two short sections of log or driftwood will answer for the sides of the bait pen. One end is blocked by the bank against which the bait pen is built. The top is roofed over with slabs of bark, drift or any other debris of the creek banks, leaving but the one opening through which the fur bearers may enter. The bait is placed well back in the closed end, the trap just inside the mouth. Duck, fish or both make quite the best all-round bait for the five varieties mentioned, as any one of them will go to it, while both mink and raccoon are more easily attracted by either a fish or duck bait than by any other. The head, feet and wings of the duck that furnished the evening meal will make an excellent bait, while the feathers form an ideal covering for the trap. The lower half of the entrance to the bait pen should be blocked by a stick or piece of drift over which the animal must step to enter the structure. This serves to prevent the feathers from blowing away from the trap.

An Amphibious Trap

A SHORT section of hollow log makes an ideal bait house. It may be placed on the bank with one end in the edge of the water, the bait in its center and a trap at either extremity. A mink or raccoon that comes swimming fast will enter the lower end of the cavity and step in the water set; while a civet, opossum or skunk that chances along the shore will start down through the uphill mouth of the hollow and fall prey to the land set.

I have made sets quite similar to this and found them very efficient. With a trowel or spade I dig a trench where the bank slopes back gently, allow a few inches of water to flow into the lower end of the trench for the first two feet of its length while the balance of the floor is above water line, then roof it over with bark, roots or drift and cover it with earth, perhaps adding a few bits of brush and debris and splashing the whole with water. This sort of set, when well baited and with a trap at either end, seldom fails to snare any furred creature that wanders along either by water or by land; but as the construction requires some little time it is not worth the effort to build these bank sets unless one intends to trap the same territory for a considerable space of time.

The methods employed in trapping for marten are quite different. The snow is deep in the timber as the marten trapper follows his rounds, and his sets are usually made against the trunk of a tree well above the snow line. The bait is fastened against the tree, and a runway log—usually a stick from four to six inches in diameter—is placed in a slanting position, its upper extremity touching the tree a foot or more below the bait. This upper end is beveled off with a trapping ax to afford a flat bed for the trap, and when the marten mounts the slanting log to the bait he steps in the trap.

In a snow country where a trapper expects to take other fur in addition to marten he adopts a different method and does not resort to the tree set. Instead, he fashions bark huts at the foot of trees and makes his sets therein, the shelters preventing the snow from drifting too deeply over the traps. In this sort of set he may take marten, fisher, weasel, fox, lynx, mink and others.

The water set is always employed in trapping for beaver, the same as in trapping for muskrats, but the wise trapper does not set his traps in the regular beaver runways or at the foot of the slides that lead out upon the shores. The beaver is endowed with huge musk glands, known as castors, and it is his habit to crawl out on the bank or the dam at intervals and rake up a pile of mud with his claws. He then castorizes the pile, the scent a mark of his identity for all other beavers to read, and these are known to trappers as sign heaps. The trapper fashions a bed for his trap,

Watch This Column

Hoot Gibson Again!

I notice that Photoplay Magazine speaks of Hoot Gibson as "Boyish, lovable, with a sense of humor, whose pictures are consistently good." That just about covers my idea of this young star whose love of the outdoors and a plunging mustang is revealed in every picture he makes. I wish I had more young stars of his type. In ***"Forty Horse Hawkins,"*** Hoot will more than please his great following. When I saw it in completed form at our studios, I had a feeling of rejuvenation—a desire to gallop out on the prairie, throw up my hat and yell. I hope it pleases you as well.

Youth is certainly having its day in UNIVERSAL pictures just now. I am impressed with the orders received for those pictures which show youth, beauty, the clean love of life and the fire and action incidental to those youthful years when the whole world looks good and full of golden promise. Needless to say I am glad that UNIVERSAL is supplying them, and the more pictures of this character we can show, the more I think the public will be pleased. I would like your opinion of it in a personal letter.

"BILLY" SULLIVAN is doing mighty good work as ***"The Information Kid"*** in our new series of Gerald Beaumont stories. ***"Fast Steppers,"*** directed by Edward Laemmle. Again is youth, action and variety in the forefront. I have great hopes of this series, there is so much "pep" in every picture. And people like pep, there is no question about that.

Again I must advise you to see ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** the great spectacle which is now recorded as one of the most successful moving pictures the industry has ever produced. And as ***"Merry Go Round"*** moves about the country, it is gaining in popularity. And right in line with these two successes are ***"Sporting Youth,"*** with REGINALD DENNY; ***"Fools' Highway,"*** with MARY PHILBIN; ***"The Acquittal,"*** with CLAIRE WINDSOR and NORMAN KERRY; LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Excitement"***; VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"A Lady of Quality."***

Carl Laemmle
President

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sets it under a few inches of water, then rakes up a few handfuls of mud, placing thereon a piece of—or the extract of—the castor of a beaver taken from some other colony. The first beaver to catch that scent will recognize it as that of a stranger and will head straight for the spot to investigate the sign left by the intruder.

Contrary to popular belief—a belief, incidentally, which is subscribed to by many inexperienced trappers—most fur-bearing animals are stupid as to traps. Muskrats, civets, opossums, weasels and skunks will step in traps that are entirely devoid of concealment. A marten will go out of his way to step in a trap, and the bear, sagacious as he is in most other matters, will enter any sort of bait pen and plant his foot on an uncovered trap. The lynx, bobcat and beaver are also exceedingly unwary as to traps. With all these varieties, then, it is merely a question of locating them and a knowledge of the sets that will take them. There is no necessity for resorting to any ruse for disguising the trap for the purpose of allaying the native suspicion of the animals, since that element is so slight as to be negligible. Mink and raccoon are both somewhat trap shy, but not to the extent that is generally credited to them. The fox is a rather wise animal, but his reputed sagacity is also grossly overestimated. It is only when one traps for coyotes that he faces the ultimate limit of sagacity as applied to the ways of the trap line—for the yellow wolf will apply it.

The Wary Coyote

The habit of smoking, oiling or otherwise perfuming traps to kill the human scent is, to my way of thinking, not only futile, but detrimental to the trapper's chances. The more stupid varieties of fur bearers will go to the bait in any event, so the previous scenting process has been merely wasted effort. If a wary trap-wise creature approaches the spot his keen nose detects the odor that is foreign to his range and this enables him to locate the trap. On the other hand, a man may set his trap with bare hands and all human scent will be diffused by the night dew or frost, or baked out by the heat of the sun—the same as an animal's trail, hot when first made, becomes cold and is blotted out in a few hours' time so that a keen-nosed hound will cross it without picking up the scent. All contentions to the contrary notwithstanding, this perfuming process is futile. If you must scent up your traps, confine the practice to setting for civets and muskrats or some other sluggard that won't mind the smell—but don't do it with traps you intend to put out for coyotes.

Before trapping for the wily yellow wolves I had previously been guilty of overestimating the sagacity of various other fur bearers, only to discover that their reputed wisdom as to traps was mostly mythical. I started out after coyotes with a tendency to discount the tales of their cunning—only to become a convert. Today I'd believe almost any reasonable yarn dealing with coyote sagacity. There was no scarcity of coyotes where I first trapped for them. They howled through the hills every night, but my traps remained empty, and six weeks passed without a catch. Then I caught one, and later three more.

During the next two winters I gained greater proficiency and caught them regularly; but it required patience, persistence and study.

A coyote cannot be crowded into a trap by fashioning a bait pen. Neither will he approach a bait that is placed back in a clump of brush with a nice lane leading to it. After numerous failures one learns to make a coyote set in the open where the animal can approach the bait from any direction. There are exceptions, of course, according to the character of the landscape.

A heavy double-spring trap, usually a Number 4 with a six-inch spread of jaws, is used for coyotes, and the size of the contrivance renders perfect concealment difficult—and the concealment must be perfect. The best method of bedding a coyote trap is to mark out a triangle with one point somewhat rounded, and loosen the earth to a depth of two inches with a trapping ax. Scrape this loose soil out into a canvas upon which you kneel or stand while setting. Bend both springs well back toward you, their ends resting in the two rear points of the triangle, while the free jaw of the trap fits against the rounded point.

Some trappers cover the whole trap with a flat sheet of paper and sift the earth back into place. This method, however, has many disadvantages, as the jaws of the trap must break through both the paper and earth when released. My own favorite mode of covering is with a piece of canvas cut somewhat larger than the span of the jaws. I place this over the pan, but under the jaws, with a narrow strip cut out of the cloth to permit the dog, or key, to flip up through the aperture without hindrance, then cover the bedded trap with earth. The advantage of this method of covering rests upon the fact that the jaws have only the surface earth to break through, which they will do even after a light snowfall and the subsequent freeze. Also, if a coyote places his foot anywhere within the six-inch spread of the jaws it exerts the same pressure upon the pan and releases the springs as surely as if he placed his weight upon the two-inch surface of the pan itself.

All surplus earth should be removed from the spot and deposited at a distance. The surface must not differ from the surroundings by the least variation. Stand or kneel in one spot while making the set, then touch out all impressions with the tip of a brush, fan up the dust with a cloth or with your hat and allow it to settle back all over the place. A coyote does not imagine that the bait fell there by accident. He knows that a trap is placed somewhere near it, but he has sufficient confidence in his ability to locate it and steal the bait. More often than not he will either discover the trap and step past it to the bait or leave without eating if he fails to locate the trap. But eventually he will make one fatal step and find a Number 4 fast on his foot. A quarter of mutton and a large piece of horse flesh, firmly wired to a stake driven out of sight in the ground, are perhaps the two best baits for the yellow wolves. Two traps, placed well apart and perhaps two or three feet from the bait, are better than one, as the coyote, after locating one set, may grow careless and step in the other.

To Catch the Bobcat's Eye

Many bobcats are taken in coyote sets; but they may be taken in any other set as easily, since the bobcat is a creature with no fear of traps. The cats hunt more by sight than by scent and will frequently pass within a few feet of a bait that a coyote would wind at two hundred yards. Trappers frequently hang rabbit skins, bird wings or other objects on the brush near their cat sets. These things, fluttering in the wind, draw the cat to the spot and he locates the bait.

The sets herein described are the ones employed by experienced trappers. There are many others and I know of perhaps a dozen sets that have been used to advantage by various trappers who have figured them out to fit special cases, but they would seldom be used by the novice, or in fact by any but the most expert trappers. After a few years on the trap line and a careful study of the ways of the fur folk, an observing and persistent trapper will be able to plan and execute by himself any special sets to overcome special conditions.

LUCK AND THE RED-HAIRED LADY

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'll remember that, Mr. Reynolds," she told him, and for an instant something of her habitual hardness disappeared. As she responded to his jesting offer, her smile, usually a mechanical reaction of trained muscles, became warm and friendly. "And that reminds me—I had intended to frame up some sort of deal to make you miss your trip to Seattle this year. But I've been too busy, too busy. Where are you going now? Seattle won't be at its best for two months yet."

"I know that," Slim told her. "But I'm on my way. At least I'm heading in that general direction. Most likely I'll go by way of British Columbia and spend a few weeks in the camps there. In Chalco first, I suppose."

"Chalco!" she repeated with quick interest. "Are you acquainted there?"

"I've worked there before."

"Someone is trying to raid the Chalco Consolidated," she told him. "Or else the price of the stock is breaking simply because of a rumor that the ore reserves of the company have been decidedly overestimated."

"No chance of that being true," Slim said positively. "I worked with the diamond drills when the ground was being explored, and the engineer in charge cut our findings a full 20 per cent in his reports. He seemed to be afraid even a fair estimate would give him the reputation of being too optimistic."

"Then there is certainly a raid on!" she exclaimed. "During the past few months the price of Consolidated stock has broken from 112 to less than 90. If the property is really sound a person could make a tidy bit of money by buying now and holding until the price goes back to its normal level. Listen, Mr. Reynolds—you write to me as soon as you get up there and tell me how things look to you. Just the other day I read there is a possibility of labor trouble in the camp. If that is true the price of the stock will go still lower. You'll write to me, won't you? If I decide to take a flyer in this I'll want you to keep me posted on conditions in the camp."

"Sure, I'll write if I learn anything that would be of interest to you," he promised easily. "But if I do write," he added as a pessimistic afterthought, "just as sure as Little Joe is bad luck when the dice are rolling, you'll get yourself into something you can't get out of alone. Then I'd have to come back and save you, and I'd lose on my trip to Seattle after all. No, girl, on second thought I believe I won't write to you. And now before you talk me into changing my mind again I'm going to say good-by."

She did not smile with him now. Instead she gripped his outstretched hand with unconscious intensity. A scarcely perceptible flush had crept into her cheeks and her young face was set in hard, calculating lines.

"Don't make fun of me that way," she said. "You must write to me, and soon. Why, if that property is as sound as you seem to think, and if I can get direct information on the labor situation, there is no limit to the money I can make during the next few weeks. You'll go right up there, won't you; and write to me immediately?"

"The property is all right," he told her again, his restless blue eyes steadfast for the moment and grave. "When I get up there I'll write to you. Now, good-by and good luck. Perhaps," he added without jesting—"perhaps, after all, I'll have to come back here some day and save you from yourself."

Already he understood her better than she understood herself; knew that at an age when her chief interest should have been in her own unusual beauty, in thoughts of marriage, of home and of children, by some strange bias of mind she was obsessed with an overwhelming desire for wealth.

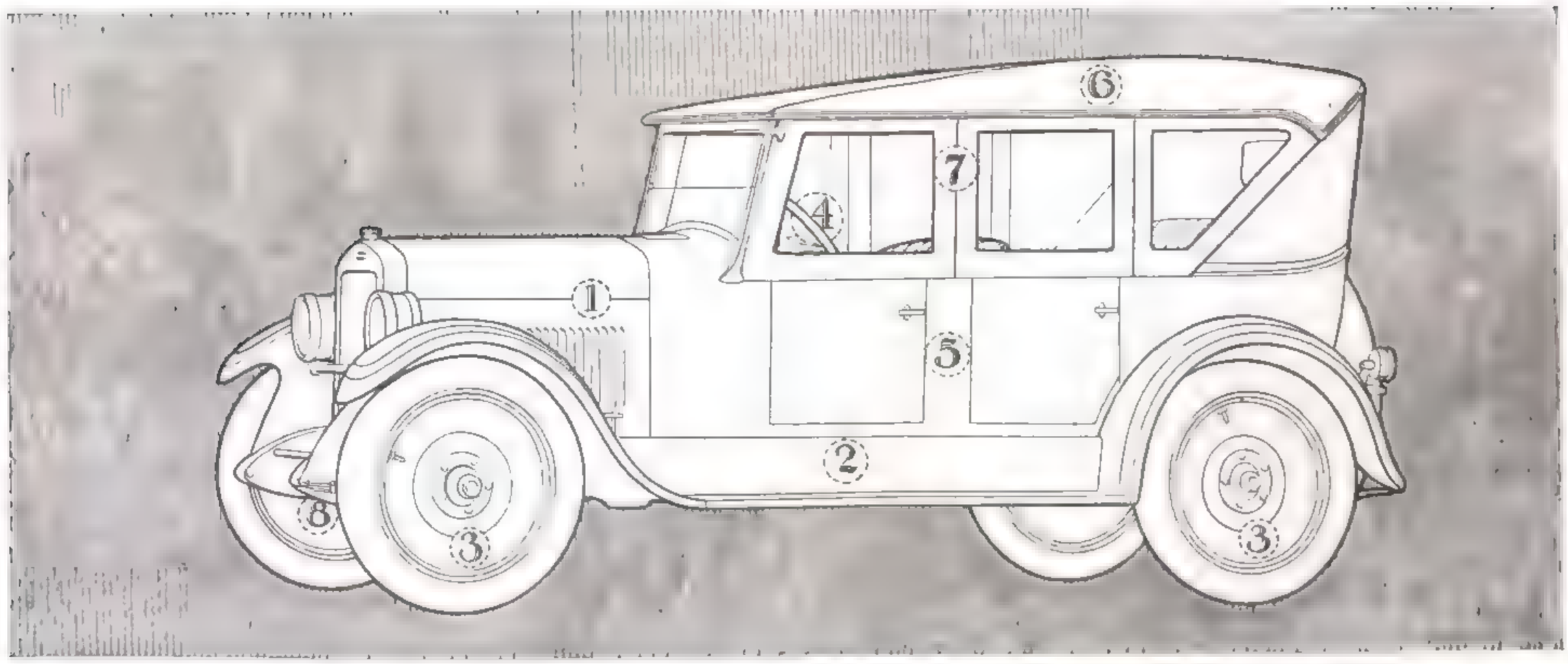
"Good-by and good luck," she repeated after him. "And don't forget to write to me as soon as you get up there."

Slim found the little town of Chalco had changed but slightly since his previous visit a few summers before. Most of the miners he had become acquainted with in the camp were still working there. Jack Donnelly, persuasive, eloquent in a crude way, was still president of the miners' local union. But the secretary of the local was new in the camp—a quiet affable fellow named Hartley, who was said to have drifted up from one of the copper camps in Arizona.

Following the custom of the camps, Slim when he went to work presented his union card to the secretary, asked to have it transferred into the Chalco Local, paid his dues in advance, and then forgot about the matter. In normal times the union served as a social rather than a militant organization.

Conditions in the mine had changed but little during the time he had been away. The glory holes—great untimbered spaces where low-grade ore was being mined—were deeper, more dangerous. That was to be expected. The same superintendent had charge of the work. Conditions underground had changed but little, yet Slim soon

(Continued on Page 50)



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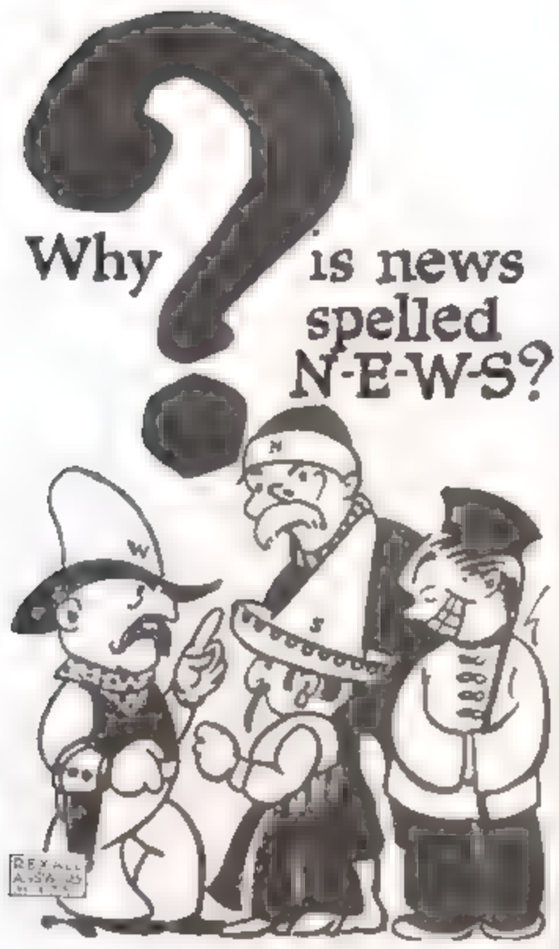

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(Continued from Page 48)

sensed among the miners an undercurrent of sullen dissatisfaction, a resentment against the mine operators that amounted almost to bitterness. Men who had formerly worked at all sorts of underground jobs with careless indifference, now complained and grumbled even if transferred from one stope to another. The differences that always arise where one group of men must work for another group had assumed inordinate proportions.

One afternoon as Slim was leaving the tunnel that led from the underground workings he was joined by one of the married men who had lived in the camp for years. As they went down the hill to the town they talked of the weather, of their work; discussed the inconsequential affairs of everyday. But as they separated at Slim's boarding house the man suggested casually that he and his friends would be glad to have Slim go with them to a union meeting that was to be held that night.

Slim asked no questions, but that night for the first time since he had returned to the camp he went up to the union hall. Usually such meetings were attended by but a few of the regulars. That night it seemed as if half of the men in camp were there.

The routine of the usual order of business progressed tiresomely. The names of new and transferred members were presented by the secretary and voted upon by the miners. The unfinished business was disposed of New business was then in order.

After a whispered conference with the secretary, the president of the local, Jack Donnelly, addressed the men. He launched into a harangue directed against the management of the company, reviewed the contions in the mine, concluded by saying the purpose of the meeting was to find means for bettering these conditions and for correcting the abuses to which the men were subjected. In closing he called for an expression of opinion from the miners.

A number of the men spoke, each echoing Donnelly's recital of grievances. One of these men, known in the camp as Lon Nicholi, seemed to have an unusual influence over the miners. He was a short, stout, black-haired fellow, with the prominent eyes and wide full mouth of the natural orator. With a soft-voiced earnestness he deplored the break that must inevitably occur between the men and the company unless the company of its own initiative corrected the existing abuses. This he was sure would not be done. He dreaded trouble, and it grieved him that trouble seemed unavoidable.

To Slim the spirit of the meeting was disagreeable. To correct actual abuses he had fought with his fellows through more than one bitter strike. Men who knew him well told of how during the Cripple Creek strike he had tried single-handed to whip a gang of mine guards who were manhandling one of his friends. He still carried the scars of the rifles that had clubbed him into unconsciousness. Loyalty to his friends and to the union was Slim's religion; but his philosophy was an easy philosophy. If he disliked a person or situation, as a usual thing he kept as far away as possible. He disliked the spirit of this meeting, so after Nicholi had finished speaking he rose, intending to leave the hall. The suave voice of the secretary checked him.

"A brother in good standing has recently returned from a sojourn in other camps," Hartley said. "Perhaps Mr. Reynolds would like to express his opinion regarding the changed conditions he has noticed since his return."

Few men like to find themselves aligned with an unpopular minority. The secretary's suggestion was an old device for securing a favorable public statement from members of the union of whom the leaders were uncertain. Slim realized the secretary's intention, and an ugly expression came into his restless, deep-set eyes as he turned back and walked into the open square between the miners and their officers. He stood for an instant studying Hartley with a nice appreciation of detail. He made a mental note of the secretary's expensive suit, of the delicately striped shirt he wore, of the linen collar, the polished shoes—all in sharp contrast with the rough attire of the majority of the men in the hall.

"Mister President and fellow members," he began, still studying the secretary, "I had not thought of it before, but the water dripping on a man in the tunnel and stopes does seem colder and wetter than it did when I worked here before. I suppose if a fellow should get caught in a fall of rock he would be bumped harder than he would have been a few years ago. And I know it is hard lines that the company expects us to walk through the tunnel on our own time instead of taking us through in Pullmans."

He turned to the miners and with a contemptuous gesture toward the secretary he continued, "In the course of a few months I suppose these things would get on the nerves of a white-collared bookkeeper."

He paused again and searched among the men until he located Nicholi. "And I can tell from the way that windjammer talks," he commented, pointing to the man, "that he's altogether too nice to be holding down a miner's job."

He paused again, watching the faces of the men before he concluded. "Most of you men know me. If I don't like a camp I leave it. When I get so soft I can't stand a little water, or am afraid to take my chances underground, I'll quit mining. This isn't a bad place to work. And it will be worse before it is better if you listen to what these peddlers are trying to make you believe."

Then he picked up his hat and strode from the hall.

Donnelly immediately began speaking again.

"Slim is as quick-tempered as ever," he said with apparent good humor. "At that, he's as good a union man as any of us, although he does not see the married man's point of view. If he had a wife to care for and two or three children to clothe and educate, he would see the matter in a different light."

Then he called on one of his lieutenants for an expression of opinion, hoping to modify the effectiveness of Slim's blunt talk. Within a few minutes the meeting adjourned.

During the following week the camp divided into sharply defined factions. The thoughtful men, heretofore inarticulate, found in Slim an aggressive leader. That same week-end an old Scot invited him to his home for Sunday dinner.

"We'll be glad to have you come," the old Scot said; "and during the afternoon a few of the boys will be dropping in."

Slim was acquainted with most of the men who gathered there that afternoon. For a time their talk drifted aimlessly. Finally Slim became impatient.

"Let's get down to business," he suggested.

"Good," their host agreed. "If you stay much longer the missus will have to give you all a bit of supper."

"What do you think of this situation?" one of the men asked.

"When did the agitation begin?" Slim countered.

Some of the men said it had been going on for six months; others said a year. But on one point they were certain—Donnelly was planning to bring the matter to a crisis at a specially called meeting to be held the following Saturday evening.

"I've been through all this before," Slim told them, his eyes somber with bitter recollections. "If there were any real causes for complaint I would be with Donnelly. But this camp is all right. The trouble with soft-boiled guys like Donnelly and that fellow Nicholi is that when they see the big fellows come into the camp in a private car they begin to feel abused because they ride the day coaches or the freights. If they were a little smarter they would be riding in private cars themselves." He paused for an instant and smiled. "Me, I don't know yet what I want for myself. When I decide, I'll go and take it. Then the agitators will sob about my luck and tell how I got started by oppressing the downtrodden workingman." Immediately he became serious again. "Who knows anything about this new secretary—this man Hartley?"

"He is an old-time miner," the men said. "He was unlucky in one of the lead camps—lead poisoning, you know—and when he got out of the hospital he was too weak to go back underground. He had saved a little money and he took a course at a business college. He tried his hand at bookkeeping for a while, but couldn't stand inside work. He came up here about a year ago. Soon after he came it happened the former secretary's books showed a shortage. The money was supposed to have been stolen from the safe. Anyhow the former secretary made the loss good and resigned. Hartley was elected to fill the place."

Slim turned to one of the younger men present.

"Kid, your sister works in the post office. See if you can learn anything about him from the letters he sends and receives."

"We watched his mail for several weeks after he was elected," the young miner admitted. "He usually writes once a week to his mother down in San Francisco, but he doesn't correspond with anyone else regularly. The mail he receives is the usual stuff all secretaries get."

"What is the mother's address in San Francisco?"

"The letters are addressed to a post-office box."

The miner even remembered the number of the box, and Slim made a note of it. Then turning to the men again he suggested a plan for blocking any hasty action on the part of the union leaders at the next meeting. A few minutes later the rest of the men left, but Slim lingered for a word with his host.

"Scotty," he said, "I'm suspicious of this bird Hartley. I've been told any time a man in a camp writes regularly to one of the big towns and addressed his letters to a post-office box, the chances are he is a spotter employed by a detective agency. Next Sunday you and I are going to see if we can't intercept this fellow's weekly letter. We'll find out just what sort of news he's sending down there to his 'mother.'"

"I'll be with you," the old Scot promised.

That evening Slim wrote to Ann Branton for the first time. In his letter he stressed the fact that the Chalco Consolidated property was in good shape physically. He also said he believed a strike was inevitable, but because the men's grievances were more fancied than real he was going to do his best to prevent a strike.

The following Friday afternoon as he was going down the hill he met Ann on her way up to the mine.

"Well, Miss Branton," he greeted, offering his hand, "what's the good word?"

Impulsively she took his hand in both of hers.

"Slim," she said, studying his face to see if he was as she remembered him, "I came up here intending to make use of you. Now I find I am so glad to see you that if you prove obstinate you'll spoil my whole plan."

Slim's eyes twinkled.

"Miss Branton," he said, "either you are a real artist to pull such a line of talk or else you are too natural for your own safety."

The girl pouted.

"Can't I be honest even with you?" Then tucking her hand under his arm she leaned toward him and smiled up into his face. "Are you glad to see me?"

"'Glad' is a poor word to express my delight," he told her. "How long are you going to stay?"

"Just one night. I want you to take me over the Consolidated property this afternoon. I want to see for myself how it looks. Maybe this evening I'll tell you something worth hearing."

"Now look here, girl," Slim said as they turned back up the hill together. "The first of June will be here in two weeks, so don't you try to interest me in anything that will interfere with my visit to Seattle."

"I warned you I would try to gyp you out of that trip," she answered lightly. "But I'll tell you more about that this evening."

As they were inspecting the mine Slim began to wonder at the knowledge she showed, not only of the geology of the camp but of the peculiarities of the Consolidated deposits and of the scope of the mining operations being carried on.

"Have you ever been here before?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"But I've made a careful study of the reports," she explained in a matter-of-fact way.

"Well, as a broker you are certainly the wisest little mining expert I've ever met," he complimented. "I'd like to know where you learned the business."

"My father was a mining engineer," she told him. "I learned my A B C's from his textbooks. But I've had to teach myself the thing he never learned," she added with a sudden transition to the hardness of manner Slim had noticed when he first met her in Wallace. "Father made millions for other men, and nothing but wages for himself."

"You are doing fairly well, aren't you?" Slim commented. "Better than wages, anyhow?"

"Not well enough," she said; "not well enough." Continued on Page 52

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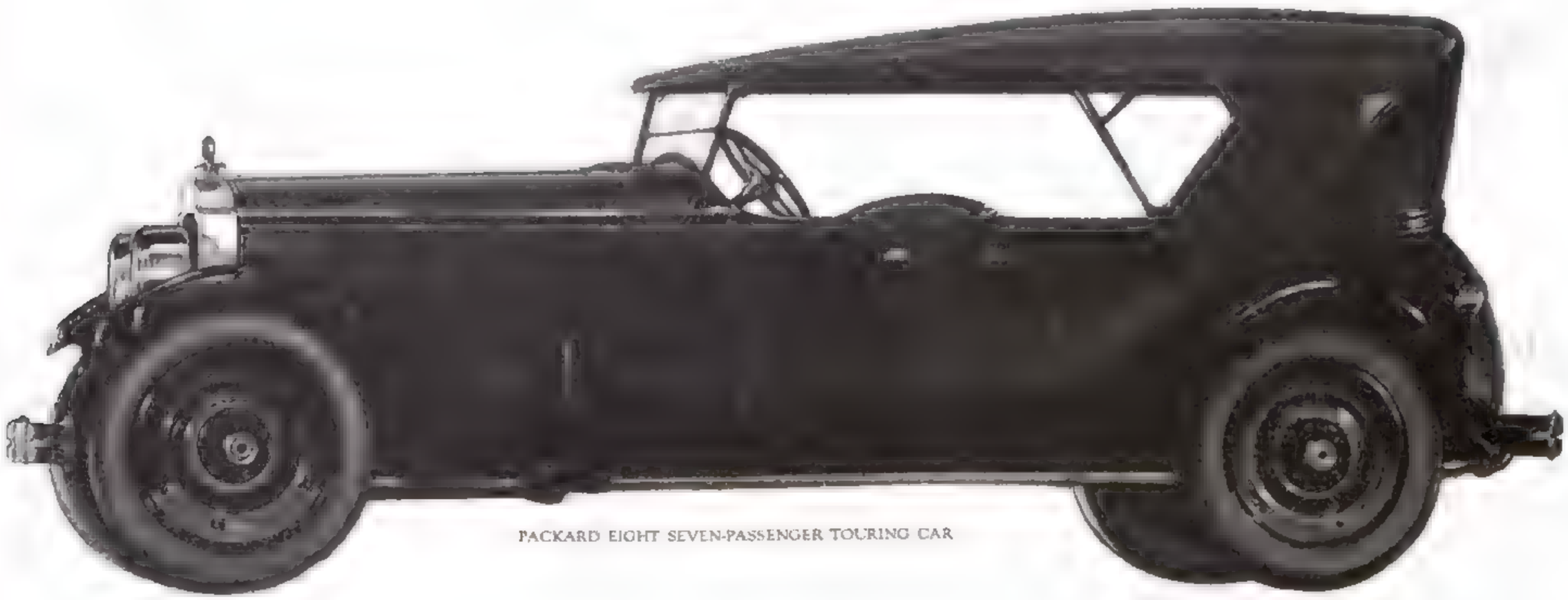

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Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

"Keeps the skin smiling"

By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

(Continued from Page 50)

They had come into one of the great glory holes, and the guttering flare of their lamps dimly revealed the roughly arched vault of the rock roof above them. The girl gestured as if comprehending and yet contemptuous of the infinite effort and labor required in the mining of such a vast body of ore.

"This is too slow, too slow," she remarked. "The big money is made in the stock market, not here."

"You may be right," Slim conceded. "I haven't given the matter any thought. But why should a girl like you bother about the big money? Why not plan for a small, comfortable income from a few safe securities?"

She glanced up at him, hard and obstinate, and shook her head.

"That is what father used to say—a small income from safe securities. But the securities he accumulated never proved safe, and the really big opportunities that came his way he was too timid, too conservative, to take advantage of. So mother lived and died, starved—starved for the worthwhile things of this world." She paused and then gestured impatiently as if annoyed with herself for having talked so much. "Let's go back now," she said with an abrupt incisiveness that seemed oddly characteristic of her.

They were silent as they returned through the long tunnel—she engrossed in her own thoughts, while Slim was wondering at the intensity of the desire that seemed to obsess and control and drive her toward an objective which to him seemed not worth the achieving.

At the door of her hotel he stopped for a moment. She told him he must return as soon as possible; that she had much to tell him; and that they would dine together. While they were talking the secretary of the local union, Hartley, passed them. She glanced at the man indifferently, but a moment later an old memory stirred in her consciousness.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Hartley."

"No, not Hartley," she said, her brows drawing into a frown as she tried to recall a name more familiar. "I have it—Hinton. That's it—Hinton. I remember him now. I was just a kid when I knew him. That was during the first big strike in the Cœur d'Alenes. Father was the engineer in charge of one of the big mines there at the time. Strike breakers were brought in from one of the Middle West mining districts. This fellow was one of them—a scab—but a little smarter than the rest. He worked as a shift boss for father for a few months."

With that she dismissed the man from her thoughts, and after another word with Slim she went to her room. When he returned a little later she was waiting for him and they went directly to the dining room. As soon as he had ordered dinner she leaned toward him and began talking in a subdued undertone. Her cheeks were a bit flushed, her gray eyes brilliant with repressed emotional intensity, her square slender little hands gripped together until the smooth knuckles showed white beneath the delicate pink of her flesh.

Slim, more amused than interested in the plan she began to outline, kept thinking that if she did not learn to relax, to cultivate a more tranquil state of mind, the time would come when her nerves would give way—when the very intensity of her desire for success would itself prevent the achievement of the desire.

"Listen, Slim," she had begun. "I've learned a lot about this Consolidated deal since I first spoke to you about it."

"How? And from whom?" he asked with simulated interest.

"From clients of mine. Men are such fools. They will always talk to a woman."

Slim interrupted with a chuckle. "What have you come up here to learn from me?"

Ann laughed with him.

"I'm putting you in a class by yourself. You refused to tell me your opinion of those McKinnon claims when you knew it would have been worth a lot to me to have had the straight of that deal. Besides, I did not come here to get you to talk. I'm going to do the talking myself. As I've said, I've learned quite a lot about this Consolidated deal.

"Two groups of the stockholders are fighting for control of the property, and if my information is as reliable as I think it is I certainly know how to play the market. But I'll need your help, Slim. I want you to work with me on this."

Slim, leaning forward with his hands folded on the table in front of him, had followed the girl's eager recital without responding. Often at the gambling tables he had seen men play with the same hectic flush on their cheeks, the same flame of excitement in their eyes; and he had observed such men seldom won.

Miss Branton, realizing she had not interested him, reached across the narrow table and gripped his folded hands as if by physical contact to establish a sympathetic bond between his thoughts and hers.

"Please, Slim," she pleaded. "This is the biggest deal I've ever tried to swing, and you must help me."

"Now look here, Ann," he said placidly, "you shouldn't get all worked up over a thing like this. In the first place you are playing the game from the outside, and all an outsider ever does is to fatten the pot for the insiders. In the second place why should a sweet little kid like you bother your head about making money? Why don't you pick out some good-natured, wealthy fat man and let him give you what you want? And for goodness' sake, how much money do you want, anyhow?"

"I want a million," she told him with unsmiling passionate earnestness. "I want a million salted away in the safest securities in the world—in government bonds."

"Why just a million?"

She smiled for an instant, and for an instant she relaxed and the lines of her features grew softer, her lips seemed fuller, and her chin and throat more rounding; perhaps for an instant she dreamed of how she would enjoy spending the income from such a sum. To Slim, watching her, in that instant she seemed for the first time desirable, worth a man's winning. But the change in the girl's attitude was of brief duration—a flash of sunshine across a bleak gray sky.

"I want a million," she repeated, her face hardening again as she reverted to the subject always uppermost in her mind. "And I want it soon. Right now I have a chance to make my first fifty thousand of it if I can force a sharp break in the price soon. That's why I've come to you, Slim. You can help me if you will. First I want to know how long you think it will be before a strike is called."

"The way things are drifting now," he told her, "I believe it will come soon—within a couple of weeks—unless I can find a way to bump two or three of the agitators out of the camp."

"Slim, that's the very thing I don't want you to do. Instead I want you to work with them. If you can precipitate a strike within the next few days the bottom will drop out of the market and I'll make a killing. I'll be able to clean up fifty thousand dollars or more. Slim, if you tried I know you could influence the miners. I want you to force a strike."

Slowly Slim straightened up in his chair, brushing her hands away from his as he did so.

"Girl," he replied, "you don't know what you are asking. Let me tell you something. The men who control this property bought in here soon after the ground was staked out. They spent everything they had, developing the claims. They had faith, girl—faith and courage to back their faith. Aren't men like that entitled to some consideration? And yet you talk as if for a few thousand dollars you would sell them out to the fellows who are fighting them in the dark. You wouldn't do a thing like that, would you?"

The girl dismissed his question with a gesture of impatience. There was no suggestion of sentiment in her reply.

"In the business world," she said, "if men can't protect themselves they lose, and that's all there is to it. Of course I would give Crossett and his group the first opportunity to buy our stock, but if they couldn't or wouldn't pay my price, naturally I would sell them to the highest bidder." Her eyes glowed with a resentful light as she answered Slim. "And about the strike," she continued; "you say you believe it eventually will be called. What difference, then, whether it be forced immediately or called a month or two months from the present?"

"It will never be called if I can prevent it," he told her with a finality of tone that brooked no further argument.

Ann sighed and veiled her eyes so he would not see the mist of tears that came. This thing had meant so much to her and had seemed so easy of achievement. She believed the calling of the strike was but a detail in the raid that was being made, and that it would be the final play, determining the success or failure of the attack on the Consolidated.

After a moment she looked up and forced a smile.

"Well, Slim, I should have known this proposition would not appeal to you, and yet without your help I could see no way of putting my plan across. So just now I hate you, but I'll try to be as nice as possible during the rest of the evening. You said we were to go to a theater, didn't you?"

"That's a good girl," Slim said with vast relief. "I was afraid you'd want to scratch me or something like that."

"I do," she informed him emphatically, "although I shall try to refrain from following my impulse."

"Then I'll do this much for you," he promised: "This is Friday. The agitators here think this strike business will come to a crisis tomorrow night, but it won't—not till a week from tomorrow night. The decision of the men will be public news by the following Sunday morning. So I'll do this for you: Next Friday or early Saturday morning I'll wire you what the outcome will be. That will give you at least a few hours' advantage over everybody else."

"That would help some," she said thoughtfully. "In fact, it would help a great deal. If the strike agitation fails, the price will advance several points, and with a day's advance notice of the result I could make quite a tidy sum. But if you wire me that a strike is to be called—Slim, I'll be on my million-dollar way."

Then a shadow of doubt crossed her keen mind. "How will you know the result before the matter is voted on by the miners?" she demanded.

"Girl," he told her with a broad grin, "when I sit in a game with a gang of crooks I always have a few high cards in my pockets for luck."

The next morning he remained away from work in order to go with her to the train. After he had found a seat for her he stood beside her for a moment looking down at her gravely. Then he patted her on the shoulder.

"Ann," he said, "I hope it won't be long till you pick out some good-natured rich man and send me a wedding announcement. If you don't do that pretty soon I'll begin to worry about you, and when I begin to worry about a red-haired lady there's no telling to whom I'd marry her just to have her and her problem off my mind."

Ann smiled up at him.

"Slim, I still hate you," she answered. "If I thought the punishment would be sufficient, when I accumulate my million I'd be just mean enough to marry you myself and then spend the rest of my life learning how to make you do the things I'd want you to do."

"You might be just that mean," he agreed. "That's one reason I'm so anxious to find the right fat man for you."

As he spoke he cupped her square little chin in one hand and tipped her head back so he could watch the changing lights in her eyes—lights that were warm now, like the warm gray of clouded April skies. She continued to smile up at him, but he noticed that her slender young body grew tense and still. Another girl he would have kissed at parting, but for some reason he was content to leave her with a quick handclasp and a friendly smile.

That evening at the meeting of the miners the plan he had devised for checking any action on the part of the agitators was successful. The usual routine was followed until Donnelly asked if there was any new business to be considered. Instantly Slim rose from his seat in the front of the hall and faced the miners.

"No new business," he told them, grinning amiably. Without pausing he named a youth of the camp who aspired to pugilistic honors and another fighter from the smelter down the river. "We are putting on a free ten-round scrap at the gymnasium tonight. I move that this meeting adjourn so we can all go and yell for our boy."

"I second the motion," someone called, and at the same time a dozen or more of the men who had been taken into the scheme rose noisily to their feet.

"There'll be no admission charged," Slim shouted. "Let's all go." From all parts of the hall men began to rise uncertainly from their seats.

Donnelly, his face flushed with anger, half rose to call the meeting to order. Before he could use the gavel Slim stepped in

(Continued on Page 54)

DAY IN AND DAY OUT

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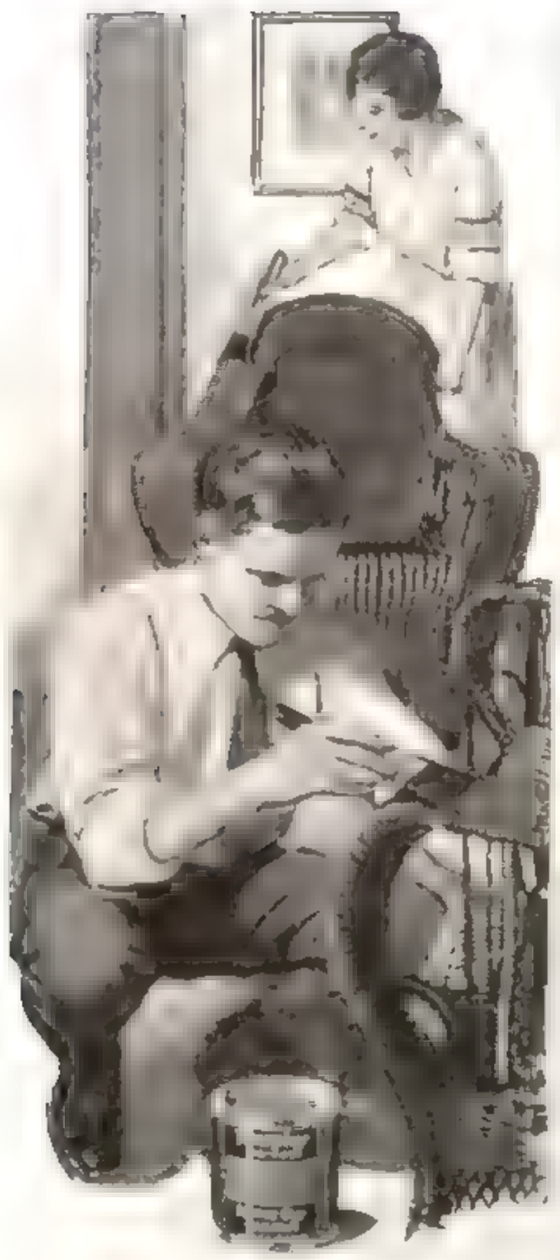

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Murphy Varnish Company

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Murphy Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canada
Successor to The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited

(Continued from Page 52)

front of the table and jerked the little wooden mallet from his hand.

"Keep still!" he commanded in an undertone. "Keep still or I'll bust you wide open!"

Donnelly dropped back to his chair again. He knew that Slim, leaning above him, could put him out of the way with one terrific blow of his powerful fist. He knew, too, he would gain nothing by starting an argument that would develop into a gang fight between the two factions.

"You dirty scab," he told Slim in an undertone, "if you don't think I am running this camp stick around a few days longer and see what happens to you."

Slim's lips twisted in a sneer.

"You think you are running it," he taunted. "From now on you'll take an occasional order from me."

Then he turned and joined the throng of men leaving the hall. He and his friends had paid the two fighters fifty dollars each for a ten-round battle. They figured the money well spent if they could succeed in preventing trouble between the miners and the corporation for which they worked.

The next morning Slim and the old Scot went to the local post office and waited while the mail from the morning train was being distributed. Hartley entered and went at once to the drop box used for outgoing letters. As his solitary letter hung poised in his fingers over the chute someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up quickly. Someone else jostled him from the other side and the letter slipped from his fingers. He looked down again, but the letter had disappeared. At the same time the old Scot reached past him and began turning the combination of a post box above the chute, while Slim, now standing with his back turned, gazed abstractedly out of the open post-office door. For a few minutes Hartley was disturbed over the incident; at last put the matter from his mind as being merely a chance occurrence. Had he suspected Slim had gained possession of that dangerously incriminating letter he would have fled precipitately from the camp.

The following Saturday night men who for years had been content to pay their dues and leave the management of their local to the officers, mingled with the regulars in the crowd that filled the union hall. Aside from the other disturbing factors, like the sough of an evil wind a rumor had swept through the camp to the effect that Hartley was a company man—a highly paid detective or spotter.

In the hall the shuffling of feet and the subdued whispering subsided into expectant silence as Donnelly's gavel called the meeting to order.

"We are gathered here tonight ——" he began

At the same instant Slim stepped into the open square between the officers and the miners.

"You are out of order!" Donnelly bellowed. "Sit down!"

"Go to hell!" Slim flung back over his shoulder. "Boys," he continued, addressing the miners and holding up an open letter, "here is a report we'll frame tomorrow and hang in the secretary's office. It is a report addressed to that notorious organization of gunmen and professional scabs—the Hanlon Detective Agency in San Francisco."

As the import of Slim's statement reached the men, a silence tense as a threat settled over the room. Hartley, white-faced but cool, rose from his seat beside Donnelly and started toward an open window. Two of Slim's friends stepped in front of the window, and Hartley, changing his direction, went and leaned against the wall between two windows that were closed. Slim waited until this byplay was finished before he began reading.

"You'll notice," he told the miners when he finished the letter, "that the writer tells about a dame I ate dinner with last week, and asks for information as to the best method of handling me.

"Now, about that red-haired lady. You fellows who have worked in the Coeur d'Alenes know her. She operates a brokerage office in Wallace. She's been in that district a long time. In fact, she lived there as a kid when the first big strike was in progress. When she was here the other day she pointed out for my benefit a fellow named Hinton—a scab strike breaker who had worked for her father at that time."

As Slim was talking Hartley's hands moved slowly to his waist as if to adjust his belt, then his right hand crept on up under his coat until it rested on the butt of an automatic that was slung in a shoulder holster under his arm. Slim saw the action—saw, too, that a friend of his sitting in one of the front seats had drawn a revolver and was holding it under his coat ready for instant action.

Talking more slowly, now that he knew neither Donnelly nor Donnelly's lieutenants would dare to interrupt, he continued: "As I started to say, that girl, like most of the brokers in the country, has been figuring if she could get inside information on the strike situation she could make a killing in the stock market. So I gave her the inside dope. I sent her word yesterday there would be no strike." A hoarse murmur of dissent swept over the hall.

"Shut up!" Slim roared, waving the letter he had read. "Shut up and listen." He turned and pointed an accusing finger at the white-faced secretary. "The report I have just read was written by this scab, Hinton—by this fellow who now calls himself Hartley, and has wormed in here as secretary."

While Slim had been reading the letter the agitator, Nicholi, had gone quietly from his seat as if to speak to a friend in another part of the hall. Unobtrusively he had moved to a place near the exit door where the electric switch controlling the hall lights was located. As a period to Slim's denouncement he reached up and turned the switch.

There was a clicking sound and the hall was plunged into darkness. In the same instant a revolver spat viciously from the front row of seats, and there followed the sound of a shattered window near where Hartley had been standing. Blending with the crash of the gun and the glass Hartley's automatic flashed forth a spray of leaden hate meant for Slim. But Slim had thrown himself to safety on the floor. After this came the crash of another broken window. Then someone found the switch and the lights came on again. The hall was in turmoil.

Hartley had disappeared through one of the broken windows.

"Lynch him!" someone cried.

A hundred men took up the word.

"The railroad! Watch the railroad! His hotel! Surround his hotel!"

There were fleet-footed men among the miners, but when the first of a breathless crowd reached the railroad station the staccato exhaust of the division superintendent's speeder could be heard dying away in the darkness. The detective was a forehanded man. A jimmy lay beside the broken lock of the car shed.

Slim, knowing the strike movement was ended, felt that he had earned his trip to Seattle. For the sake of appearances he worked a few days longer; but he was restless, ready to go. On the evening of the first of June as he went down the hill from the mine for the last time he was handed a telegram. This was the message:

> Can secure interest in the McKinnon claims. Want you to take charge. Come immediately.
> ANN BRANTON.

"I won't," Slim told himself positively. "She's just trying to gyp me out of my trip." He kept repeating this resolve all the way to the telegraph office. "I won't," he wired. "I'm on my way to Seattle."

That evening, directly after he had eaten, he went to his room and locked himself in. He feared he might be inveigled into a game of poker or a carousal with friends who were anxious to wish him well on his long-planned trip to Seattle. The evening was still young when another telegram was brought to him. At first he refused to open his door, thinking this might be a ruse on the part of his friends to get hold of him bodily. Finally, grudgingly he opened the door a narrow crack. In one hand he held an upraised water pitcher to defend himself if need be. He refused to touch the little envelope.

"You read the message," he commanded.

The youth who had brought the telegram opened the envelope and read:

> "Must have your advice about McKinnon claims. Meet me tomorrow evening, Davenport's, Spokane. ANN BRANTON."

"I won't," Slim said stubbornly. "Wire her to go to hell. I'm on my way to Seattle."

"You'll have to leave the word 'hell' out of it," the literal-minded youth told him. "Operators are not allowed to send such words."

"All right," said Slim. "Leave out the hell. Just tell her I'm on my way."

"You'll be going by way of Spokane?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then be a sport and meet her. A guy so cheap he wouldn't give a dame even a bit of advice certainly would be a sorry sort of nut."

"But that's not the question," Slim protested. "This is a red-haired dame, and if I weaken at all I know she'll manage to gyp me out of my trip to Seattle. They always do. So I'm not going to take a chance. You just wire those two words—'I won't.'"

"Aw, go on and be a sport," the youth urged. "That's just a habit you've gotten into—thinking the red-haired ones can jinx you. If once you get the idea you can bust the charm, there'll be nothing more to it."

Slim pondered this bit of psychology for a moment.

"Perhaps you're right," he decided. "I hadn't thought of it that way before. It wouldn't hurt to play the cards that way once. I believe I will. You wire her I'll meet her at Davenport's tomorrow and that we will have dinner together between seven and eight. My train gets into Spokane a few minutes after six," he explained craftily, "and the Seattle train pulls out a few minutes after nine. If I date her up between seven and eight I guess there's not much chance of losing out on my trip."

At ten minutes before seven the following evening Slim strolled into the lobby of Davenport's. He wore a new light-brown hat, a new and expensive gray suit, a gray silk shirt with a soft collar attached—but he had refused to discard his comfortable high-topped boots.

Four bell boys rose simultaneously from a bench near the clerk's desk and surrounded him.

"Hi, mister," they chorused, "is your name Reynolds?"

Gravely Slim took out a handful of silver and rewarded each of them.

"She's waiting for you on the mezzanine floor," they informed him.

"And I guess you won't need to have her pointed out to you," one of them added.

When Slim stepped out of the elevator Ann came forward to meet him and offered both hands in greeting. Slim held her at arm's length and surveyed her approvingly.

"I still hate you a tiny bit," she told him. "But because you decided to give me an hour of your vacation I'm going to forgive you—some. I'm taking a half holiday myself. By way of celebration I've already ordered dinner, and we won't talk shop until later."

"Not much later," Slim cautioned.

They went down to the dining room, and for the next hour he carefully followed her leads, jesting when she jested, responding to her stories of amusing incidents of the camps she knew best, with other stories of the camps he had known.

Then, when they were ready to leave the table, "I have theater tickets," she told him. "After we've seen the play ——"

Slim looked at his watch.

"Ann," he said firmly, "it is already ten minutes after eight. My train leaves in one hour—ten minutes after nine. If you want to see that play you'll have to go alone. And if there is something you want to ask about the McKinnon claims, better be asking soon."

For an instant a suggestion of her habitual calculating hardness was evident in her features, then a disappointed, frustrated look came to her eyes.

"Don't be mean," she coaxed. "What if you do miss tonight's train? You'll be able to leave early in the morning. Stay with me another hour or two. I have a favor to ask, and because I'm afraid you'll refuse I want to put off the asking as long as possible."

Slim rose quite impolitely and stood waiting.

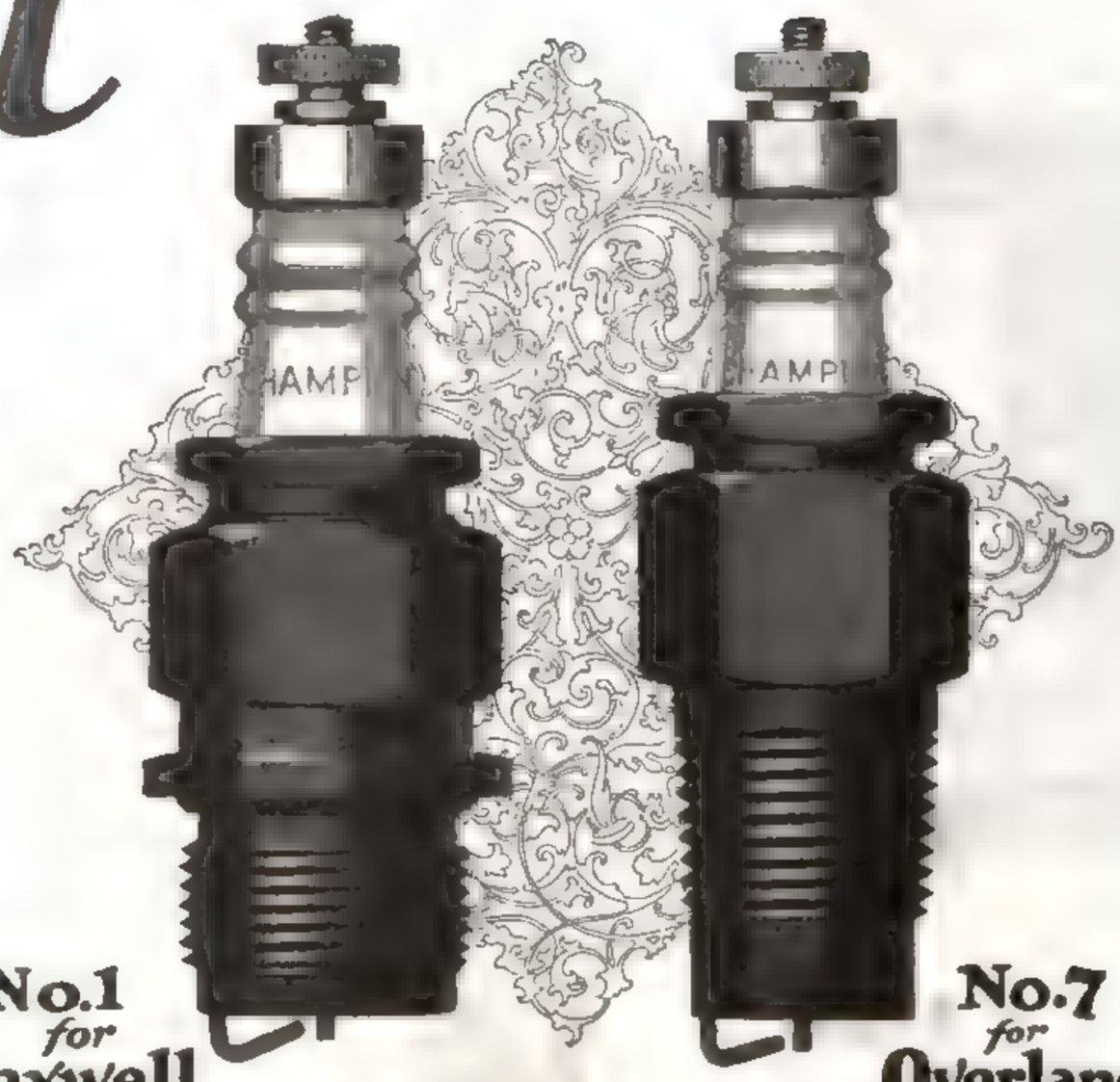
"It is ten minutes after eight," he reminded her. "In just one hour I'll be on my way."

"Don't be stingy with your time," she coaxed again. "Take me to the show tonight. You can play as long as you want, and whenever you want; but I can't. Even now I should be at my desk, and I must be back tomorrow at the very latest."

"Now look here, Ann," Slim said patiently, "you know I'd like to take you to that play. But it's the principle of the thing. I'm twenty-seven years old, and for seven of those twenty-seven years I've been letting red-haired ladies interfere with my trip to Seattle. Why, dog-gone it, the way they are spoiling my life is getting to be a scandal. And I have a hunch if I don't

(Continued on Page 56)

Cost Less



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eat more ice cream

(Continued from Page 54)

go out on tonight's train something will happen before morning that will prevent me from getting there this year."

"You don't mean to tell me a man of your intelligence would be guilty of playing a hunch," she reproved with mock scorn.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "Men with even greater intelligence play them."

"You are wrong," she said. "In fact really intelligent men never play them. The thing for you to do is to miss tonight's train and go out in the morning. That way you can prove to your own satisfaction there's nothing in a hunch."

"Absolutely no chance for you to change my way of thinking," he told her. "If the idea had been suggested by a blonde, say, or a brunette, I might try it once. But like I told you the first time I saw you, such ladies as you have always been a mixed blessing to me—particularly along in the early summer when it's time to be traveling."

"Well," she said regretfully, "if you won't you won't, and I guess that's the end of it. If you must leave at ten minutes after nine let's go back up to the mezzanine floor and I'll say my say as quickly as possible."

As he led her out from the dining room she watched his broad shoulders with a suggestion of a smile—half mischievous, half malicious—and with a deft movement turned the hands of her wrist watch back a quarter of an hour.

"Now, about those McKinnon claims," she said as soon as they were seated in the nook she had suggested, "I'm wondering if you think as McKinnon does. When he sold out he told me he believed the lower part of the ledge would not be as profitable to work as the upper. Naturally he wouldn't go into details."

She leaned forward as she talked, and her eyes were once more cold and bright with the consuming intensity of her desire.

Slim interrupted with a thought which had occurred to him before:

"Ann, if you don't relax a little and take life easier you'll go to smash physically before you are thirty. Why, girl, right now your nerves are keyed up to the breaking point."

With a little gesture of impatience she refused to let him divert her mind.

"Listen to me, Slim," she commanded imperatively, at the same time placing her hands over one of his. "The men who own the claims now—a group of Easterners—have sent an experienced mining man in to take charge of the development work. He has advised them to discontinue the work in the shaft and to drive a tunnel to tap the ledge at a depth of about five hundred feet."

Abruptly she stopped speaking and began pounding Slim's hand with a little clenched fist.

"Old wooden face," she scolded, "why don't you get excited, or at least show whether you are interested or not? What do you think of the tunnel idea? This is why I'm so anxious to have your opinion: When you wired me that the strike was off up there at Chalco, I was able to make quite a nice little bit of money in the market. I want to invest it. I believe some day the McKinnon property will be developed into a paying mine. The men who now own the claims say if I think enough of the proposition to invest ten thousand dollars they will let me handle the market end of the business when they organize a stock company. Now tell me what you think of the idea of abandoning the shaft and driving this proposed tunnel."

"To tap the ledge at a depth of about five hundred feet," Slim repeated. He studied over this for a time; asked a few questions regarding the exact point at which it was proposed to start work on such a tunnel.

"It's a likely-looking stock-selling proposition, with all the ore there is in the shaft and everything," he decided finally. "If you had the selling of the stock you should be able to make your ten thousand back in commissions. How much of an interest could you get for your money?"

"A one-sixteenth part in the property."

"Uh-huh. And you say the present owners paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash for the claims. Ten thousand for a one-sixteenth part would be fair enough. Do they plan to sell treasury stock to secure money for carrying on the development work?"

"They do," said Ann.

"Well," Slim told her, "once I advised you not to buy any of it unless you could buy it all. Some day you may have a chance to get it all. Anyhow, one-sixteenth for ten thousand dollars would be a good start."

"You haven't told me what you think of the plan to abandon the shaft and drive a tunnel," Ann reminded him.

"My goodness, girl," Slim evaded. "Do you think I would advise you to spend ten thousand dollars if I didn't believe some day the claims would amount to something?"

There followed a momentary silence, during which he reached for his watch. Ann hastily interposed her wrist watch in the line of his vision.

"Still twenty-five minutes before nine," he commented, taking her hand in his as he looked at her watch. "If I leave in twenty minutes I'll have plenty of time. My suitcase is already over at the station." He leaned back comfortably, still holding her hand and patting it gently.

"Now I'm going to give some more advice," he told her. "You must not drive yourself as you have been doing. Your nerves are sure to go to pieces some day if you aren't more careful. I'm beginning to feel right fond of you, so I want you to do as I say. I want you to find some good-natured wealthy man, preferably a fat one—and marry him. If you don't do that soon I'll have to come back this way and find one for you."

"Two of the Easterners who are out here lining up this McKinnon proposition are fat—and maybe good-natured," she told him reflectively. "It might save you a lot of worry if you'd go back to Wallace with me now and select the one you'd like best to have me marry."

"You keep them busy fussing around until I get back from Seattle and I'll do that little deed," he said. "I'm good at finding husbands for red-haired ladies, and they always live happily after."

For the next few minutes they continued jesting, while Slim continued to hold her hand, continued to pat it in an abstracted friendly way—his gaze following the moving minute hand of her wrist watch. At five minutes before nine by her time he picked up his hat from the floor and rose to go.

As they walked to the elevator he put his arm across her shoulders, and when they stopped in front of the shaft door he tipped her head back against his coat lapel and looked questioningly into her eyes. She did not resist, but her body grew tense against his, and her eyes clouded with a vaguely uncertain, troubled expression. He patted her cheek and released her.

"I'm on my way," he said, as the light of the descending elevator flashed its signal. "And remember my advice about the wealthy fat man. I'll worry about you until you are safely married to one."

The elevator door opened and as he started to enter she stretched out her hand as if to restrain him—then smiled and said good-by.

A moment later Slim was out in the street and hurrying with long strides toward the station. Heedless of the curious glances of passers-by he began to sing:

"Oh, the bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see."

Arrived at the station he went directly to the ticket window.

"One to Seattle," he said.

The clerk back of the counter tossed him a bit of pasteboard and change from the twenty-dollar bill Slim had put down, then said, "The next train leaves at 8:40 tomorrow morning."

"What?"

"At 8:40 tomorrow morning."

Slim looked at him incredulously.

"Dog-gone it, mister," he complained, "this afternoon I was told a train left here at 9:10 this evening."

"It did," the ticket agent said.

Slim immediately looked at his watch and found the time was 9:15. He stood there, frowning, puzzled over the matter. When he had last looked at Ann's watch it had been five minutes before nine. He knew he could not have been more than ten minutes walking to the station. Yet here it was a quarter after nine, and his train had been gone for five minutes. He still stood frowning and puzzled. Then suddenly he comprehended.

A moment later a raving, wrathful miner was telephoning to the hotel, asking for Ann Branton. He would let no girl play a trick like that on him without expressing his opinion of her.

After what seemed to him an unnecessarily long delay a brisk voice informed him the lady had just checked out. Where had she gone? She had said she must be back in Wallace early the next morning, and had found a driver to take her back in his car that night.

Slim, anathematizing red-haired ladies in general and Ann Branton in particular, walked moodily back toward the business section of the town. He was nursing a grouch and a hunch—a persistent premonition of impending misfortune.

As he walked he took out his ticket and looked at it critically.

"Well, this is the closest I've ever gotten to Seattle," he mused. "Perhaps if I get to bed before I meet anyone else I know I may still be lucky."

As he was making this wise decision a group of men came roistering out from one of the many saloons that lined the street in those days. Almost immediately they recognized Slim and surrounded him. They were miners drifting north after a winter down in one of the Arizona copper camps. They told Slim he was the first person of their acquaintance they had met on the whole trip. Was he on his way to Seattle? That was fine. He must join them while they drank his health and fortune. In vain Slim pleaded with them, explained his need for temporary sobriety; at last threatened to lick them all if they didn't let him go his way, sober and in peace.

They told him he could stay sober if he wanted to, but he would drink one round with them or they would know the reason why. After this ultimatum, because they were all good fellows and because one round of good liquor wouldn't hurt anyone, he went with them, or rather, they went with him.

"Come on," he invited. "One round of good liquor before I start on my way."

The direct rays of the noon sun beating down through an unshaded window wakened Slim the next day. As consciousness returned he began to yawn and stretch and make wry faces. Then he ran his fingers through his uncombed curly hair, shuddered, twisted uncomfortably, rose painfully to a sitting posture. He discovered he was still dressed. After sitting on the edge of the bed for a few minutes he remembered his wallet. He found it in one of his pockets. The ticket to Seattle was still there, but his winter's savings were gone. In other pockets he found some silver, a lone ten-dollar bill, and the baggage check he had received when he left his suitcase at the station the previous afternoon.

At last he rose slowly to his feet. He was consumed with a great and insistent thirst. He found he was in a room of a cheap old-fashioned hotel, without bath or running water.

On a stand he perceived a huge white washbowl, and in the bowl an equally huge white water pitcher. On the way to the pitcher he began to review the events of the preceding evening, and as the details became clear he uttered harsh noises regarding red-haired ladies.

He picked up the ponderous pitcher, only to find the water in it coated with a film of greasy dust in which a trusting fly had been betrayed to its death. The sight of the undrinkable water increased his thirst. Moistening his lips with a bitter-tasting tongue, he began a profane recital of the abandonment of the various red-haired ladies who on various occasions had come between him and his honestly earned trip to Seattle. Long before he finished the recital his wandering gaze focused on a picture framed in gilt that hung above the bed from which he had just risen—a reproduction of one of Asti's unclothed ladies over whose bare shoulders cascaded a wealth of Titian red hair.

For a long instant Slim stared incredulously, dazedly at the picture. Then with an explosion of inarticulate indignation and futile wrath he heaved the ponderous dust-covered water-filled pitcher squarely into the red-haired lady's face.

"Take that!" he said thickly. "Now, see if you can talk me out of anything."

Without tarrying to see how completely he had spoiled the lady's features he retrieved his hat from beside the bed and walked with uncertain steps out into the street. Dog-gone! Broke again, sober again, and nothing to do but find another job. Dog-gone the red-haired dames anyhow!

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

The Month's Big Picture

PROVING a girl to be a flirt may be a delightful occupation provided one does not prove it too thoroughly. For, in the testing, one may himself join the list of victims.

Not that "The White Moth" is a flirt. But she is willing to step from puppy love into the arms of the elder man—who courted her merely to "save" his younger brother

The spark of romance twinkles through the whole of this Levee-Tourneur production, which gives one a delightful peep behind the stage of a Parisian theatre. Barbara La Marr was never more gorgeous than as the American girl who becomes the favorite of Parisian theatregoers and the two brothers. Conway Tearle, who appeared in both "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field," two recent big successes, has the leading masculine rôle. Other favorites in the cast are Ben Lyon, Charles La Roche and Edna Murphy.

Satisfy your yearning for Romance when "The White Moth" plays at your local theatre.

"The White Moth"

The gay, fluttering, vivacious idol of the French stage known by her dancing as "The White Moth"—is the central figure of the romantic drama which will enliven the screens of the leading theatres this month. The character is played by Barbara La Marr—on the right—in all her piquant loveliness.

"She's a Gold-Digger—Parisian Model!"

So thinks the worried Conway Tearle of the charming "White Moth" who from the footlights, captures the hearts of her audience. The story which Maurice Tourneur has to tell is the romance of a smile that quickens the steadiest heart, causes grave damage, and sets things right again in the end.

Looking 'Em Over

THE movie-goer these days has a hard time keeping up with all the big pictures. There's "FLOWING GOLD," for instance—a story of the oil fields. If he likes real stirring adventure and a wholesome love story he must see this

And "LILIES OF THE FIELD"! Corinne Griffith appears in it, and Conway Tearle, the stars of "Black Oxen." All the critics bubbled over with enthusiasm

"TORMENT" is for the thrill-lovers, but there's a strong love interest for the romantically inclined. The movie fan will want to see how realistically a movie producer can re-enact an earthquake before the camera.

"A SON OF THE SAHARA" is one he's been watching for. Made in Algeria, with the real desert, Arabs, sheiks, and dancing girls. A company of American stars to insure perfect acting. Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Rosemary Theby, Walter McGrail, Montagu Love and Paul Panzer. Edwin Carewe the director, made "The Bad Man," so he knows what to expect

"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY" he awaits with eagerness. He knows it's a story of one woman serving in the jury box with eleven men, and that the woman faces the problem of either sacrificing her own happiness or condemning an innocent girl

---

NOW a drama of New York society life appears on the offing which promises to be one of the most unusual of its kind ever presented. It is "For Sale," and beautiful Claire Windsor has been selected for the rôle of the society girl whose wedding march is the finale of a matrimonial auction. The story is by Earl Hudson, author of "Sundown."

"The Sea Hawk"

ONCE more the greatest movie fleet that ever put to sea is at anchor! Hundreds of sixteenth century galley slaves have removed their grease paint and donned clothing more suitable to twentieth century life. Milton Sills, after a series of sea fights, duels, and listic encounters, is vacationing in New York. The filming of "The Sea Hawk" is complete!

But that's only half the job. In a Los Angeles studio Producer Frank Lloyd, surrounded by assistants, who in turn are surrounded by reels and reels of film, is busy editing the picture to the required length, selecting the best of the several scenes of each episode, and fitting the sub-titles in their proper places. There's a deal of romance in motion picture production, especially when such a story as Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk" is in the making, but there's just as much dreary work before the picture is trimmed spruce and clean for exhibition in your theatre.

"The Sea Hawk" will appear in big cities before many weeks are out. Prepare yourself for the screen treat by reading the novel.

"The Sea Hawk" on Land

Not all the adventure in "The Sea Hawk," presented by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., takes place aboard the four sixteenth century ships with which Lloyd fought the battles in Sabatini's novel before the camera. Above are Milton Sills (right) and Marc McDermott in a four-sword duel. On the left is Enid Bennett, who plays the leading feminine rôle.

A Formula for Flappers

THERE'S a formula locked in the hearts of some girls that is more valuable than any ever devised in a chemical laboratory. A formula for opening a man's eyes, warming his heart, and bending his knees to the proper supplicant position

It's really easy to do, once you know the secret. Just become "The Perfect Flapper." Not an ordinary one, you understand, but a "perfect flapper" which is a great deal different First of all you must appreciate jazz and then—but it's all in Colleen Moore's new picture, and she can tell it much better than I

Miss Moore, in "The Perfect Flapper," plays a typical American girl who, bereft of admirers, starts to concoct the formula all by herself. She stumbles upon one quite accidentally, but it needs must be modified before she can win the man of her choice. "The Perfect Flapper," we reckon, may be an education for the girls, and a revelation to the men.

You will find it on the screen of your theatre in about a month or two.

Exit Now the Cowboy

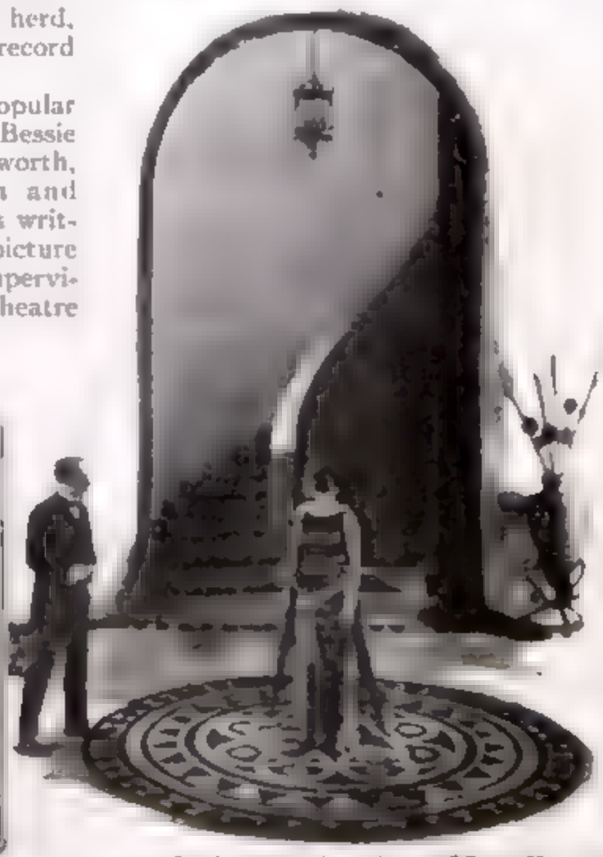
"WHEREVER he may be and however long removed, the one who has known the odor of sage in the sun, who has heard the sounds of the moving herds, the laughter of care-free companions, the hush of the plains at night—that one is ever tied with a bond of poignant longing."

Such is the heart-song of the cowboy—that romantic figure in American history who is passing as the last of the big herds are driven south to Mexico in search of grazing lands. But if he passes, his story will be perpetuated on the screen—the story of a drive of 250,000 head of cattle; a story of stampedes, prairie fires, river crossings and mountain trails. All this—true because it is real—has been filmed in the last few months as a background for the dramatic action of "Sundown." Six hundred miles were covered in this march to exile of the mammoth herd, with the camera always ready to record the adventure.

The picture is filled with popular screen personalities, including Bessie Love, Roy Stewart, Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall, Mary Alden and Charles Murray. The story was written by Earl J. Hudson and the picture produced under his personal supervision. It will be ready for your theatre sometime in June or July.

Romeo—but no Romance

Colleen Moore in her Juliet costume for the masquerade ball finds her only Romeo to be the staid and respectable Sidney Chaplin. But at that the party is a lot of fun—and the cause of considerable trouble and a real romance.



"Cytherea—Goddess of Love"

The jolt of a lifetime comes to the sedate married man who thought his love-making days were over forever. Strange indeed are the ways of the Love-Goddess. Above are Alma Rubens and Lewis Stone in this Maytime picture.

STOP THIS!

The "Henry" CIRCULATING WATER PUMP for FORD CARS & TRUCKS

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Perfect cooling; new pep and power, smooth, efficient operation of your motor through sand and mud, on heavy uphill pulls, even in the hottest weather—that's what it means to install the "Henry" Circulating Water Pump. Prevents loss of power. Stops excessive fuel and oil consumption. Saves the expense of frequent removing of carbon and grinding of valves. Quickly repays its cost.

The "Henry" *"pumps from where the water is"*—the base of the radiator. Operates as soon as the motor starts. The perfect water pump for Fords. Attached in 10 minutes, with a screw driver and wrench.

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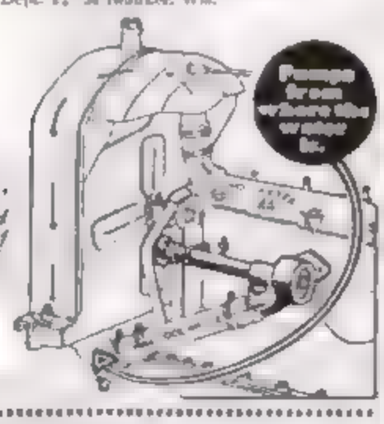

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Trade Sales Division of The Prime Mfg. Co.,
Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: I enclose $_____ for "Henry" Water Pump for 19____ Ford.

My Name _____

Address _____

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My dealer's name is _____

THE RICH MAN AND HIS TAXES

(Continued from Page 6

getting taxes adjusted, reduced and avoided is beginning to attract widespread attention.

Though no one knows exactly how much the Government loses through its inability to collect all the theoretical revenues which the surtax rates appear to call for, I have in my hand as I write a copy of a letter written by a high government official relating in detail eight different and wholly legal methods of avoiding the payment of surtaxes. A studious member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has said that there are thirty or forty different ways.

Most administrative officers as well as professional students of taxation, when faced with this situation, urge that rates should be reduced to a point where they can be effectively enforced, where the rates are real instead of nominal. These authorities say that what the income tax most needs to save it from becoming a thing of scorn and contempt, from going the way of the state and local tax on intangible property, is "a few years of prompt and successful application."

Moderate rates, they say, can be enforced, and enforcement is needed to save the income tax from general disgrace and demoralization. Tax rates, it is pointed out, should be for purposes of collection, not merely as oratorical material to bombard the rich. It is better, runs this argument, to apply moderate rates to many incomes than extreme rates to a few incomes whose owners happen to be unlucky, conscientious in the extreme or merely lacking in ingenuity and legal resourcefulness.

Now it may be that this is a correct statement of the facts and an equally correct interpretation of them. But the subject of the rich man and his taxes is not to be settled in quite such an offhand fashion. Is the rich man, just because he does not like to pay big taxes, going to be permitted to evade the law and defy the Government? It is a pretty serious question, and not to be disposed of lightly. The high rates are in the law; why should the rich be permitted to flout them?

"Think of it!" exclaimed a member of the House of Representatives in a recent debate. "The Government of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln reduced to the abject position of coaxing the owners of wealth to pay their legal share! Must the Government be conducted on the theory that to call a horse in from pasture it is necessary to hold out a lump of sugar?"

Taxpayers' Psychology

"You might just as well say to the negro who steals chickens 'Come and get a chicken whenever you want one' and by this method stop him from stealing," remarked a Southern member. "I know a man who tried that on a darky. The negro was stealing his hogs, and he would always get off with the hog that the man particularly did not want to lose. He would steal the farmer's brood sow or other favorite hog, and finally the farmer decided he would stop him from stealing. So he called him to his home one day and said:

"'Bill, I know that you are stealing my hogs, and I do not intend to put you in the chain gang, but I want you to quit stealing, because you always get the wrong one. I will make this trade with you: If you will come to me whenever you need a hog I will make you a present of one to save you stealing, because I do not want you to come up here and steal the wrong one.'

"'That is a pretty fair proposition,' replied Bill, 'but let me tell you I do not want to give up any of my privileges.'"

No end of ridicule has been directed by congressmen and senators at the theory that the rich man will be less inclined to dodge taxes if the rates are lower. "In other words, the champions of these large surtax payers would have us believe that their friends are only tolerably honest; that they are not even 44 per cent honest, but would have us believe they are 25 per cent honest."

"If a man is constitutionally a tax evader he will be just as active, just as resourceful in evading a 25 per cent tax as he is in evading a 50 per cent tax. Willingness to pay taxes is largely a matter of morals and loyalty to the Government. We cannot improve a man's morals or increase his patriotism by reducing his taxes . . . and claims to the contrary are ridiculous."

"Mr. Mellon confesses that the powerful United States Government has been impotent to collect from these shrewd millionaires," said another, "and instead of finding ways to collect legally from these incomes, he proposes to dilute the law and asks that the tax be cut in two in order that it may be enforced at all."

"If the tax-dodging millionaires will not pay a 50 per cent surtax, would it make them honest or help their consciences to reduce their taxes one-half? If Mr. Mellon knows anyone who isn't paying his proper income tax he should have him arrested. Any man with income big enough to call for a surtax who makes any fuss about it at all . . . is a vicious enemy to his country. I want to add that in my opinion the greatest enemy that capital has in this nation is the greed and lust of men and organizations who persistently and arrogantly ignore our laws and refuse by fraud and evasion to contribute their just proportion of the expenses incident to the maintenance of our institutions."

Results of Excessive Rates

It is possible to quote from many other speeches in which it is declared that rich tax dodgers ought to be in the penitentiary, that they are anarchists and are disloyal to the republic. I have quoted enough extracts perhaps to indicate the opinion in which the wealthy man who escapes a portion of his taxes is held by certain, at least, of his fellow citizens.

Now it is quite true that numbers of people, poor as well as rich, will always try to pay as small taxes as possible, whether the rates be high or low. It is unfortunate when any large number of taxpayers succeed in escaping from their taxes. But before these people, whether they be rich or poor, are called disloyal, unpatriotic and dishonest, it may be well to dig a little deeper into the subject and recall a few well-established facts of fiscal history.

The history of taxation proves, if it proves anything, that rates inherently excessive defeat themselves, that they become unproductive, and that ingenuity finally finds so many means of evasion as to discredit the tax. What, however, is an excessive rate? Well, it is hard to say at the time, in the heat of controversy. But it is not so difficult to pass judgment twenty or fifty years afterward, when the results can be tabulated.

We know, by way of illustration, that just after the Civil War, when the excise tax on distilled spirits had been boosted to a point above the value of the liquor itself, revenue was being collected on only 12 per cent of the spirits.

When the tax was reduced to a quarter of this maximum figure the revenues from that source were trebled.

We know that for fifty years many of the states attempted to collect a general property tax, usually around 2 per cent, on intangible personal property as well as on realty. If the tax happened to be collected on a 5 per cent bond it meant that the owner gave up 40 per cent of his or her income. The tax was on its face excessive, and despite a great variety of the most rigid laws, almost ferocious in their nature, has practically broken down, although in some cases still remaining on the books. It has become necessary in a number of states to replace it as a revenue producer with income taxes, the rates of which are only a small fraction of the former tax.

Despite the enormous increase in intangible personal property in New York State since 1865, the percentage of such property actually assessed, that is reached, is said to have fallen from 25.5 per cent in 1865 to 3.77 per cent in 1914. In the last-named year about $8,000,000 was derived from such taxation. Thereafter an income tax was put in its place, and although the maximum rate was 3 per cent on income instead of approximately 40 per cent, as under the old system, the revenues in a few years had risen to about five times as much!

The situation is somewhat similar in Massachusetts, although there the state income-tax rates are regarded as exceedingly high as compared with New York. Yet even at that, the burden is far less than under the old and largely evaded property tax on personal intangibles, and the revenues are much larger than under the former system.

United States District Judge Brawley in a decision rendered in 1900 referred to the reduction of a tax in Maryland a few years earlier. Under the old high rate only $6,481,047 in property was returned for assessment and, according to the judge, nearly all this belonged to widows and orphans whose guardians and trustees did not dare evade the law. The first year following the reduction in the rate, $58,885,047 of property was returned by the owners.

Every student of taxation can relate other cases of this same kind. It has been known for a long time, of course, that smuggling increases under very high customs duties, and decreases under moderate ones.

"American history teaches that a tax which appeals to a considerable percentage of the public as highly inequitable becomes increasingly difficult to enforce and increasingly inequitable in those cases where it is enforced," was a statement made late in 1923 by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, widely recognized as an authority on public finance, shortly before he went to France and Germany with General Dawes to study the reparations question. "The public tolerates avoidance or evasion when it considers a tax inequitable."

But what is a highly inequitable and excessive tax? Professor Kemmerer answered the question by saying that public opinion demands substantial progressive rates of income tax, "but will not in times of peace support rates of progression as high as those now in force, for the simple reason that these rates in times of peace are revolting to the average man's sense of justice."

I asked Professor Adams for his definition of an inequitable and excessive rate of income taxation. He said that he did not know exactly, but pretty good evidence is to be had when the assessing officials instinctively recoil against it and the taxpayers subdivide their property on a large scale. Several years ago he made a very similar statement when he said that "any tax is doomed when both taxpayer and assessor come to feel that it is fundamentally excessive."

War Taxes in Times of Peace

One may rail at the rich and make scornful remarks about their 50 and 25 per cent honesty, but the hard fact remains that all tax laws rest, and always have rested, upon a certain degree of toleration, or at least coöperation, on the part of the taxpayers.

We have fifty years of experience to show that attempts to enforce the general-property tax upon intangibles at a 40 or 50 per cent rate only resulted in the taxpayers' honesty crumbling and in the disintegration of the foundations of the tax itself. In fact, the very reason for the adoption of the income tax in several states, preceding its adoption by the Federal Government, was the ignominious failure of the extreme rates of the general-property tax. It became necessary to find a new tax. In the same way if the income tax breaks down from being pushed to excess the necessity will arise again to find another new means of raising revenue. But the fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that the income tax got its start and impetus under very low rates.

It is true that the Federal machine went into high gear almost immediately, but that was only when we entered the war. War patriotism alone—one might almost say war hysteria—started us off with the high rates. Many income-tax payers overpaid their taxes, a statement proved by the large refunds demanded and obtained by them since.

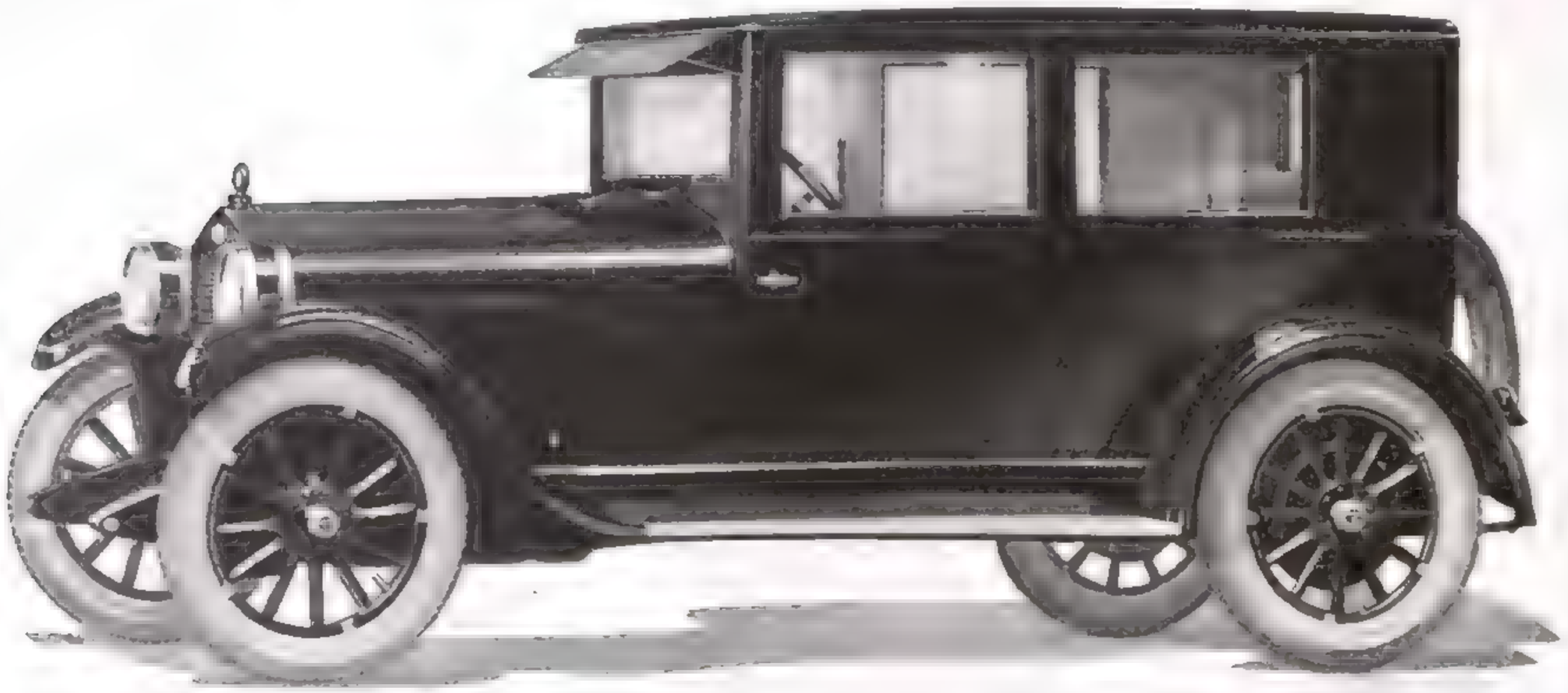
People thus fell into the habit of paying enormous taxes during the war, but it must be remembered that the world had had no previous peacetime experience with such a method of raising revenue. Much is said about the high rates in England, but until a comparatively few years before the war England with its more than half century of experience with income taxes had been dealing only with 5, 6 and 7 per cent rates.

In 1913 our highest income tax was 7 per cent; at this writing, also in peacetime, it is 58 per cent. As a speaker said at a recent meeting of the highly technical National Tax Association, 58 per cent is a wholly different thing from 7 per cent. "This is a revolution as great as in Russia. In 1914

(Continued on Page 60)

The New ESSEX

A SIX—Built by Hudson Under Hudson Patents



"It is the Car for Everyone"

Says H. A. Tarantous, noted automobile authority, in "MOTOR"

"The New Essex possesses many qualities which I did not believe could be incorporated in a closed car selling for $975.

"It is a type long needed in this country. It possesses grace and beauty, can travel at sustained high speed without passenger discomfort, is surprisingly economical to operate and does not cost much to buy.

"These qualities combined in a 6-cylinder closed car selling for less than $1000, shows what can be done by an organization that can work just a little bit ahead of the market, and see public demand before it arrives.

"It is unusually smooth, from 4 to 55 miles per hour, accelerates better than the previous Essex, which is saying a great deal, and is '*the*' car for everyone."—H. A. Tarantous, in "MOTOR".

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Your favorite stars in the longer feature pictures may make only one or two pictures a year. You cannot often have an opportunity to see them. But the stars you like in the comedies and other Short Subjects entertain you frequently throughout the year.

Lloyd Hamilton and Ruth Hiatt, in Hamilton Comedies; Dorothy Devore, Bobby Vernon, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns, in Christie Comedies; Lige Conley, in Mermaid Comedies—all these popular players appear on the screen every few weeks to add mirth to the program.

Another reason why you should patronize the theatre that shows the Educational Pictures trade-mark in its lobby displays. This trade-mark, your assurance of A Whole Evening's Entertainment, is found on these Short Subjects:

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JACK WHITE COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
"SING THEM AGAIN" Series
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
SECRETS OF LIFE
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL
Built Like a Newspaper
and SPECIALS such as
"PLASTIGRAMS"
The Third Dimension Movie

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President

(Continued from Page 58)

the income tax yielded only a small fraction of the Federal revenues, now with the estate tax it yields 75 per cent. All of us are like little children before this thing."

Under these circumstances, with this background of history, what could be more natural than a gradual lessening, since the war, of the spirit of cooperation on the part of the taxpayers and an ever-increasing insistence upon taking every advantage of the letter of the law, where it happens to be on their side?

They feel, of course, that the high rates are retained not so much to raise revenue as because of class or sectional animosities and a desire to level fortunes, with which animosities and desire the taxpayers directly affected can hardly be expected to agree.

This is especially the case in view of the confusion which has attended the Federal income tax ever since the inception of the high rates.

It is a literal fact that even the rich man who in good faith desires to discharge his obligation to the Government finds it exceedingly difficult at times to ascertain what is his obligation.

What is Income?

In the first place no one quite knows what income is anyway, and most of the world's income-tax laws do not even attempt to define it. If you stop the man on the street and tell him that he doesn't know what his income is he may be amused. But he won't be so amused if you press him for a definition of income, or sharply catechize him as to what items should be included in the term.

Can income be mapped or platted like real estate? Can you see it or feel it or touch it? Income is pretty much an abstract conception. It is an idea for economic metaphysicians to fight over. Read, if you are interested in such matters, what Fisher, Fetter, Seligman, Plehn and others say about it.

"The problem of defining income . . . almost baffles the student," says one of these master students. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in attempting to figure the country's income, says that "one of the most serious difficulties in working with these data is the difficulty of definition," and supports that statement by propounding a long series of unanswered riddles concerning income.

Should income be taxed the same, regardless of its source, its regularity or its permanence? Should an oil well, a copper mine or timber that is being cut be taxed as income the same as the rental return from a piece of centrally located city real estate?

Should income be taxed the same whether it be saved, spent on necessities or spent on luxuries? There are people who think of income as something saved, and others think of it as something spent. Sir Josiah Stamp tells of the wage earner who when asked why he didn't pay an income tax, replied: "Income! 'Ow can a man have an income when he's got nine children?"

It is said that income is a flow, and capital a fund. But at just what point does income freeze or congeal into capital? Does income include the gain or appreciation in the value of one's assets? Are stock dividends income? Are gifts income? If the old family homestead is sold at a gain or profit, is that income?

Income has been defined as the money value of any net gain between two points of time. But does not the gain have to be realized in some way? A singer is not paid her fee, note by note, as she sings.

Speaking in practical terms, taxes can be imposed only on things which can be measured in a monetary way. But the best part of a man's income often consists of satisfactions which cannot be measured in money terms at all.

If a man raises potatoes in a garden should the gain in the value of the potatoes from seed to finished product be included in his income as returned for taxation purposes? If a woman makes her own dresses should she include the value of the work as part of her taxable income? If a man lives in a house which he owns should he include as part of his taxable income the rental value of the house? Why not? But then if he must do that where do we stop? If a person owns furniture, books or pictures, why not include their rental value as well?

Why indeed shouldn't a man include as part of his income the services of his wife in running the house? In some cases these services have an immense value. As Prof. Irving Fisher says:

"Theoretically, a meticulous income tax should pursue its victim to his dining table and take toll for each mouthful, and should go with him to the theater and tax every laugh. No tax which stops short of these final satisfactions can ever be a perfectly exact income tax."

These questions make one dizzy, but they are only a few of those which economists, lawyers and accountants ask whenever they talk about the theory and underlying principles of income taxation. When it comes to practical application, especially at high rates, it is necessary to introduce into the law and administration a long series of intricate devices in order to prevent in case of business reverse or loss the rankest forms of injustice and even bankruptcy. Each amendment to the law has of necessity increased the number and complexity of such devices, nor is there any prospect that future amendments will be different?

In addition, there have been a vast number of administrative regulations and rulings, many said to be unknown to the taxpaying public at large, frequent reversals of these rulings, and finally on top of everything else court decisions which have brought with them still further changes.

Questions of profit and loss, of inventory, of valuation, of appraisal, of depreciation, depletion, obsolescence, of leaseholds and patents—all these and many others have grown mountain high, until the income tax has become a complicated nightmare to the average business man of large or even moderate income.

The increasing complexity of the tax, the vast sums handled, nearly $10,000,000,000 in three years' time, the constant changes in personnel in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, due to the small salaries paid and to other causes—all these have swamped the administrative machine, and would swamp any machine. There has thus of necessity been long delay in the examination and auditing of returns. Many thousands of returns for 1917 and 1918 are not even yet finally disposed of.

At one time recently there were more than 300,000 unsettled tax returns. In a recent year something like $500,000,000 of claims was filed against the Government, evidently to good purpose, because many were allowed. On the other hand, in 1923, $460,818,099.95 in additional taxes was assessed, of which amount $132,525,380.55 was assessed without giving the taxpayer the benefit of appeal in order that the collection of the tax would not be jeopardized.

Millions in Refunds

Taxes "illegally or erroneously collected" from scores of thousands of corporations and individuals, but which were actually refunded in one year, included as much as $9,368,548 from the executors of an estate, $1,391,947 from a Toledo automobile manufacturer, and $3,039,965 from a woman in San Francisco.

A single decision of the Supreme Court has resulted in refunds of $70,000,000, and twenty other decisions within two years' time mean further refunds of $50,000,000. On the other hand, as the result of auditing back returns, often five and six years old, the Government has collected vast additional sums from those who originally underpaid their schedules either from ignorance or dishonesty.

Thus the Government is never through with the taxpayer, or at least it is not finished with him for a very long time. This is especially true of the rich man. He and the corporation by means of which he makes his money may find themselves millions of dollars richer or poorer, any time within a period of years.

Business concerns, upon which depend the fortunes of many individuals, find themselves for several years threatened with possible taxes many times the amount as finally determined. But in the meantime the business is afraid to expand. There are cases where one government representative after going over the books decides that additional taxes must be paid, only to be followed by another investigator who announces that the Government owes the taxpayer real money.

In one case an original tax of $530,000 was assessed. This was changed to $132,000, to $179,000, to $284,000, and finally adjusted at $150,000.

The writer has been informed that a few cases under the 1913 law have not reached the Supreme Court even yet, while of the more recent laws the undecided cases are almost beyond the ken of any except a handful of specialized lawyers. This means that until every case is settled no one can say whether certain taxpayers have discharged their just and legal obligations or not.

Most large incomes are business incomes, but the very life of business rests upon the definition and interpretation of capital, income, profits, losses, inventories, appraisals, valuation, depreciation, and the like. All these terms and many more are treated in the law. But, in addition, there are multitudes of rulings and regulations, and then on top of these the court decisions, slowly emerging over a period of years. Finally the business man is told by thousands of private tax experts what the law, the regulations and the decisions really mean.

The inevitable result to most business men—and they constitute the bulk of rich men—is that the income tax has become a huge and highly intricate aspect or feature of their business life. Any conception of the abstract justice involved in a rich man handing over a certain exact percentage of his earnings to the Government has naturally been lost utterly in the ensuing confusion.

Taxes today are viewed by the business man much as he looks upon the selling costs of his business, or the production costs, or any other expense. He is just as anxious to save on the one as the other, and just as he looks to accountants, engineers and the like to save money for him on his production costs, so he looks to tax experts to save money for him on that item. No contract is entered into if the resulting exposure to taxation seems too great.

Economic Habits Changed

A tax expert once said that he could find half a dozen different definitions of capital in the law, and as one was just as legal as another he naturally took the one cheapest to his client. In the same way the manufacturer who is offered six different lines of raw material will buy the cheapest, other factors being even.

The most important result of this situation, which I have been trying to sketch in the briefest possible outline, has been to drive income into untaxed and to a large extent untaxable channels. Under such circumstances high rates tend to force changes in the form of transactions, carrying them out of the range of the tax, or else tend merely to cut off transactions. This is what it means to say that high rates defeat themselves.

Dean Swift long ago said that "in the arithmetic of customs two and two do not always make four," and in commenting upon this famous bon mot Professor Seligman, one of the leading modern authorities on taxation, has remarked that taxes may be avoided by fraud, such as smuggling, or by legitimate means, such as "a change in his economic habits" by the taxpayer.

A moment's reflection will show anyone that the cutting off of transactions, or a change in their form, or a change in economic habits, as the professor puts it, is a very different thing from fraud or the falsifying of terms.

Of course there is some fraud, some falsifying of returns on the part of members of all classes, rich and poor. Is the Government vigilant enough in ferreting them out? Who knows? All I know is that a hasty examination of a standard newspaper index for several years past shows comparatively few months in which some crook has not been caught. Men with large incomes have actually gone to jail. There has been continuous investigation and prosecution of offenders.

The person who has given no thought to taxation probably conjures up images of fraud when he hears that the rich escape from surtaxes. But as Professor Adams has said:

"We shall not be able to blame the rich. They escape for the most part by legal avoidance, not by illegal evasion."

But it will be said that even legal schemes and devices to avoid taxes smack of technicality and quibbling. That may be, but on the other hand is any citizen called upon, even by the highest standards of ethics, leaving out all consideration of the law, to pay more taxes than the law calls for? That is a pretty hard question to answer in the affirmative.

(Continued on Page 62)

This new Silk Hosiery Service will save you money

Here's the big difference –our mill representative *comes to your home* from our local service office in your city, with samples, and personally takes your order. The hosiery is mailed to you direct from our mills. Try this new service and see for yourself how much money you actually save in this way—*buying direct from the manufacturer*—fine, perfect-fitting, genuine silk hosiery for men and women.

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(Continued from Page 60

Besides, we have either anarchy or tyranny unless the citizen is given the protection as well as the penalties of the law. I do not think there is any system of jurisprudence, any form of government entitled to the term "civilized," in which the citizen is not permitted to have his day in court.

Otherwise, as pointed out by Woodrow Wilson in his famous work on Constitutional Government, by Chief Justice Storey and other great authorities, government automatically becomes tyranny.

Indeed I have been told by an officer of the Government whose duty it is to collect as large taxes as possible that a man is a "darn fool, a poor business man" not to take full advantage of the law. In fact, a Federal district court has rendered a decision which comes very close to upholding this very position. It was alleged that a certain corporation had been changed in form to reduce or avoid taxes. But the court said:

"It is the opinion of this court that the right to change the status of an organization or to dissolve an organization in any legal manner is not made ineffectual because the motive impelling the change is to reduce or avoid taxes in the future. The right to do so is an incidental right, inseparably connected with an individual's right to own and control his property. It is practically identical with the sale by a citizen of tax-burdened securities and the investment of the proceeds thereof in tax-exempt ones for the purpose of reducing or avoiding taxation.

"It is not unnatural that any thoughtful business man take such steps. It is altogether different from . . . the doing of some unlawful or illegal thing."

Justice Holmes' Distinction

"We do not speak of evasion," said Justice Holmes, of the United States Supreme court, in a case known as Bullen versus Wisconsin, "because, when the law draws a line, a case is on one side of it or the other, and if on the safe side is none the worse legally that a party has availed himself to the full of what the law permits. When an act is condemned as an evasion, what is meant is that it is on the wrong side of the line indicated by the policy if not by the mere letter of the law."

As far back as December 22, 1873, Justice Hunt, of the same high court, in United States versus Isham, said in referring to the Stamp Act of 1862, which imposed a duty of two cents upon a bank check when drawn for an amount not less than twenty dollars, that if a "careful individual, having the amount of twenty dollars to pay, pays the same by handing to his creditor two checks of ten dollars each . . . it is not perceived that the practice is open to the charge of fraud," even though no tax is paid and the Government is deprived of revenue which it might expect reasonably to receive. Such a device, said the highest court in the land, is not illegal.

To the lay mind this may seem the merest technicality, the worst sort of legal quibbling. The layman will say, no doubt, that the revenue should not, speaking from a moral standpoint, be deprived of what the Government might "expect reasonably to receive."

But it so happens that numbers of the surest and most successful ways of avoiding, reducing and saving taxes on the part of the rich are entirely moral in themselves. They are indeed commendable in the highest degree. Not only are they on the right side of the line; they are so far inside the line that they are nowhere near it.

I have never heard of any law which makes it either a criminal or a civil offense for a rich man to own a house. Yet of course the rich man who owns a house avoids a very considerable portion of his surtax as compared with an equally rich man who rents a house. On January twenty-fifth a member of the United States Senate said to that body:

"I may say that at least one senator just recently told me that he had bought a house here in the city of Washington because by putting his money into a house it would reduce his surtaxes. He was paying rent of $5000 a year prior to that time. He was not permitted to deduct the $5000 from his income, but if he buys a house for $100,000 and thus reduces his income by $5000 a year, he gets in effect that amount as a reduction from his net income for taxation purposes."

The senator who related this incident might have added that if his rich fellow member had put a $50,000 or $60,000 mortgage on the house he would have still further evaded, avoided or reduced the highest theoretical surtax which a man of his means might pay, because he could deduct the interest. But there is no law against putting mortgages upon houses, nor even any moral obloquy against so doing, provided the amount is reasonable. Certainly there is no moral reproach in owning a house, yet both ownership and mortgaging serve the purpose of reducing the surtaxes.

Nor have I ever heard that there is any law against a man continuing to hold a piece of property just because it has become valuable, provided he came by it honestly to begin with. Yet there is no surer way of evading surtaxes than by refusing to sell property which has increased in value.

Nor is there any law against selling property which has depreciated in value. Indeed, I have never heard that any moral reproach attaches thereto.

This does not refer, of course, to the former practice of selling depreciated stocks and buying them back the next day, an obvious technicality. I refer only to sales and ownership which are genuine and bona fide in every respect.

The rich man reduces or avoids surtaxes to a large extent by retaining property on which there is a profit and selling that which shows a loss. Just where is the moral taint in such a practice?

On December 17, 1923, a man of reputedly great wealth, who happens to be chairman of the board of directors of two large and prosperous industrial companies, wrote a letter in which he declared that the exigencies of war might warrant the commandeering of capital by means of high rates of taxation, but that such a burden in times of peace defeats itself. He then mentioned a hypothetical case of a man with an income of $300,000, who at a 10 per cent rate of income tax would pay $30,000; and added:

"This is less than he may earn in salary alone apart from the income from his securities. He does not resent the fact that his tax is at a little higher rate than his neighbor's of less income. Multiply this tax by 3.4, making 34 per cent, and the situation changes completely. His tax is $102,000, or probably above his salary capacity, and it pays him handsomely to resign his position and to devote his energies to rearranging his affairs in order to reduce taxes by purchase of tax-free investments and in doing many other things that the law permits, in order to accomplish his aims without taxation.

"The great disappointment resulting from the high rates of taxation comes from the fact that the person taxed has the matter entirely in his own hands, and will, if dealt with unfairly in his own estimation, see to it that he has nothing to tax."

Unwarranted Charges

But let no one suppose that the writer of this letter was able to get away with such a statement without a red-hot comeback. One lawmaker who quoted the letter said to its author:

"If you and others like you, under the present law, are evading your taxes that are honestly due the Government by some technicality in the present law, then the people should know it, and the law should be changed to prevent your evading its manifest purpose." Indeed the letter writer was actually accused of disloyalty and told, "It is anarchy for a citizen to talk that way."

Another lawmaker discussing the same question declared that for a rich man to decline to make large profits in order to avoid surtaxes "is sabotage, pure and simple." For a man even to talk that way constitutes him "an enemy to his country and a traitor to its people."

Well, let us see. It is true that the rich man who wrote the letter is chairman of a company which had many war orders, and no doubt made large war profits. I do not know. That is not the subject under discussion. The profits of any company, the income of any man should be considered on their merits and disposed of according to the merits of the case.

But coming to the direct charge of disloyalty, anarchy, and the like, I have thus far failed to find, after a diligent search, that it is a criminal or even a civil offense for a man to retire from any line of manufacturing, real estate, retailing, mining, banking or any other business, and after having sold his interests to reinvest the proceeds in bonds issued by the United States Government, or by any state or municipal government within its borders. There is, of course, no such law, and yet what other inference can be drawn from the speeches just quoted?

Since when indeed has there been any moral obloquy attached to the purchase of government securities? They are or were issued because the Federal, state or local governments need or needed the money, and they were put out at a much lower rate of interest than the going one on other securities because they were tax-exempt. During the war the rich were urged as a patriotic duty to buy First Liberty Bonds, though the interest rate on them is only 3½ per cent.

Now they are denounced as traitors if they happen to own or buy these bonds, because such ownership helps to reduce their surtaxes. What inconsistency, what utter puerility of reasoning!

It is not only absolutely legal, it is moral in every respect to buy First Liberty 3½ per cent bonds, as well as the bonds of states and cities. Yet for certain classes of rich men there is no safer or surer way of reducing, or if you must use the word which Justice Holmes says you have no right to use in this connection, of evading surtaxes

Certainly no man who is capable of thinking will say that there is even the faintest trace of the dishonorable in buying legally issued bonds the proceeds of which are used in the construction of schoolhouses, hospitals, asylums, improved roads, waterworks and similar objects. Yet a certain proportion of the rich are able by purchasing these bonds to avoid the payment of surtaxes altogether.

Social Justice Thwarted

There are not enough tax-exempt bonds to provide for all the incomes of the rich, and many of the rich are not in a position to buy such bonds extensively. A man whose fortune is tied up in a business whose control he does not want to give up is naturally unable to convert it into exempt investments. The professional man or business man whose income is very large but which has not been large long enough to enable him to buy exempt securities to any extent, finds this avenue of escape from the high surtaxes, honest and ethical though it be, blocked to him.

Right here, it may be noted, lies a damning indictment of high tax rates, especially if those rates were adopted as a method of bringing about social justice. Instead of that, they thwart social justice, because they make it possible for the idle rich, the very class who should pay the taxes, to escape, and penalize success in each rising generation of business men.

But this is not the place to discuss in detail the question of tax-exempt securities. That question has already received widespread attention, and most people mistakenly suppose that they form the chief loophole through which there is escape from the surtaxes. There are several other methods, any of which causes more loss to the Government, and the fact should never be lost sight of that the Federal Government and the cities are able to put out these securities at less than the going rate for money simply because they are tax exempt.

It has been a desperate effort, savoring of despair, this attempt made by each succeeding Congress and Administration, to patch up the leaky sieve. One weak place after another has been discovered. The filling of one loophole seems merely to force another. Some of the remedies prove to be worse than the disease.

Or if we change the metaphor it may be said in all truth that the strain of running the machine at an excessive speed is proving very hard on its working parts. As fast as one weak spot is discovered another is found. To delve into these holes, to find these weak spots, we must face technicalities and intricacies. But if the results of the inspection are interpreted in simple, understandable language it may prove of broad public interest.

First then, let us look at how the corporation, as compared with the individual, stands as regards the income tax. Once that subject is broached the wanderings of Alice in Wonderland will seem simple indeed!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

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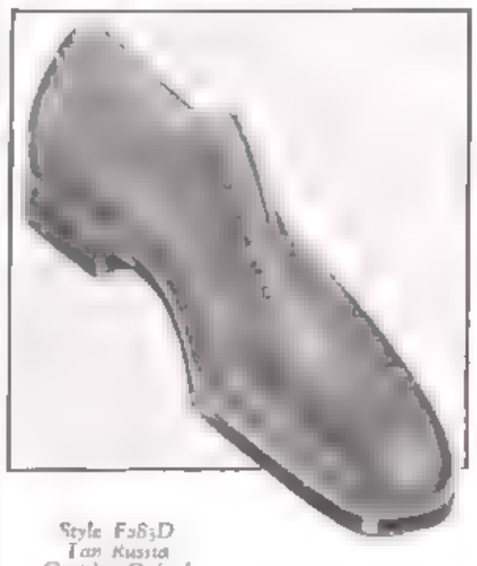

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A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 40)

But the roar of the tempest was too great, perhaps, to allow them to hear. Marveling greatly, William Carpenter released his hold and swam silently to the shore.

XLVIII

THAT night there was a jamboree at which everyone went quite crazy. The storm had swept on and away and the great blue bowl of night tinkled with little metal stars. A concert was given. There were many reasons for this celebration - chief among them Vernon's and Averil's delivery from the terrors of the deep. Then again, William had made the startling announcement that he was going to marry Lydia a fact which he had not thought fit to communicate to her either in terms of enlightenment or of proposal. He had been fired, perhaps, by what he overheard in the boat, coupled with the fact that he had seen Lydia destroy, unread, a batch of letters from home, presumably relating to a past that no longer interested her. Among the destroyed correspondence were a number of dressmakers' catalogues which hitherto had provided Lydia with her chief article of literature. Taking these matters into consideration, William, with brutal frankness, said, "We're going to get married," and he accompanied the statement with a glare at the woman of his choice that boded her ill should she deny it.

But Lydia did not deny it. Instead she ran her fingers through his hair and tugged it and said, "That's right, old man."

As Mary wrote in an odd page of her diary, "She seemed to be hanging onto him with both hands."

There were two reasons why the Morgans desired to celebrate. First, there was their reunion after a separation of nearly a month; second, the glorious tidings that their Annie had, at a single coup, presented them with two grandsons. Joshua, in a speech of characteristic length, dealt with this supreme feat of maternity, largely attributing it to the fact he and Kate had come to the South Sea. He admitted that in many ways the trip was not all a man of his years could ask for; but if it had done nothing else, it had cured a rather misplaced ambition "on part of old woman and self to go trapesing."

"All that talk about an honeymoon," he went on, "works out as being no more than talk. She's satisfied with me and me with her and always have been. We was a couple of fools to fancy we could go off spooning at our time of lives. Fools we was, if no worse, taking into consideration that we was potential grandparents."

At this point Kate interrupted the proceedings by drawing attention to the fact that Joshua's nose needed attention and by offering her handkerchief for the service. Joshua slapped her away and proceeded:

"With young folk it's different. They must travel far to find out where they belong; but old folks know, or should know, where they belong, and that place is before their own hearthstones where old woman has rocked cradle and old man has warmed his feet and warmed his beer. Well, we've had a trip and we've had a lesson and we've got the treasure of a future generation to look forward to."

"I wish to heaven you wouldn't talk as if it were all over, though," said Tommy when the clapping had subsided.

"As to that," Joshua replied, "I may have a word to say in a day or so. But one thing's certain—us can't stay here poking about under rocks for a lifetime."

It was rather an unhappy conclusion to an otherwise popular speech, sounding, as it did, a note of failure on an occasion of rejoicing. Feeling this to be the case, Mary Ottery made the surprising suggestion that she should sing; and without waiting for assent or denial, she stood up in their midst with her hands behind her back like a properly behaved school child, and sang the old song, "I shot an arrow into the air." She made no effort to impart the smallest dramatic force to her rendering. Like a trusting linnet she opened her throat and sang. When they cried for more she gave them Cherry Ripe and Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and lastly a hymn, because her repertoire was exhausted. And everything she sang sounded as innocent as water, a breeze or a bird.

When she had finished Lydia put her arms round Mary's neck and hugged her and said, "You brave darling."

And perhaps it was the bravest thing Mary had ever done, because the distance between being a companion and being an entertainer is enormous.

After that Henry fished out a banjo and the men kicked up a frightful row, losing the original melody of every tune through persistent ambition to sing seconds.

In the midst of the pandemonium Mr. Isinglass plucked at Vernon's sleeve and whispered, "Have you ever noticed how rapidly the last few grains of sand fall through the hourglass, hastening their own end, as it were?"

And Vernon replied, "I know, but it doesn't matter now—the end is safe. I want to talk to you."

"Not tonight. I'm tired. Tomorrow at ten o'clock—up there." And he pointed at the silhouette of the hilltop. "At ten—not earlier. I'm going to slip away now."

But before he went he looked at everyone in turn, then stooped to whisper, "Take your mind back a few months, Winslowe. The same circle of faces, a few months ago—that night in the restaurant."

"I know."

"Can you wonder then that never for an instant I doubted there was treasure on the island? Good night."

Silently he melted away into the shadows. Henry Julius was tearing at the strings of his banjo, and in a stentorian voice William roared:

"Motherland, motherland,
See thy sons at thy right hand."

"Mother," said Joshua, his head on Kate's fat shoulder, "are ye ready for home, mother?"

She nodded, then a doubt assailed her.

"Aye, but there's these boys and girls, Josh."

"I was thinking," he replied, "when I was over there in Honolulu—thinking there might be grand possibilities of opening an island branch of our business; and if that were done—well, one'd have to have someone to run it and ——"

"Ee, Josh!" said Kate, and clung to him for very pride.

"Now don't excite yourself," said he.

But they talked over the project long after everyone else was asleep—everyone, that is, except Mr. Isinglass, who all night long was toiling up the hill, carrying bags that jingled and returning with them empty to the beach. On the last journey of all he bore upon his back an old box strapped with brass, beneath the weight of which his knees bent almost to the ground.

XLIX

"I'M BOUND to make a hash of the thing," said Henry Julius; "that's a certainty; but I'd like to have a shot at it all the same. Just as you were last night—singing—with nothing beyond but the blue sky."

"But it was night," said Mary.

"M'm—yes, but one can't paint at night—at least I can't. Besides, I want that innocent blue—the purity note."

"Very well."

She finished her breakfast quickly and joined him.

"I shall never be able to sit for more than ten minutes, though. I've lost the knack of keeping still."

"Ten minutes'll do. I haven't the craft which keeps man from getting stale at a long stretch."

Together they mounted toward the higher ground.

"Starts a thought, that does," said Henry after a ruminative silence. "A thought on constancy. One ought to be able to say I'll be this or that, I'll do this or that, indefinitely. See what I mean?—apart from moods and impulses to know our own power and be able to govern it. If we can hold down a thought—an ability—what you like—for ten minutes, one ought to be able to go on holding it down for good. That's always been the trouble with me—bright flashes—I've never learned to burn steadily."

They reached a clearing in the thicket just below the high rock and not more than a dozen yards from the spot where Mr Isinglass had buried the treasure.

"Here, I thought, where the shade falls, for me,' said Henry, "and you over there I won't be a minute fixing up." He unstraddled his easel and squeezed some dabs of color on a folding palette.

"Now Winslowe is the type of man that I admire—the solid purpose of him. He's got character and sticking plaster too. I was amusing myself the other day analyzing his character against mine the service mind against the opportunist. I can't say the result was altogether flattering to myself."

Mary smiled.

"I mean that. Look at it this way: Heaps of times in my life I've been tricky in and out quick, with a profit gained at the cost of a loss in credit. Yes, I've done things to be ashamed of—and what's more, I have been ashamed of them too. But I've never gone back to the people I swindled and said, 'Look here, this wasn't altogether a straight deal.' Instead I made guaranties with myself that I wouldn't behave in the same way again. I've left old scores outstanding to settle themselves, if you see what I mean. Now Winslowe isn't like that. If Winslowe cut the cloth he wouldn't slip away and pretend someone else had done it; he'd call the marker, own up and pay for a new one."

"I think he would," said Mary.

"And that's why"—said Henry Julius, filberting his paint brushes with wet lips - "that's why I admire him, and if ever I got a chance of doing him a good turn I'd take it."

He squinnied his eyes at Mary and made a gesture that she should raise her chin.

"That's fine. Hold it now—breathe through your mouth. Splendid!"

Inspiration had descended upon him that morning and the sketch he dashed in, viewed by comparison, showed a marked advance in skill and understanding.

"I must move," she said at last.

"All right, p'r'aps you'll come back later on. No, don't look at it—not yet at least."

Mary wandered away, while Henry, head down over his palette and wholly absorbed, set about the terrific undertaking of mixing an innocent blue.

The remarkable discovery that the color he sought could be obtained by a small speck of Indian red worked into a mass of flake white and cerulean blue released his consciousness to more everyday affairs, and presently he became aware of voices on the other side of a separating screen of bushes. At first he was too wrapt up in his work to pay heed to what was said, but a few words louder than the rest brought up his head sharply and quickened his hearing.

The words were spoken by Vernon Winslowe in a voice Henry had never heard him use before:

"Ever since I launched the swindle I've racked my brains for a way out, and now I've got it."

He did not speak like a man who was contrite, but rather as one charged with excitement.

Swindle! A way out!

Henry stiffened, and putting down his palette and brushes edged a little nearer. Next came the thin birdlike tones of Mr. Isinglass:

"Since we approach the end, Winslowe, let us have the story from its beginning."

"You know the beginning well enough."

"Does she?"

Then Averil's voice:

"He told me everything last night."

"Then tell it to me," said Mr. Isinglass. "For, although you may not credit it, all I knew of you when I determined to take a hand in this adventure was that you were a retired naval officer with a pretty good war record at the back of him."

"I would have thought," said Vernon, "my conduct as a civilian would have helped you to forget that."

"On the contrary, it urged me to remember it. You were angry, and angry people are seldom responsible for their words and deeds."

"That's true," said Averil, "as I know."

Mr. Isinglass went on evenly:

"After all, anger, taken in relation to the rest of a man's life, occupies a small proportion of time. I think sometimes we are given out tempers to make mistakes with, and our characters repair the mistakes we have made. Come on, Winslowe, from the beginning. Then we can come to the solution in due course."

So rather haltingly Vernon related the chain of circumstances that led him to his present predicament. He concealed nothing either in his favor or against it. When

(Continued on Page 68)

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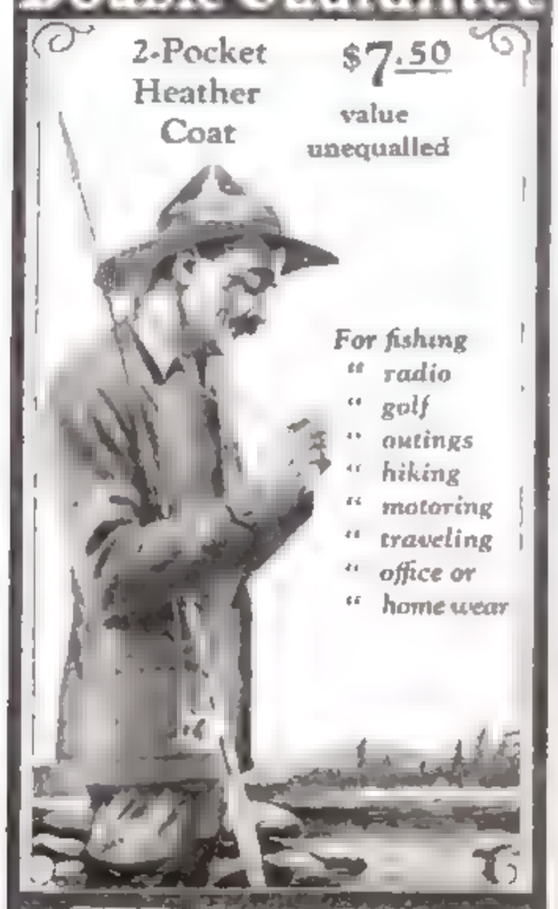

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

Continued from Page 64

he told how he had forged the entry in the old map Mr. Isinglass started violently.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Surely you don't mean you invented those words about the treasure?"

"I wrote them in."

Mr. Isinglass removed his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Oh, dear me!" he muttered. "Oh, Winslowe, but this makes it terribly difficult! It means there is no treasure!"

Henry Julius, concealed behind the screen of bushes, bit his short mustache and shut and opened his hands which were sticky with perspiration.

"No treasure," the old man went on; "but I had set my heart on there being one. And the map reference was all lies?"

"For practical purposes, yes."

Mr. Isinglass took his head in his hands and moaned very much as a child might have done who had been told that the institution of Christmas and birthdays was to be abolished.

Then came Averil's voice, clear, cool and incisive:

"That's not quite true."

"Averil, I asked you not to mention what ——"

"I know, but I'm going to." And regardless of protest she told what they had found in the log book that day at Cadiz.

The effect of this information upon Mr. Isinglass was astonishing. Peering through the leaves, Henry saw the old gentleman rise to his feet and execute a *danse de joie* upon the grass. When he had satisfied his need to celebrate he breathlessly returned to his seat on the rock.

"I tell you what we'll do, Winslowe," he said. "We'll go down to the yacht and crack a bottle of Pommery. I've never been so pleased about anything in my life."

Vernon looked at Averil.

"You see what you've done?"

"I don't care," she replied; "it's true—it was in the log book."

He shook his head.

"Haven't we inspired enough false hopes without starting a fresh one?"

"Well, well, well, Winslowe, what do you suggest?"

"I come to you for suggestions, my imagination has run dry."

"Ah, that five thousand pounds?"

"It isn't five thousand—it's thirty thousand."

And in a few words he told the amazing news of his inheritance.

"H'm!" said Mr. Isinglass gravely. "And you propose to pool that sum to the common advantage?"

"Yes. I leave myself out, of course."

Mr. Isinglass repeated the exclamation "H'm!" and added, "Odd young man." After that he fell into a reverie. His next remark was surprising:

"Eight into thirty—three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds apiece. A nice little bit." He whisked his head round and looked at Averil. "What are you going to do with your share?"

She flushed hotly.

"That's rather unkind, isn't it? Obviously I couldn't take a share."

"How's that?"

"Well ——"

"Pride?"

"We're friends, he and I. It would be unthinkable to ——"

"Come to that, we're all friends, Miss Averil."

"I know, but ——"

Then from Vernon

"You'd have to take your share."

"How could I?" said she.

"Well, if you refuse," said Mr. Isinglass, "I don't see very well how I can accept. Then, of course, some of the others may refuse and ——"

"But you must invent a way by which they will accept."

"My dear Winslowe, I'm not a magician; and do you know, I think I should be very sorry to use what powers I may possess in persuading folks for whom I have a boundless respect to take a gratuity."

"That isn't fair," said Vernon. "I've cheated them and I've a right to repay."

"Yes, but it's a simpler proposition to rob than to return. What you suggest is very quixotic and very creditable to yourself, but I don't see how you can treat this business as though it were a kind of children's country-holiday fund."

Averil came over and put a hand in Vernon's.

"That's what I felt, but I couldn't hurt you last night by saying so."

"You see, Winslowe," Mr. Isinglass went on, "your whole premise is wrong. You can't in one breath expose yourself as a blackguard and in the next as a benefactor."

"Yes, but," Vernon began—"but don't you see?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"The money was Roger Winslowe's just as surely as the treasure would have been."

Mr. Isinglass shook his head.

"It's too far-fetched."

Vernon's face was drawn with pain.

"It's awful!" he said. "If I can't if there isn't any way—damn it, did I inherit this money just to mock me? Look here, I shall force them to take it—I shall chuck it on the beach and leave it there."

"If you omitted to mention the fact beforehand, you might do worse than that," said Mr. Isinglass with a twinkle.

Vernon got up and gripped him by the arm.

"Are you going to help me?"

"To the best of my ability, of course; but I am more than ever convinced that the only solution to the puzzle lies in finding the treasure."

Vernon looked at him hopelessly and jerked back his head.

"If that's so," he answered bitterly, "we may as well throw in our hands straightway." Then he stopped, and added, "After all, you made a mistake not to let me ——"

It was because of Averil he did not finish the sentence. But the unspoken words started a new train of thought in his head. There was a way out, after all—a sure way by which no one could refuse to accept his money. Some hint of the thought must have revealed itself in his face. Mr. Isinglass had an uncanny gift for reading other men's minds.

Taking the lapel of Vernon's coat, he drew his head down and whispered, "Quick thinking, Winslowe."

Vernon started.

"How do you mean?"

"Pff! You can't hide your thoughts from me. I've seen that expression before."

"I don't understand."

"A pistol shot in the dawn, eh? A letter in your breast pocket? 'I will and bequeath my entire estate, real and personal, to ——' Then a list of eight names."

"Well, if all else fails, why not?"

Mr. Isinglass smiled and shook his head.

"I do admire your sincerity," said he; "but you're a clumsy thinker, Winslowe. Besides, all else hasn't failed—yet. Give me an hour to think things over. I've a solid belief something will turn up." Then, in a louder voice, "Take him away for an hour, Miss Averil." Then, as they were turning to go, "Aren't you proud of him? I am."

They left him seated on the rock.

2.

HENRY JULIUS took off his hat and wiped his brow. His eyes were wide open and his mouth sticky and parched. His first conscious desire on recovering from his surprise was for a drink. Among his painting materials was a little tin bottle. He unscrewed the cap and raised it to his lips, only to be reminded that he was painting in oils that morning and that the bottle contained medium and not water. The ridiculous aspect of this performance, even though it failed to quench his thirst, did something to restore him to a more normal frame of mind. He sat down on the grass and collected his thoughts.

Presently he said, "My stars, it's amazing!"

To realize the significance of this remark, it should be said that his amazement was not so much inspired by having discovered the swindle as by hearing a man's voice wrung with misery at being unable to find a way of making a gift of his entire fortune to a company of men and women with whom he had only recently become acquainted. He appreciated well enough why Vernon had started the swindle—it was a natural outcome of ill usage received at the hands of others—but the suicidal quixotism now revealed defeated him altogether.

"I was right in my estimate of him, though," he muttered. "The poor fellow must have suffered."

Not in a single respect had Vernon's stock depreciated from Henry's quotation. If anything it had improved. But he wished above all things he had not overheard the conversation, or had had the decency to slip away at the outset. He disliked himself for eavesdropping, and even the knowledge that his presence was accidental failed to restore his good opinion of himself. And so there was no treasure, and he, a shrewd business man, with a wide knowledge of the pitfalls which beset the feet of investors, had allowed himself to be trapped. Here was a thought which rankled until it was followed by consciousness of what he would have missed had not fate brought him to the island.

No treasure—which meant that instead there was a tragedy. Dimly he began to understand how Vernon felt about it all. The tragedy of failure! A sudden memory came to mind of that little company he had floated before he left England—the company for the future success of which he was not so sanguine as to consider it advisable to stay at home.

"I wish I'd never launched the thing," he muttered, for there had arisen in his imagination a picture of Tommy Gates' face when he should hear the truth; and from that it was not difficult to imagine other faces, unknown to him, who would be wearing similar expressions as a result of his financial shrewdness.

"One thing is obvious," he argued. "I mustn't know anything about this business."

Acting on this intention, he packed up his sketching materials and tiptoed away into the bush. Arrived there, he retraced his steps and mounted to the rock whistling as he walked.

"Hullo," was his guileless greeting when he saw Mr. Isinglass. "Fancy you being here."

Mr. Isinglass, who had moved into the shade, smiled a greeting and patted the grass at his side.

"If you're not in too great a hurry."

Henry unshipped his painting gear and sat down.

"I'd enjoy a breather, and a chat with you is always pleasant."

"H'm—nice of you."

"Been taking a little walk, sir?"

"Did you think I came on the wings of chance?"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

Mr. Isinglass chuckled.

"Well, p'raps I did. I've been thinking, Julius ——"

"Yes?"

"That it's about time we found that treasure; and really, you know, some of you are unaccountably lazy."

Henry Julius assented with a nod.

"There's something in the air," he said, "that ——"

Mr. Isinglass shook his head.

"Oh, I dare say. And I observe that everyone is very happy. But it occurs to me that in their happiness they aren't being quite fair to Winslowe—to our leader."

"Not fair?"

"Um-um. It's a big responsibility to take people on a treasure hunt and find nothing. You see yourself what a painful position it puts him in?"

"Yes; I hadn't thought of that; but quite so."

"So, as I look at it, everyone's obligation is to help—if not for their own sakes, then for his. You may say that with a good many of us there is no real excuse for scrabbling in the earth for a few pieces of gold; that many of us have already found a treasure out here in various other ways."

"I think we have, Mr Isinglass."

"Yes, but that isn't quite the point. We should never forget that we owe our presence here to the idea of a material treasure. Therefore no effort should be spared to prove that Winslowe did not bring us on a wild-goose chase."

"That's all very well," Henry assented dubiously; "but what's to be done?"

"Find the treasure, of course."

Henry laughed.

"Suppose there is no treasure."

"I decline to suppose anything of the kind. Why should I?"

"We haven't even found the Needle Rock yet."

Mr. Isinglass flicked a bread pill into the air. The talk had taken the turn he was waiting for.

"Let's put our heads together, Julius. Let's do a little theorizing. Do you as a business man imagine an old scalawag like Roger Winslowe would have written a plain statement of where he had buried his fortune?"

"We've the proof he did."

"Ah, the map, the log book, Needle Rock, meridian and all that! Yes, but has anyone found a rock that looked like a needle?"

"That's been the trouble."

(Continued on Page 68)

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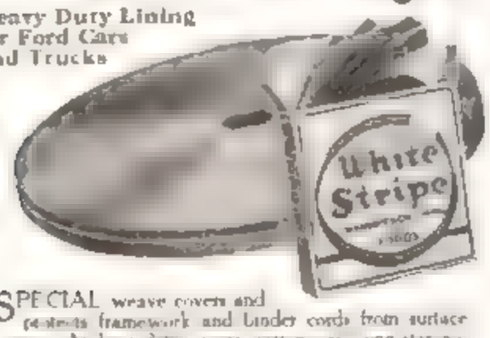

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(Continued from Page 66)

Mr. Isinglass leaned forward mysteriously.

"Perhaps it was meant to be. Now what does the word 'needle' suggest to you?"

Henry made a thoughtful face.

"I suppose a sharp rock pointing upward—Cleopatra's Needle—a thing women use."

"But Roger Winslowe was neither a woman nor an Egyptian queen. What was he?"

"By all accounts he was a bit of a scoundrel."

"Just so—a scoundrel, a pirate, a seafaring man. Is a seafaring man going to look for adjectives in a lady's workbasket?"

"I don't —— How do you mean?"

"It strikes me as being far more likely he would choose them from articles of his own trade. Look up the word 'needle' in a dictionary and you will find it has several applications. A geologist might use it to define an aciform crystal, a builder speaks of a temporary wooden support as a needle."

"Does he, indeed?"

"But we are dealing with a man of the seas, a mariner, so these applications of the word may be dismissed."

Henry nodded and dismissed them with a gesture.

"What remains?"

"I really couldn't say."

"No, but I could. You may accuse my solution of being far-fetched, but it's worthy of consideration."

"Well?"

"A mariner's compass. The movable bar—the pointer of a mariner's compass is called a needle. Did you know that?"

Henry leaned back with real admiration.

"That's smart."

"Ah, it appeals to you. Assume we take it to have been the needle of a compass to which Roger referred, to what conclusion does that lead us?"

Henry Julius shut his eyes and screwed up his face.

At last, "I've got it!" he cried. "A rock which points horizontally, not vertically."

"Julius," said Mr. Isinglass, "you are a man of vision." And in his excitement he took a great piece of bread from his pocket and began to work on the largest pill he had ever made. "Exactly, Julius—horizontally—horizontally. In fact," he added in an exultant tone, "just such a rock as the one that faces us now."

Henry opened his eyes and stared.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

Black against the sky was the great wedge of rock, its point casting a shadow upon the bed across which it lay.

"Good Lord! Is it possible, I wonder?"

Something new had come into his face; something strangely unlike the expression he had worn half an hour earlier when he was painting Mary Ottery. Mr. Isinglass, who passed nothing by, marked it with melancholy disapproval.

"And we may be sitting within a few rods of a fortune."

He rose to his feet and stood biting a finger nail.

"Have you tested the theory, Mr. Isinglass—worked out the receipt for finding the treasure given in the map?"

Mr. Isinglass shook his head.

"Not I," he replied. "The notion has just come to me. There are probably a hundred similar formations of rock on the island. This one was merely convenient to illustrate my theory."

There was a quality of deliberate innocence in his voice that sounded a note of sharp familiarity in the ears of Henry Julius. Thus, in the past, lightly and on terms of disparagement had many men talked to him to conceal eagerness to achieve an object. Even in moments of excitement or emergency, Henry Julius did not forget the lessons he had learned in the hard school of life. The deliberate innocence of Mr. Isinglass instantly awoke in him a sense of caution.

"As you say," he retorted, "probably there are hundreds. I can think of a dozen myself. After all, the whole idea is a bit fantastic."

He glanced at his watch. The time was half past eleven.

"To be sure," said Mr. Isinglass, rising and brushing the grass from his trousers. "At best, theorists are dangerous folk to put faith in."

"Just so, just so."

With the most casual air in the world Henry strolled to the rock head down and attention riveted on the point of shadow. Something attracted his eye, and under cover of tucking in a shoelace he stooped and picked it up. It was the bread pill Mr. Isinglass had pressed into the rock bed the day before. The shadow of the point had not yet reached the spot to which it had adhered. Within half an hour it would do so. Henry Julius was wondering about many things, when Mr. Isinglass spoke:

"I think I'll be getting down to the beach now. It's a trifle hot up here. You will stay and make a sketch, I suppose?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good-by then."

"Oh, by the way," Henry called after him, "have you mentioned this idea of yours to anyone else?"

"Not a soul. I hardly thought it worth while. False hopes, you know."

"But you thought it worth while to tell me."

"I saw no harm in it. You're a business man."

"Just so. But you didn't think it worth while to dip a spade and see what turned up."

"I'm not much of a digger."

"No."

It was all very puzzling. Henry shot a glance at Mr. Isinglass, who seemed rather nervous. His forefinger and thumb were revolving very fast, one against the other. The action gave Henry an idea.

"You must have made a tremendous lot of bread pills in your time, Mr. Isinglass. The marvel is what becomes of them all."

"I hadn't thought of that, but I dare say you're right."

"No, you hadn't thought of it," Henry repeated; "but you should think. Men give themselves away by trifles, you know."

"Eh?"

"Queer your having told me and no one else."

"About my pills?"

"About this rock."

"You happened to come along."

"Yes, and I happen to be a business man and you happen to be going away and leaving me—a business man alone with the possibility of finding a great fortune."

Mr. Isinglass said nothing. He was watching Henry's face closely.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Isinglass, that I might be a bit of an opportunist—that I might not be the ideal man to leave alone with, say, a bag of diamonds that hadn't been counted and didn't belong to anyone in particular?"

"If the cases are parallel, surely my present action proves that I think you are the ideal man."

"H'm!" said Henry Julius. "That's a neat answer. Surprising too. Were you really going down to the beach?"

"I was."

"Not to some spot behind these bushes where you could see without being seen?"

"I was not."

His next shot was very direct:

"I suppose there's no doubt about the treasure being there, Mr. Isinglass?"

"That remains to be proved."

Henry Julius thought for a while before answering.

"Then by your leave we'll delay proving it until a few more witnesses are present."

"Julius," said Mr. Isinglass slowly, "I wish I were a younger man."

"Eh? Why?"

"Because then I should ask you to knock me down."

"Good Lord!" Henry ejaculated with a half laugh. "I don't blame you for ringing a coin on the counter. If I hadn't found that bread pill sticking to the rock I might never have tumbled that you were trying me out, and if I hadn't—well, who knows —"

"That's honesty run riot," whooped Mr. Isinglass. "Let's be thorough schoolboys and shake hands."

They did, and afterward Henry made a characteristic remark: "I wish Mary had seen us doing that and knew why."

It is a strange reflection that through his business sense a man may find a pathway to his soul.

"As it approaches noon," said Mr. Isinglass, glancing at his watch, "I think we will postpone our descent to the beach and follow up our theory straightway. Run down to the camp, Julius, and let's get the folks together. A pick-and-shovel parade up here—at once."

Henry Julius made off at a run.

LI

AVERIL and Vernon were talking together when Mary came upon them.

"Hello," she said. "Not working this morning?"

"No," Vernon replied. "We were theorizing for a change. Disgraceful, isn't it?"

"I expect it will do you good. You've both been working too hard lately. I mustn't stop. Good-by."

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Averil asked.

"I'm supposed to be sitting for my portrait. I left Henry to put in the background. He's up there by the big rock."

"Up where?"

Mary pointed.

"The studio is just below the table top. We had our first sitting an hour ago."

Vernon and Averil exchanged glances.

"An hour ago—and you left him there?"

"Yes absorbed."

Then Vernon said, "Was there anyone else by the big rock?"

"No."

"Not Mr. Isinglass and ——"

"No, I should have heard if he'd been there. There was no one when I came away. Did you want him? If you like I'll ask if Henry has seen him and give you a shout."

"It doesn't matter," said Vernon. "Any time'll do."

"I must run. Good-by."

They waited until she was out of sight, then turned and looked at each other.

"He would have heard," said Averil slowly.

"Bound to."

"Oh-h!"

"Look here, don't take it like that. I don't know why, but I'm glad he heard. It simplifies the business. Now there's nothing left to do but face the cards."

"Then you think he'll tell?"

"Honestly, I don't know. He's a shrewd man. He might even try to turn his knowledge to account. No, that's unfair, and 't any rate it's not the point. The telling is up to me and the sooner it's over the better."

"I shan't stop you," she said.

"Then let's get down to the camp. They'll be along for dinner directly—couldn't find a better moment."

"You won't see Mr. Isinglass first?"

"No."

Now that the end was in sight, he was strangely unconcerned, as though by the very determination to expose himself a weight had been lifted from his mind.

"I never was much of a hand at bottling things up," he said in answer to a query in her eyes, "and these last months I've done nothing else. I dare say it's been a healthy lesson, but waiting for a thing is the worst part. Are you coming?"

"Do you want me to come?"

"It'd be easier if you stayed away. I don't know, though—everyone ought to be there. Yes, you'd better come. But first let's shake hands and say good-by."

"Didn't I tell you ——" she began, but he stopped her with "I know you did, but I answered that. Averil—besides, after it's all over I shall—well, it's no use talking about that. Young Rogers will take command of the Mascot. He's a good chap and a decent navigator. Let's shake hands and say good-by."

"You won't come back to England?"

He laughed.

"Well, hardly. I don't imagine anyone would ask me to do that. It would put rather a severe strain on tolerance, wouldn't it?"

"You accept the idea of saying good-by very easily."

It took all his strength to reply in an everyday voice. "There's no alternative. After all, we're two people who've met and liked and—I'm fatalist enough to believe our ways separate here."

Then Averil said, "I fell in love with you the first day I saw you."

"Are you going to shake hands?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "No, no, no!"

In silence they walked to the camp and found it deserted. There were signs that its occupants had left in a hurry—a pot was boiling over, a half-peeled potato and a knife lay on the ground, one of the benches was overturned. From the high ground above came the shouts and halloos and the notes of a bugle.

"H'm," said Vernon, "he hasn't lost much time."

LII

THERE was something tremendously infectious in the manner in which Henry Julius sounded the rally. In the past he had earned notoriety as an inspirer of confidence—*vide* his successes as a company promoter. This day his methods were less

(Continued on Page 70)

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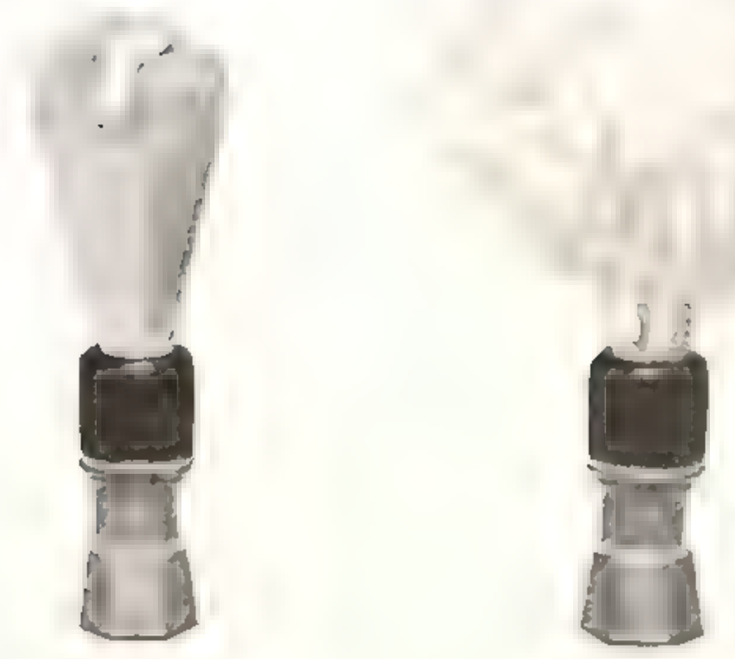

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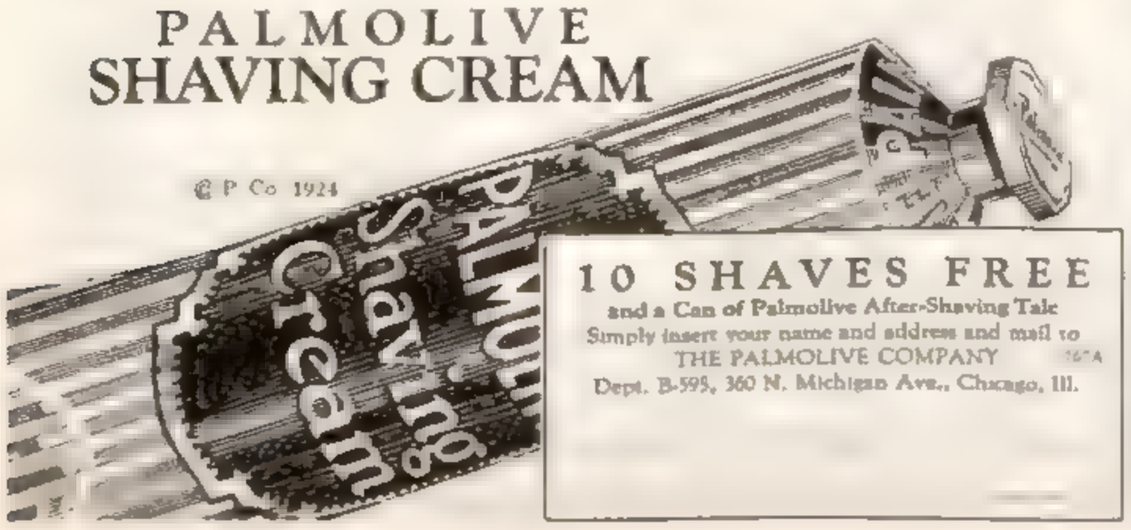

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(Continued from Page 68)

professional if more thrilling. He had dashed into the camp and roared, "Boys, picks and shovels!"

Having seized a foot rule and a compass from the table in his tent, he dashed off again with the young and healthy ones after him. Even Mrs. Morgan, a wooden kitchen spoon in her hand, joined breathlessly in the chase with that curious rolling gait peculiar to old ladies in pursuit of trams.

Arrived at the hilltop, Henry was besieged by eager questioners.

"Don't crowd round me," he implored. "Give a man a chance. Where's Winslowe?"

Lydia as bugler was told off to sound a blast.

"What's all the excitement?" said Mary, who had just arrived.

"Mr. Julius has an idea, that's all"—returned Mr. Isinglass—"an idea that the needle might refer to the needle of a compass."

"He thought of it," Henry threw over his shoulder. "Here, get out of the light, William."

Then William Carpenter, who had suddenly realized what the excitement was all about, delivered himself of a rock-echoing roar.

"What's the time?" someone shouted.

Mr. Isinglass, a repeater to his ear, answered, "Twelve o'clock!"

"Stand away there!" cried Henry, and lying flat on his face he placed the compass on the point of the shadow. "The needle won't keep still. That's better. A pick, Tommy. The shaft, man." Some maneuvering, then, "There you are! There's the north!"

Vernon and Averill arrived as a chorus of voices shouted, "Fifteen paces due north!"

No one seemed to notice this arrival, though for the moment he thought the shout was to deride him. Then his eyes met Henry's. Henry, who was searching his pockets for the foot rule.

"Have you told them?" he demanded.

"Shut up!" came the answer. "Shut up, you fool! Can't you see what's happening?"

"No, I ——"

Everyone was talking excitedly, much too excitedly for anyone to listen.

"Shut up, can't you?"

Averil's fingers closed on Vernon's arm as he was about to reply.

"Not now," she implored.

"Yes, but ——"

"Not now."

Tommy was pointing at the rock and yelling, "Needle Rock—needle of a compass! Winslowe, look!"

"That foot rule—dropped it somewhere"—from Henry Julius.

A germ of the general excitement suddenly infected Vernon.

"It can't ——"

He whipped from his pocket a tape measure in a leather case, and springing forward shouldered Henry out of the way.

"Got your north? Yes, that's good enough. Here, hold this ring."

There was a scramble, in which William was victorious, for the honor of holding the ring at the end of the measure. Henry had to satisfy himself by reducing fifteen paces to a common measurement.

"Thirty-seven feet six inches."

"Take a sight along the compass needle, William, to be sure the line's straight."

Mr. Isinglass had scrambled to the top of the rock, where he sat hugging his knees and looking down at the workers beneath. Vernon had begun to walk backwards, unwinding the tape as he went.

"Cut down this cane, Tommy; she throws us out of line."

What was that? The forehead of Mr. Isinglass creased into puzzled wrinkles. The line he had followed had met with no interference—it had cleared that cane by two feet or more.

The temporary obstacle was removed.

"Thirty-seven feet six inches, you said?"

"Yes."

"Good enough. That's here. Sure I'm straight, William?"

William, with one eye closed—"A speck more to your left."

"So?"

"So."

"Chuck us a bit of wood."

Vernon caught a gold pencil thrown by Henry and drove its point into the ground.

"Three north—that's ninety ——"

"Seven feet six."

Henry's ready reckonings were a tremendous asset. He could keep his head for figures in any emergency.

"Compass," said Vernon.

No one spoke while he steadied the compass to find the west. The silence after the babel of tongues which preceded it was almost painful. The men's hearts could be seen beating under their shirts. Olive Banbury had a hand to her throat because it had begun to ache. Lydia was stifling an emotional upheaval with tight-closed lips. She knew if she opened them she could laugh, and once she laughed there would be no stopping her. Mary was stroking her knee as though it were a cat. Averil was staring at Vernon, amazed at the steadiness of his hands.

Mrs. Morgan, although she did not know it, was digging into the sandy earth with her wooden spoon and throwing it all over her husband, who was unconscious of everything. It is an unnerving business to find oneself within seven feet six inches of a fortune.

At length, in an unnaturally calm voice, Vernon said, "That should do."

He dropped the ring over the embedded pencil and walked away with the tape and stopped. Where the measure was marked seven feet six inches took him to the center of a piece of moss-covered rock about the size of a paving stone.

Mr. Isinglass had kept his eyes closed for the last two minutes. He opened them as Vernon said, "Here!" He opened, then he closed them again and his face went gray with pain. That none might see the agony he suffered he slipped from the rock, and going round to the far side laid his head against it. The place where the compass and the tape had led Vernon was at least a dozen feet from where he had buried his treasure. The generous deception he had designed to put a crown in their endeavors was wasted—lost. His plans had come to nothing; they were muddled and destroyed by his own carelessness. It would be hopeless now to reveal his hiding place without arousing suspicions. It had been such a charming dream. For weeks and months he had looked forward to this day of happy awakening, content in the belief that no one would ever realize the source from which their treasures had flowed. But instead they would dig in the ground, and finding nothing—a man would be broken, lovers would divide, a boy would die, and disillusionment and distrust and resentment would rust the gains that had been made.

Crashing into his thoughts came the first blow of a pick, but before a second was struck Tommy's voice—"Hold on a second before we take the plunge. Just in case, Winslowe—in case it's all a washout—treasure here or not, we're grateful to you."

Then from Lydia—"And so say all of us!"

And then the clink of metal against rock, the tearing of roots as the big stone was

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Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success

WEARIED with night work, many years ago, the Founder of this firm, sitting at his desk in the early morning hours, wrote on his desk pad—"Everlastingly At It."

Next morning, this writing caught the eye of his partner, who amended it by prefixing "Keeping" and suffixing "Brings Success." Thus was born the N. W. Ayer & Son motto —"Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success"—an axiom which has become a part of our nation's inspirational phraseology.

* * * *

"KEEPING Everlastingly At It." It brought success to George Stephenson, who made the first locomotive after fifteen years of effort; to Thomas Gray, who gave eight years of his life to the writing of his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard"; to Antonio Stradivari, who put something of his soul into the making of violins for nearly seventy-five years; to Amundsen, who reached the South Pole one hundred and thirty-nine years after the first attempt had been made; to Field, who failed three times before he united two continents with the Atlantic cable; to Edison, who filled eight hundred books with experiments before he produced the incandescent lamp.

Success in advertising is no more easily won than success in any other line of endeavor. It takes vision, hard work, clear thinking, a well-conceived plan and, above all, the courage and ability to keep everlastingly at it.

One of the leading manufacturers in this country has been advertising continuously for more than one hundred years, and a great many others have been advertising for ten, twenty, thirty and fifty years.

They have kept everlastingly at it, improving their product, expanding their distribution, creating good-will, seeing, even in temporary depressions and discouragements, the way to larger accomplishment. These attributes are the very fabric of success in any business.

So to-day the phrase, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," is the motto not only of Advertising Headquarters, but of every advertiser who understands the real function of advertising, and who sees it not as a game or a gamble, but as a vital and necessary part of every business which desires to grow to its full stature.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS. PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

HATCHWAY

An End to Mending

Why worry each time you take a suit of underwear out of the drawer? Buy Hatchway, the union suit made without a button front or back, and do away with button bother forever. The

HATCHWAY *NO-BUTTON* UNION SUIT

is worn by a million men and boys because it is well made of the finest materials available. It gives utmost comfort and body freedom and on top of all this it is always ready for wear—never held up for repair.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size, and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $6. (The $6 garment is all silk.)

Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.

Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.

Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway No-Button Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

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levered up, the thud as it toppled over sideways, the scroop of spades and the plop-plop and rustle of earth tossed aside.

LIII

THUS wrote Mary Ottery: "I think what pleased me most was the way Henry came over to me when first the treasure was found and said, 'You get your wish, Mary. You'll be able to travel now.' It was strange he should have thought of that before all else; but everything that morning was strange. We thought it would be an old box we should find buried and we could hardly believe our eyes when the treasure, all mixed with sand and earth and the roots of flowers, came up in spadefuls and was scattered at our feet. It was like a bran dip at a children's party, except that the laughter was missing.

"I don't think anyone was even excited, for somehow feelings had gone beyond excitement—'numbed' would describe them better. It was terribly solemn, like a miracle, and it grew more and more solemn as the pile of gold coins and jewelry mounted up to a heap. Until somebody laughed no one thought of speaking.

"It was Olive who laughed, and she told me afterwards it was because he was out of danger. She meant Mr. Gates, of course. I think I laughed, too, or felt I should; but that was because all those riches made me so small and stupid and I had to do something to get back to my own size again. Besides which, Henry had stooped to rescue his gold pencil, which seemed funny to me. It was all too big for ordinary people—much too easy, and for that reason very difficult.

"I remember seeing Captain Winslowe when the first spadeful came up. I never saw a man look so white. He made a kind of hopeless gesture, and Averil came and took his hand and smiled, and big tears were running down her cheeks and excitedly she said over and over again, 'It's all right all right.'

"Then Mr. Isinglass joined them, walking on tiptoe as people do when someone is ill in a house. He didn't speak, but just looked at Captain Winslowe and shook his head. They looked so funny, standing there shaking their heads at each other. They reminded me of the China mandarins on Miss Hornby's mantelpiece, which would nod and nod for the littlest causes a draft or the banging of a distant door. And presently Mr. Isinglass tiptoes away again and I saw him spread out a colored handkerchief and go down on his knees with his eyes shut and his lips moving.

"Then Captain Winslowe said, 'I feel extraordinarily queer. I think I'm going to ——' It was Henry who stopped him from falling and who made a knee for his head to rest against and who fanned him with a branch of fern and who said, 'Give him air,' as though someone would run and fetch a little. I never saw Henry nicer than he was then. He was like a very nice nurse, and when Captain Winslowe opened his eyes and said, 'I was a fool to do that,' Henry gave him a kind of hug and said, 'That's all right, old man. You had a bad spell, but you're out of the wood now.' Then for some reason I couldn't understand he laid a finger on his lips and nodded reassuringly, and although doing that didn't mean anything to me, Captain Winslowe seemed pleased and said huskily, 'I expect you're right, Julius.' I do like Henry, because somehow he seems to see a little farther than most people."

Thus she wrote that night by a flickering candle in her tent. She would have written more had not Henry called her away for clerical duties in connection with the accountancy of the fortune. A syndicate composed of Joshua, Henry and Tommy had been formed to arrange and classify the treasure and arrive at an approximate valuation. It was a tremendous undertaking in which Vernon refused to take part.

"You'll do much better without me," he insisted.

"Well, one thing is certain," said Joshua. "When it comes to the divide, it's you who should have lion's share."

They were astonished at the violence of his reply.

"If there's any question of that—if there's another word suggesting anything of the kind, I swear I'll chuck the whole boiling lot into the lagoon."

"A very proper sentiment too," ejaculated Henry Julius, his fingers flicking like a bank cashier's among the aged coins. "Here, Tommy, you're collecting the doubloons. Lord, how it's all mixed up!"

Averil and Vernon passed out of the circle of light into the darkness of the woods. With everything to say, they could find no words to make a beginning. In the really great joys and crises of life one seeks a great expression often to find it in silence.

At last Averil said, "What's wrong with being ordinary and just saying anything to each other?"

"I was thinking," he answered, "how crazy life is when its whole course can be turned topsy-turvy by a bit of luck."

"You mean if we hadn't found the treasure you'd have ——"

"Yes; but I'm just the same man. I don't love you differently, and yet I feel I may love you now. It's so crazy—I'm not a bit better—worse probably, because in justice to everyone I mustn't tell them the whole thing was a fluke, must I?"

"It would be wicked."

"Yes, I believe it would. So there it stands and here am I, trashier than before, but with everything chucked into my lap. Luck—just luck has pulled me through and not a sacrifice made and nothing owed to myself. It's all too easy—so easy I almost funk asking for more."

He meant that, too, and they walked on side by side in silence. Perhaps it was luck that unbared the root of a tree to make a trip wire for Averil's feet. She stumbled and he caught her, and being in his arms he could not let her go.

And after that there were no more puzzles, worries and misgivings; everything was clear, simple, sufficient and explained. They awoke out of that moment like children on the first morning of a holiday, opening eyes upon unfamiliar trees beyond an unfamiliar window, to the scent and the voices of a farmyard, to a slant of white sunlight pitching a pattern of diamond panes across a time-scarred floor. To the immeasurable possibilities the future held they awoke, and in the clean joy of awakening, being unable to speak, like children they took hands and ran—running, as it were, to leave plain memories behind. Away through the palms across the beach, leaping over pools and splashing through the ripples that swilled up the sand. It was terrific, magnificent, idiotic.

They ran too fast for care to cling to them—care, which has no taste for the company of love and laughter, fell away grumbling as they sped.

Then she broke from him, crying "To the treasure rock!" and started off afresh up the twisting path to the hilltop. But they could not reach it at so high a speed. Gasping and breathless, they fell to a walk—a walk that dawdled to a wander, until when at last they came to the high plateau it seemed they were moving but little faster than shadows cast by the moon.

Then, just ahead, a match was struck and by its light they saw Mr. Isinglass on his knees by the big rock. He was looking at a compass, and grunted to himself.

"Yes, fifteen due north would do." He started off like a tight-rope walker, with one foot in front of the other and counting aloud to himself. "And nineteen west. Bless me, no, that won't work. It isn't west, and it's paces, not feet."

He stood a moment indecisively, a black silhouette against the night sky; next moment he was gone. The watchers stared at each other in amazement, then started forward. The grass dulled the sound of their feet.

"What is it? Has he gone mad?"

Vernon shook his head and checked her with a gesture.

"I don't know; but there's something queer. Wait a second."

Stooping, he moved to the spot where the old man had been standing, leaned over and peered down the little rock face. Mr. Isinglass was immediately below, mightily employed in trying to shift a large bowlder. Vernon beckoned to Averil and together they watched the singular operation. Then Mr. Isinglass began to address the bowlder.

"Couldn't you be a little more helpful and less heavy?" he pleaded. "It isn't much to ask. I don't want wind and rain to expose my secret to the first passer-by." But the bowlder would not budge an inch, and with a sigh the old man abandoned the effort and straightened his back. In so doing his eyes and Vernon's met.

"God bless me!" he said. "Who would have foreseen that?" There was not a trace of surprise or alarm in his expression. "As you've turned up so opportunely, be a good fellow and lend a hand."

"But I don't quite see ——" Vernon began.

"No; but need you? I'd very much rather you didn't."

"You spoke of a secret."

"Yes; but it wouldn't be a secret if I told anyone."

In the darkness it was hard to see faces.

"You're hiding something?"

"Yes."

"But ——"

Mr. Isinglass appealed to Averil.

"Need I tell him my secret?"

"He told you his."

"Now that's very true," he said thoughtfully. "Give her a hand down, my boy. Capital! Now we're all on the same level. But I doubt if I shall be able to justify myself in your eyes. You see, we're all conspirators in one way or another, and the greatest conspirator of all is a power outside ourselves. It would have been a selfish indulgence, Winslowe, if the way out of this tangle had been by your confession. It would have been a selfish indulgence if the way out had been by my solution. Yet in our separate ways we're both disappointed and a trifle humbled that the affair passed out of our hands."

"What was your solution?" said Averil.

"Almost stupid in its simplicity, and it makes me feel very awkward to talk about it, for since men are far removed from gods I am wondering if they have the right to try to rule chance."

As he spoke his eyes dropped to the little cairn of stones he had erected, and suddenly Averil understood.

"You brought a treasure with you?"

"Oh, don't!" he pleaded. "It does sound so asinine, such a disgusting piece of conceit. But I'd set my mind on a happy ending to the business."

Vernon said nothing for a long while. Then: "Pretty marvelous. So I suppose never for a moment did you believe ——"

"Oh, but I did believe! I knew a treasure would be found. This was only—what shall I say?—a safety valve, a toy for happy children to play with. After all, a very old man, who is much too rich, ought to be allowed to spend a trifle on toys if his fancy suggests it."

"Toys?" Averill repeated; then, "Aren't you a lovely person?"

And the three of them stood there saying nothing and feeling warm and kind for each other.

At last, "Come, Winslowe," said Mr. Isinglass. "Your arm round this bowlder and a big heave."

"But I don't understand—you are leaving this treasure to rot in the ground?"

Mr. Isinglass smiled and shook his head.

"Not to rot—to mature; for, you see, instead of making a gift I am obliged to accept one. What's buried here is only a trifle compared with the treasure of which, in common decency, I must take my share."

"But no one would ever know ——" Averil began.

"Maybe not; but let me have my way in this. Who knows but what we found today may be the last of the buried treasures? It is a pleasant thought to me that in taking it away we leave another behind; and perhaps if you read your Times at some future date you may find in the Agony Column an advertisement which starts, 'Adventurers wanted.' Then perhaps you will look across a breakfast table at each other and smile, because you guess there is still an old fraud poking his nose into other people's happiness—an old fraud who isn't ashamed to pattern himself upon a man who had the courage of his own inventions."

A faint breeze stirred the grasses at their feet, a puff of silver dust grayed the eastern sky. The taste of dawn was in the air. Averil shivered and Vernon put an arm round her.

"You're an odd man, Mr. Isinglass," he said. "You nearly backed a loser in me."

"'Conscience makes cowards of us all,'" said the old man—"or heroes. Life is so full of wonderful things which drab people pass by unnoticed. If we try hard enough, blindfold chance more often than not throws out a helping hand."

He sniffed the new morning air with a kind of ecstasy.

"This beautiful old-young world of ours is like a coin, I sometimes think, with heads and hearts upon it—a coin we are given to toss." He turned and looked where they stood with arms about each other and added, with a smile which lit up every wrinkle in his face, "And I am sentimental enough to believe it is generally the hearts which fall uppermost."

(THE END)

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

Get ready *now* for summer radio

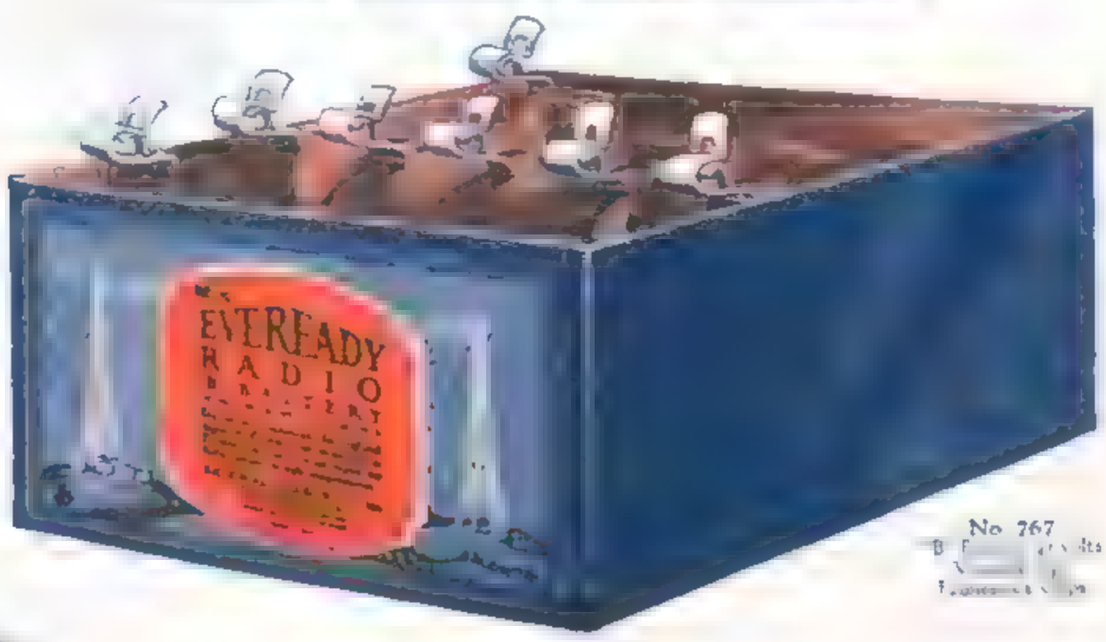
YOUR radio batteries have served you well and faithfully over the long winter months. Now a great radio summer is at hand. To enjoy summer radio at its best, equip your receiver with the best batteries you can get. Put in new Eveready Radio "B" Batteries and see what wonderful, long-lived service they will give.

Made especially for radio use, Eveready "B" Batteries will operate the loud speaker at maximum volume for long or short periods, depending on how rapidly the current is taken out of them. Packed full of pep and punch and go, Eveready "B" Batteries pour out their power the moment you turn on the tubes. Scientifically made for long-lived radio service, the cells renew their vitality when idle—responding instantly with fresh vigor.

Eveready "B" No. 767 is the standard amplifier "B" Battery, and gives 45 powerful, dependable, zippy volts. Five sturdy Fahnestock Clips make this big "B" Battery available for soft detector tube use as well—varying the voltage from 16½ to 22½ as required.

Insist on Eveready "B" Batteries, remembering that they are the product of thirty years of experience and know-how in battery making. Designed and made under the supervision of the finest electro-chemical laboratory known to science, the quality and efficiency of Eveready Radio Batteries are assured. For maximum battery economy and service buy Eveready Radio Batteries.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY Inc. New York—San Francisco



No. 767

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

Mothers *know* it safeguards health and beauty

a Health Beauty talk by the Health Doctor

The Health Doctor says:

Women have learned to appreciate what a kindly, gracious soap Lifebuoy is for face and hands.

It contains no substance which could irritate the most sensitive skin.

It agrees with your skin

I have talked to hundreds of mothers who keep Lifebuoy Health Soap in the home always.

It is amazing what complete faith they have in its protection to health and beauty. To them, Lifebuoy is more than just soap. It is a health habit.

As one mother expressed it: "When the children come home from school or play, I don't feel happy until they have had a purifying scrubbing with Lifebuoy."

Another said: "Lifebuoy is so pure and mild that it can be used constantly without irritating the skin the way a strong soap does. It keeps skin in splendid condition."

A very intelligent mother laid down these simple rules for health: Lifebuoy when they get up, before eating, when they come in from play and before they go to bed.

Mothers use it themselves

I have found that women have learned to appreciate what a kindly, gracious soap Lifebuoy is for their own faces and hands, and how pleasantly a Lifebuoy bath soothes tired skin.

MOTHER
is the Health Doctor

Family health is her responsibility. It is her insistence on cleanliness that keeps sickness out of the home.

Millions of mothers rely on Lifebuoy.

Send 10 cents for my book "Health Beauty"

It tells how to safeguard health and beauty. Mothers say it helps them wonderfully. Charmingly illustrated and bound in stiff covers. A real book.

It will be mailed to you if you will send 10 cents in stamps to Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

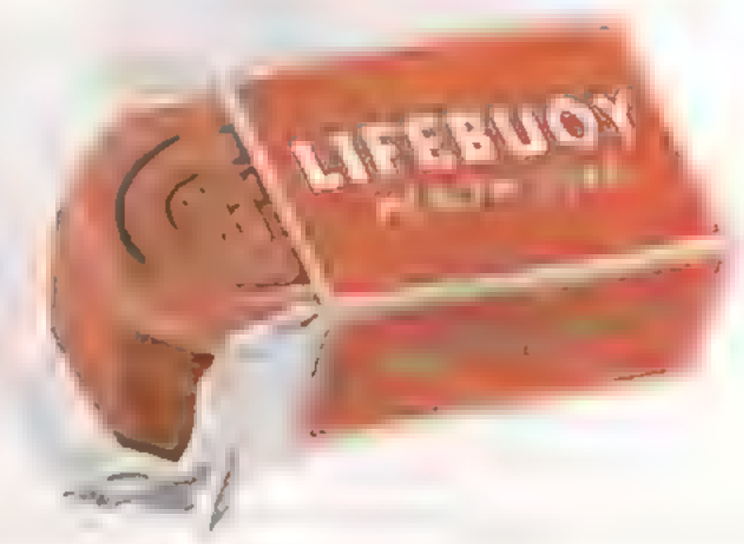
The lovely underglow of healthy skin

Lifebuoy is pure. Its suave oils of palm fruit and cocoanut are recognized as most beneficial to the skin. Its gentle, purifying antiseptic is just what the skin needs to keep pores from clogging, to soften and relax skin tissues and to promote the healthy underglow of a radiant complexion.

But most important of all, Lifebuoy removes germs and impurities from the skin, guarding against infection to which we are all constantly exposed—children especially.

You are going to think the world of Lifebuoy once you have given it a genuine trial. You will become especially fond of the cleanly, quickly vanishing odor; it gives one such a comfortable feeling of being clean—*and safe.*

The Health Doctor



POCONO SHOT

(Continued from Page 5)

His eyes roamed over the chocolate-colored loam of the garden with a speculative gleam.

"A'right, I feex you nice for feesh," he promised. "She feex you nice" he indicated the house with a flat thumb—"when she cawm."

He was stooping to his work when I told him of my things at the station. Once more he straightened up.

"A'right," he said, and shambled toward the rear of the house on a pair of stumpy legs bowed past all believing.

By the time I had regained the front porch a soul-jarring screech arose, drew nearer, hove in view. It was the protestations of a wheelbarrow as my friend of the garden urged it around the house, down a flagged walk, between the square rotting posts of the front gate, and so away. I allowed the blessed distance to take the sound into its quiet bosom before I followed through the gate for a look at Emmetville in the last of that day's sun.

Emmetville lay—or rather huddled—in little better than a gorge. Already it was in shadow. Except for an hour or so at noon, some or all of it was sure to be in shadow. The town pressed close to the edge of the stream: the main street bent like a half-drawn bow by a curve of rushing water. In the center of this curve, on a mound of jutting granite, was a planing mill with a grumbling turbine and shrieking circular saws

The mill, obviously, accounted for the town. A few miles farther down the train had hung for a moment above a comfortable valley, but the stream had ambled through those pleasant meadows in a series of contented pools. It takes a fretting river to drive a wheel.

Fretting? It did more than fret past Emmetville. It seethed and raged and roared and dashed itself to foam. I did not go down to the edge of that maddened froth of water—the stream would come tomorrow. Now I looked at the town and the great hills above and ruminated over the incredible difference a railroad train and a few hours can make.

Yesterday New York. Last night the rumbling voice of Trane discussing the æsthetes. The æsthetes! Forlorn, I'd call them. Futile was what I should have said—here in Emmetville. And so much of this great land was—Emmetville; thousands of Emmetvilles. My eyes dropped from the sides of the gorge to what the gorge contained. Fifty years ago fox and bobcat had claimed this for their own—a sublime magnificence; but set a driven saw between walls of spruce and hemlock, with hardwood ridges just beyond, and a lot of things happen.

Comes a freight siding; and then a railroad station; a blacksmith shop; a general store; a schoolhouse; a church without a steeple; another general store; another church with a sprouting steeple; more stores; a lot of talk about a bond issue to pave Main Street which never reaches the point of action; a grist mill; another church with a sure-enough steeple; a high school; an actual bond issue to put up a brick courthouse and jail. Mix in with and crowd around all this a lot of yellow or white frame houses and red barns; add plenty of paintless outhouses and chicken coops and woodsheds; cut through it all, here and there, with muddy alleyways—and there you had it! From a majesty of white water flanked by brooding tree-capped palisades to Emmetville; from—Trane's tirade now reacted—Huckleberry Finn to Many Marriages, all in fifty years. Progress was a wonderful thing! Upon which cynicism I wandered back to Gaylord's.

"She" had returned—a gaunt woman in black, blasted by toil, but with an unwrinkled shining brow. Her name was Firth, not Gaylord. Her expression was contradictory, hard to define. The lower half of her face was set in hopelessness—the woman was undone. And then came her eyes, fever-bright with—it seemed like hope; and above, the serenity of brow.

Her manner was detached. Although she met my eyes, I could not feel that she took me in. It was something beyond me, not in the room—not, perhaps, on this earth—which was apparently stealing her attention. She admitted vaguely that she thought she could take care of me, and showed me to a corner room on the second floor of the house.

"It's on the west side," she explained as she opened the door; "but you'll be gone two hours before the sun strikes us here, and this"—she waved her hand at a black cylinder running from the floor to the ceiling "is the pipe to the kitchen range."

It was like an introduction, and knowing something of April in the high hills, I bowed agreeably to the stovepipe and murmured "Pleased to meet you."

She gave my lighter note no attention whatever. She peered about the room with her unseeing—or rather farseeing—eyes, went to the washstand, touched the folded towels lying upon it with the tips of her fingers, took the cover from the soap dish, replaced it, glanced into the water pitcher and turned to leave the room. Before she had crossed the threshold she began to sing, or rather hum. I am not certain whether it was the closing of the door or the screech of the returning wheelbarrow that cut off her song. At any rate, the squat Sicilian was at my door a moment later with my suitcase and duffel bag. A dollar having changed hands, I learned that his name was Joe, and was again assured that he would feex me for feesh.

As I unpacked, the humming again grew clear—astonishingly clear. I discovered that the stovepipe as it came through the floor of my room acted as a sound conductor from below. I could have heard a whisper in the kitchen by standing close to the pipe. . . . The humming continued. I listened until its cadenced, droning melodies struck home. Hymns! Methodist or Baptist surely. Hymns—one after another, and the clatter of cooking utensils. But not, fortunately, the odors of cooking. Hymns only came up the stovepipe. They were pleasantly soothing and old-timy. They were the last thing I heard that night as, having turned out the acetylene gaslight and contemplated the stars above the crowding hills for a moment, I felt my way from the window past the stovepipe to my bed.

Getting into my waders on the side porch next morning, I saw Joe waiting in the offing. As I clumped down the steps in my wading shoes he aidled up and pushed a tomato can at me with something of a flourish. The can was filled with the largest night crawlers I had ever seen. They looked like an entanglement of pink boa constrictors.

That can of giant worms had meant an hour or more of searching and stooping after a hard day's work. It was not the time for a dissertation on the ethics of trout fishing. I accepted the tomato can beamingly. Ten minutes later its contents plopped into swift water. I watched it disintegrate and whirl downstream in wriggling spirals and loops before I assembled my rod.

By noon I knew that my venture to strange waters had been fortunate. The stream was magnificent. It and its rocky tree-hung banks did unexpected things at every bend. It was thrilling, rugged water that needed study and the careful placing of well-gripping hobnails. Trout could be taken almost in the heart of the town, I found; but not too many. Joe's "feexing" explained what that stream had been standing for years from natives and city sports. I more than earned what fish I took—lusty gentlemen, however, in olive and brown, who knew exactly where the swiftest current ran and what it was put there for. Never a one who accepted the quick challenge of the little rod failed to make that airy wand bow slenderly and low, again and again, to the might of a worthy antagonist.

The sun was in the middle of that other river of blue above the gorge when a fallen hemlock just below a bend suggested a seat where I might lunch to the music of the stream. However thunderous that music may be, it becomes mere background as line and leader straighten out to drop a fly on chosen water.

Tense no longer, as I munched a sandwich the blended voices of the stream claimed me for their own. I was immersed in, flooded with, became part of ceaseless, all-pervading sound; drugged by it, drowned in it, as though it were the water that was its cause and I had sunk beneath its surface.

I wondered dreamily why nothing of man's devising could so massage the heart and mind. An orchestra? I curled my lip. Strings and reeds and brasses, prodding at the senses, poking at the nerves, but leaving the ache of the mind, the yearning in the breast, the kinks in the soul, untouched. Orchestras would have to do in New York; but not two miles upstream from Emmetville.

New York! It was inconceivable. And yet there it was, a few hours away, with its shut-in millions; many of them, like the furnace man, down below the pavements, as forgotten as the dead. And those above ground, in the clatter and chatter of the surface, were struggling to be noticed—most of them. Æsthetes, modernists, intelligentzia and what not. According to Trane, they were sick. If they could all be made to sit along a stretch of fast water like this perhaps it would cure them! It would take a long stream to do it, though, because—I grinned—each one would have to be beyond shouting distance from the next.

I finished my lunch and lit a pipe. Gazing upstream and wondering what lay ahead of me beyond the bend, I saw a rod flash in the sunshine. The wielder of the rod, when he came in sight, was not worming. He was fishing downstream, wet, and making thirty feet of line behave. I had watched him make a dozen casts, when a dog appeared—a setter—following along the bank about fifty feet in the rear of the man. When the man stopped to work a piece of water the setter stood still until the angler moved ahead again. The dog was absolutely absorbed by the fishing. His head would turn with each back cast, his eyes following the line. As it whipped forward his head swung with it. When the cast reached the water he became rigid, with his jaws working slightly and his eyes riveted on the leader.

At last just above me—there came a swirl as the flies took the water. The setter shook like an aspen. On the next cast the fish came again and was hooked. I forgot the dog for the next ten minutes. From the way the fish fought he was a good one. When he began to tire and come to the top he proved it beyond a doubt, and I noticed that his captor was without a landing net. Getting to my feet, I asked him if he wanted mine. He looked in my direction, shook his head and went on playing the fish. He played it until the fish was flat on its side, utterly exhausted, then worked it into some quiet water near shore and nodded to the dog

"All right, Buddy," he said.

The setter waded in, picked up the fish by the middle, waded out and laid it on the bank. The man got out of the stream to unhook and creel it.

I stood there frankly gaping for a moment, then procured my rod and worked up to the scene of this extraordinary exhibition.

I had seen the best setters of the world. I had seen one or two bench champions that in extreme refinement might have equaled this one; but one thing was sure—no other dog of any breed had impressed me as this fellow did when I got close to him. He was big for a setter; he was black and white, with tan markings; he was—words won't do it. He was as beyond description as a sunset—a living, breathing glory.

He had, of course, a magnificent head, which he carried superbly; but this became mere detail when he looked at me. Most setters have that proud yet eager, friendly yet reserved expression of eye that tells of the calm, fine, gentle spirit within. This dog had more of that shining look than I had ever seen, and with it a serene, assured, almost godlike beam of intelligence. It was as though his understanding far surpassed my own; as though it brushed aside all mysteries to get at the riddle of life and gravely solve it. Staring at the dog, I addressed the man:

"Does he always retrieve your trout like that?"

The man creeled his fish, said, "Yep," and stooped to rinse his hands. "It's a nuisance, having to wade out every time you land one," he told me; "but—well, he likes to be in things."

I took my eyes from the dog and turned them to the man. He had looked up over his shoulder after his explanation, wondering, no doubt, whether I was the sort of creature who could comprehend it. I was—quite. But something else was not so clear.

"I should think you'd be afraid he'd hook himself with a fly."

The man chuckled. There was good-natured tolerance of me in that chuckle.

"Oh, he knows about that," he said.

(Continued on Page 77)

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when one of the bulbs flickered and passed out, leaving you with one headlamp and a long way to go?

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HOSIERY FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS ONLY

Allen A

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 75)

I thrilled at a sudden idea and asked an important question:

"Is he broken to gun?"

The man stood up, shook the water from his hands and began to wipe them on his trousers. He looked at the dog, then he looked at me.

"I expect you'd call him broken," he drawled.

I was again staring at the dog—it was almost impossible not to do so—but there was something disconcerting in that drawl my idea considered—and I turned definitely to the man.

He was of medium height and slightly inclined toward rotundity. His face was ruddy. His eyes, behind thick-lensed spectacles, would twinkle easily, I thought. Instead of waders and wading shoes, he wore hip boots with homemade leather sandals studded with hobnails, strapped about the feet. Above the boots were army breeches, an army shirt and a worn canvas shooting coat. I guessed him to be a native despite an expression—half shrewd, half smiling and quite sophisticated—that did not suggest Emmetville. It did not suggest dog selling, for that matter; but my idea had by now become a passion.

"He's very handsome," I said. "I'd like to own him. Is he, by any chance, for sale?"

The man stooped deliberately for his rod, reeled in his line and examined the flies.

"You're a stranger here," he said at last.

It was not a question—it was a statement, but I nodded. His eyes swung to the dog. They regarded each other gravely for a moment, and then came the twinkle I had foreseen, and a single fanlike wave of the setter's tail.

"You for sale?" inquired the man.

Into the soft assurance of the setter's eyes came a flicker of—surely it was amusement. There followed a languid pink-and-black yawn. The man turned and began to wade out into the stream.

"I'm afraid he's giving you the laugh," he said.

Until the man was far enough downstream to be short of the dog with any possible back cast, the setter waited where he was, then took up his watchful trailing along the bank. He passed within five feet of me, exposing to my view the side of him which, until now, had been turned away. Running from the top of his neck where it joined his body down to the foreleg was a tremendous scar. His shining coat strove to conceal it in vain. I wondered what ghastly wound had made that scar. Perhaps a shotgun at close range, or the teeth of a mowing machine. At any rate, he did not limp from it—his prideful stalk was beautiful to see—and scar or no scar, I would have given a pretty penny for him. I watched him out of sight.

III

DURING many a dreamy hour in warm pastel-like spring days that followed, I thought about the setter with the fearful scar. I could bring back the vision of his proud head and carriage, but his ineffably benignant look would not return.

I found that Emmetville and the country close about were full of his kind, or rather his species. As the hills had been robbed of their ancient covering of hemlock and hardwood, they had hidden their bareness as quickly as possible with thickets and briers. In such cover the partridge confounds most of his enemies, lives in plenty and gives himself whole-heartedly to lovemaking. The little brown consequences of his ardors mature in a season and are ready for similar proceedings. Bird dogs in consequence were as numerous in those hills as mongrels in the average country district. They were chained to kennels in the yards in town. I'd meet them on the roads, running with flivvers and buggies and wagons. I'd see them curled up asleep on the sunny side of farmhouses or snuffing along a furrow behind a plow looking for field mice. Splendid dogs—some of them—arrived at in the only way a competent race can be built. I wanted none of them, however; I had been spoiled.

Meanwhile I fished and smoked and dreamed and was—barring twinges of desire to own that dog—thoroughly contented. My hostess, after saying that she thought she could take care of me, had quite expertly lived up to her surmise, in the silent, absent-minded way that never for a moment left her. It was as though her mind, her whole inner being, were utterly absorbed by a problem or a vision which had nothing whatever to do with conducting Gaylord's.

"Conducting" was not the word. "Conducting" suggests leadership. There was no one to lead through wearing days of cleaning and cooking and serving. Later, during the summer season, she would have help, she told me. Now there was no one except the zealous purveyor of worms I had persuaded him to neglect me in this particular—who looked after a cow and the garden. Automatically, or with the fringes of her mind, she made that barely furnished, hard-worn house a cleanly, comfortable abode. Nothing escaped her, nothing was forgotten. My pitcher of shaving water was as certain to be steaming on the scrubbed, smelling boards of the hall floor as that another day had come, bringing two brisk raps on my door. If I wanted to lunch on the stream, it required only that I put my head in the kitchen when I came down. She would stop humming and nod vaguely. I would find my lunch, done up deftly in tissue paper, on the lid of my creel when I had finished breakfast.

There were few other guests. A scattering of traveling salesmen and now and then anglers, who came in pairs. These last were talkative at breakfast, extremely quiet by evening and left that night or early the following day. The stream required nice judgment and a very delicate fly.

Bright days flowed shining, one after the other, across the hills to feather the second growth with a breath of green and soak down warmly into the gorge along the sparkling stream. I was enjoying Emmetville.

And then one night the wind changed. It got into the west and came moaning down the gorge, bearing scattered, hard-driven pellets of snow. About ten o'clock next morning the big trout—the one that had made me seek the library and Trane's tirade instead of bed—materialized.

He did not come up with my fancied smash, nor did he take a Fan Wing drifting serenely on the surface of a pool. His advent was not at all spectacular. He rose like a shadow from somewhere in an oily runnel of pitching water and seemed to inhale a coasting Woodruff.

Now that place was full of snags and the water was full-bodied and in a hurry. I have little recollection of subsequent proceedings. Eventually I realized that the monster was—in all probability—still going downstream with the Woodruff and the end of a nicely tapered leader. I also discovered that my right leg was in an ice pack up to the hip. I squelched ashore, removed the snag-ripped wader and mended it with a patching kit; but I had to sit there until the cement hardened, and that icy wind was still blowing and, of course, my leg stayed damp all day.

When I attempted to jump out of bed next morning someone stuck a knife in my back. I found I could not look over my shoulder to discover my assailant. I found I could not straighten up or raise my arms above my head. Crouching on the edge of the bed, I wondered whether I could perform the miracle of getting into shirt, trousers and shoes. I decided to attempt it, and with what struck me as the strength of the dying, and an ability as a contortionist unsuspected until now, I achieved the impossible. If, as I feared, this was the end New York was the place for me.

I managed to get downstairs and to the breakfast table, and to remain so erect in consuming poached eggs, bacon and coffee as not to attract the far-away yet attentive eyes of the silent woman who set these things before me.

I had in mind the sign of an M. D. four or five houses down. Thither I expected to drag myself before being driven—or carried, if my malady progressed—to the first possible train. But the mere effort of rising from my chair after breakfast was so preposterous that I shut my teeth on a groan, called my hostess, told her I had an attack of some sort and asked her to send for a doctor.

For the first time during the ten days I had been in her house her glance concerned itself, instantly and intently, with me.

"Why did you get up? Go straight back to bed!"

She fled through the front door without hat or wrap.

Bed I wished to avoid. I would take to it temporarily, since standing or sitting was agony; but I would not undress for two reasons: First, it was now a physical impossibility; and second, I would not have thus acknowledged, even if I could have done so, the possibility of being persuaded to expire dolefully in Emmetville.

In some unaccountable manner I climbed the stairs, stretched myself out and waited. Presently came footsteps on those creaking, uncarpeted stairs, and voices along the hall and a presence beside me in the room. I looked up into a ruddy face and a pair of thick-lensed spectacles.

"Oh, hello!" I said.

"Hello," replied the twinkling man of the stream who fished with the glorious setter. He set a black bag on a chair.

"If you want anything, doctor—hot water ——" came from the doorway.

"Yes, I'll call. Thank you, Mrs. Firth."

The door was closed.

I gave details of the attempted assassination and its subsequent harrowing results.

"This is the point," I wound up. "If I'm in for anything serious I must get back to New York."

A thermometer leveled at my mouth was backed, to my extreme relief, by a twinkle.

"Oh, I don't know. Emmetville's a splendid place—to die in."

I gave those light and cheering words a joyous though impeded grin.

The diagnosis, after due thumpings and listenings, was as follows:

"If you were twenty years older, I'd say you had lumbago. As it is, I'll say you have—lumbago."

"Well, what does that mean?"

"Adhesive tape for the muscles of your back and a day or so in bed, and—yes, you might have your teeth X-rayed when you get back to town; and you might take two of these tablets every four hours."

"Many thanks," said I, when I had been undressed, bound in adhesive tape and assisted into bed. "And now tell me, where did you get that dog?"

The reverse of a twinkle appeared in the eyes behind the thick spectacles. They seemed to cloud with gravity. They glanced quickly toward the door.

"That was Pocono Shot," said the doctor in an undertone, but with the air of making an extraordinary announcement.

"Pocono Shot?" I repeated, unenlightened. "Do you own him?"

"No," he said in the same low tone. "I don't own him." Suddenly, at a thought, astonishment grew in his face. "You've never heard of Pocono Shot?"

"Not that I know of," I said. "How did he get that scar?"

He stared at me in a sort of bewilderment.

"Good heavens!" he said under his breath. Then aloud, "Why, we met you on the stream nearly two weeks ago!"

"Just about—what of it?"

He regarded me speculatively for a moment.

"I wouldn't have thought it possible," he said at last. "Right here in Emmetville for two weeks and—why, I wouldn't have thought it possible anywhere in the country after ——" He broke off and became the victim of an unaccountable alarm. "You haven't mentioned him to ——" He nodded significantly toward the door.

I attempted to sit up, was stricken as though by the kick of a mule and relapsed.

"What the devil are you talking about?" I demanded, when I could again catch my breath. "Do you mean that setter and Mrs. Firth?"

"Sh-h-h," he said with another glance at the door. Then he came to the bed and leaned down, looking into my face. "You'll be out in a day or so," he told me hurriedly. "Drop around to my office about eight o'clock some evening. In the meantime don't mention the dog where Mrs. Firth can hear you."

He started to go. I seized him wildly by the arm.

"But listen, doctor!" I pleaded.

He disengaged his arm and moved to the door.

"I'll tell you at the office," he said, and left me flat on my back, a prey to lumbago and hopeless, raging curiosity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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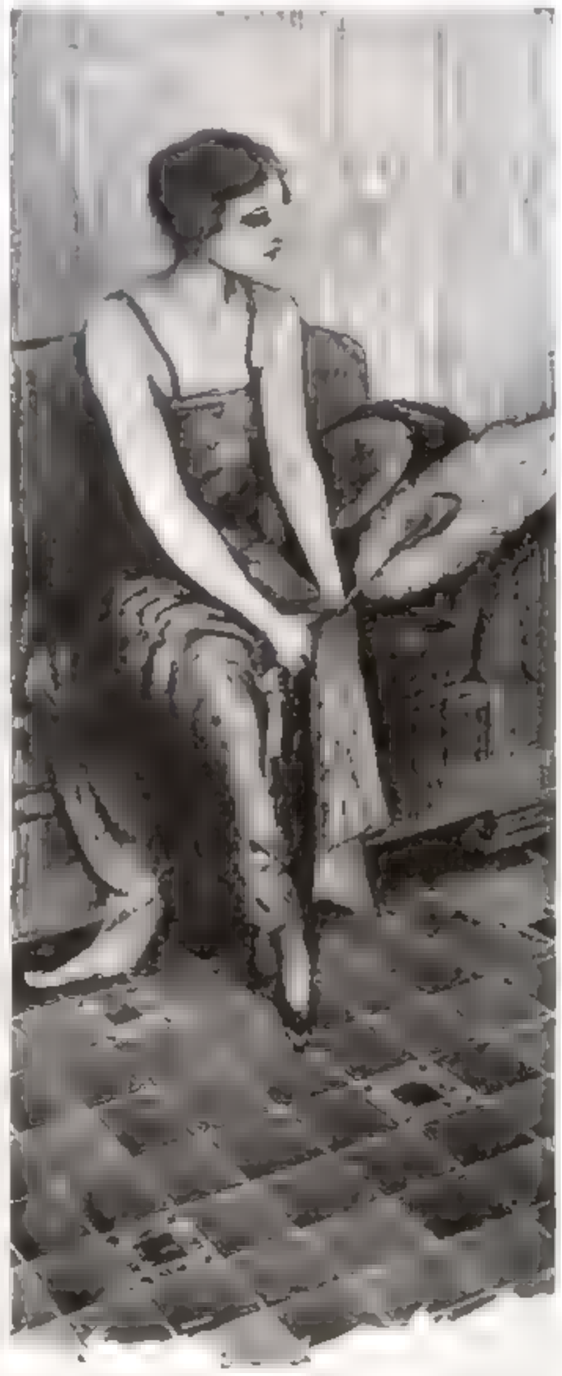

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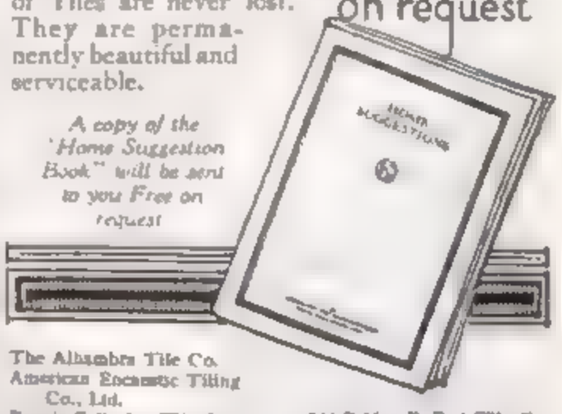

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GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 15

peculiar circumstances in each case which made it desirable for the good of the country that the beloved constituent be retained in office.

Most of this was, of course, quite unnecessary; few of the persons concerned required the interference of their legislative friends. Under normal circumstances most of them would continue without change, but there was this advantage to be won from the experience—namely, an important part of my public education was thus quickly acquired. It was well to have learned of certain checks and balances which are real though not explicit in the Constitution of the United States or the laws of the country. Employes who thought they had benefited through the efforts of a political patron often settled the account by personal activity at appropriate times in their sponsor's district.

Two highly amusing situations developed in these first days. An astonishing number of avowed Democrats suddenly appeared among the employes. Poor things, they had been suppressed so long. Now their tongues were unloosed and they spoke feelingly. They certainly spoke, but at moments a suspicion would edge itself into one's thought that the sincerity of some of these speakers was diluted. Then from without gathered the "Original Wilson Democrats" in large and vociferous legions. It was amazing to learn in how many places and under what varied conditions President Wilson's public career had originated. Here, too, at times a trifle of suspicion would tinge one's thought.

It was during this early period that a representative of the press sought a special interview. He was, it appeared, not a mere reporter, but a more distinguished type—the Washington correspondent of a great journal. Courteously he asked for certain information about some public business and was told that it would be prepared and given to him the next day. He called for it and expressed appreciation. Not long after came a copy of his paper containing an editorial article assuming the existence of facts which were directly opposite to those which had been furnished, and commenting adversely upon conditions wholly imaginary. This was one more phase of my education, and it taught that the correspondent was blameless. He did his duty truthfully, but correspondents make statements while editors make policies. Thus was also gained a warning at which Shakspere hinted, to wit: not to expect either approval or accuracy from the press of the opposite party.

Offices Hither and Yon

In a few days the volunteer congressional advisers reduced their activities to what engineers would call a low mean effective pressure, and there was opportunity to begin examining the physical conditions of the department in some detail. Little observation was required to show that the services were scattered all over the place without consideration for either good housing arrangements or economical operation. As an effective working whole the department existed more in name than in reality. There was nothing that resembled a unified plant, and in some places small regard had been shown for the comfort or even the health of the working forces. In one building on Fourteenth Street near Pennsylvania Avenue were the Bureau of Corporations and five divisions of the secretary's office—namely, the office of the chief clerk, the disbursing office, the divisions of appointments and publications and the office of the solicitor. Far out on Pierce Mill Road, near Connecticut Avenue, were the fine laboratories of the Bureau of Standards, three miles or more away, wisely placed upon the distant elevated site to avoid dust and jar and the disturbances common to the city. Down at the foot of Capitol Hill, handy to the congressmen to whom it was precious for patronage, but most inconvenient to the department, was the Bureau of the Census, at First and B Streets, N. W. It was in a rented building, costly to maintain, intolerably hot in summer, insanitary and poorly lighted, and of such construction as to expose everything in it, employes and documents alike, to constant risk from fire. The Steamboat-Inspection Service and the Bureau of Navigation were on Louisiana Avenue, near the courthouse, with the Bureau of Lighthouses and the Division of Supplies. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce was all by itself in the Adams Building on F Street near Fourteenth.

An ancient armory, built before the war between the states for the militia of the District of Columbia, was and is the abode of the Bureau of Fisheries. It is located on the south side of the Mall about midway from the monument to the Capitol. In its life of fifty-seven years to the time of which I am writing it had known vicissitudes. First an armory, then a storehouse, then a fish hatchery, it came at last to be the home of the entire fisheries service. Were arson a fine art, this structure would fitly provide one of its shining examples. No amount of alterations and repairs has availed to make it economical in service. Lavishly wasteful of space, niggardly of light and dangerous from fire, it is still in use at what is now the tottering but not venerable age of sixty-eight years.

Unread Reports

Last and worst, up on Capitol Hill itself was and still is the Coast and Geodetic Survey—the oldest scientific service of the Government. It occupies two irregular ill-matched structures, one of which was Ben Butler's old stable; the other was originally meant for a hotel. Both are owned by the Government. They are directly across the street from the House Office Building. The larger of this interesting pair was over forty years old in 1913. Some of the walls had been twice condemned by the authorities of the District of Columbia, and were shored up to keep them from falling. We spent $12,500 to repair this weakness. Apart from their age it would be hard to find two buildings worse suited for the use to which they are put. Two small fires had occurred before 1913. Neither structure was fireproof, and they contained invaluable records, on many of which land titles depended. The buildings are five and six stories high, with sixteen different levels in one and eleven in the other, and without any suitable elevator. They were improperly lighted and overcrowded. I made a note at the time, reading "To remodel these old structures would avail nothing. Rebuilding is the only means of providing permanent relief." It was impossible to get economical and effective working conditions out of these buildings. By paint and care they were made to look well, but the first act of any industrial manager would be to tear them down. It continually reflects upon the common sense of Congress that they are allowed to remain in wasteful use long years after attention has been called to them.

Our system, however, makes it difficult to inform Congress of the facts. Department reports are seldom read, and only brief extracts from them are printed. An urgent appeal made in a committee room is often unheard elsewhere, and few read the reports of hearings. Even a direct letter to the Speaker, an expedient which I often tried, finds no auditors, and readers are rare. Messages from the Presidents are infrequent and must deal with national rather than departmental affairs, though this means of communication was occasionally used. Personal talks with members were hardly possible to any sufficient extent to be effective. There are congressional committees on the expenditures of each department, but they are usually supine. Certainly they rarely go hunting for physical conditions that need correction. We have so carefully separated our legislative and executive functions as to make it difficult for them to cooperate, even when they desire to do so. Therefore we may not be too severe on Congress, for often conditions continue for years which would be corrected if its members knew about them. I served myself through three sessions without the least knowledge of the facts I have mentioned, and practically without means of learning them. Our clumsy and ineffective system is at fault rather than any one element in it. Therefore, also, it would not be fair to charge my predecessors with the responsibility for these conditions. Some of them remain, much improved indeed, but still far from what they ought to be, although for years I strove in hearing and report and otherwise to get these buildings replaced.

(Continued on Page 81)

"I *knew* you would approve, Doctor"

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Put your house in order. Begin with the medicine cabinet. Reject the worthless, the nondescript. Restock with products that are above suspicion — those bearing the purity-mark, "Squibb." To be doubly sure, insist upon the original Squibb packages.

Then you may open the door of your medicine cabinet, with everything to reveal and nothing to conceal. Then you may say, and be sure of your ground: "I *knew* you would approve, Doctor."

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—Free from all impurities; without bitter taste. Will not irritate the stomach.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—More agreeable to take than the ordinary unpurified market product

Squibb's Castor Oil—Purified by special process. It is remarkably free from that nauseating taste.

Squibb's Boric Acid—Granular for solutions, or soft powder for dusting. A soothing, mild antiseptic.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—A superior corrective for acid mouth and stomach. For children and adults.

Squibb's Dental Cream—Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Protects the teeth from Acid Decay. Heals tender gums.

Squibb's Cold Cream—An exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin. Will not become rancid. Does not grow hair.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, 80 Beekman Street, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858.*

SQUIBB

Copyright 1924
E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

ATHLETIC-TRIM KEDS

Keds with athletic-trim come in various styles —lace-to-toe and lace-to-instep, black, brown, and grey trim. They are built for the hardest sports and vacation wear.

A KEDS MODEL WITH CREPE SOLE

Crepe Sole Keds are distinguished by springy lightness, ground grip and long wear. Keds Crepe Soles are vulcanized which makes them tough, and gives the greatest possible adhesion between sole and upper. Insist on Keds

A KEDS PUMP

One of the many Keds models specially designed for children. Cool and comfortable, attractive in appearance and — like all Keds shoes — built to wear.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to style, size and grade—from $1.25 to $4.50.

Keds with athletic-trim are not only standard for sport and vacation wear, but are also the ideal long-wearing every-day summer shoe for boys and girls of all ages. Keds with Crepe Soles are the choice of thousands of tennis players—including the ten leading players in the country. Other Keds include attractive pumps and oxfords for street, home and all out-door wear.

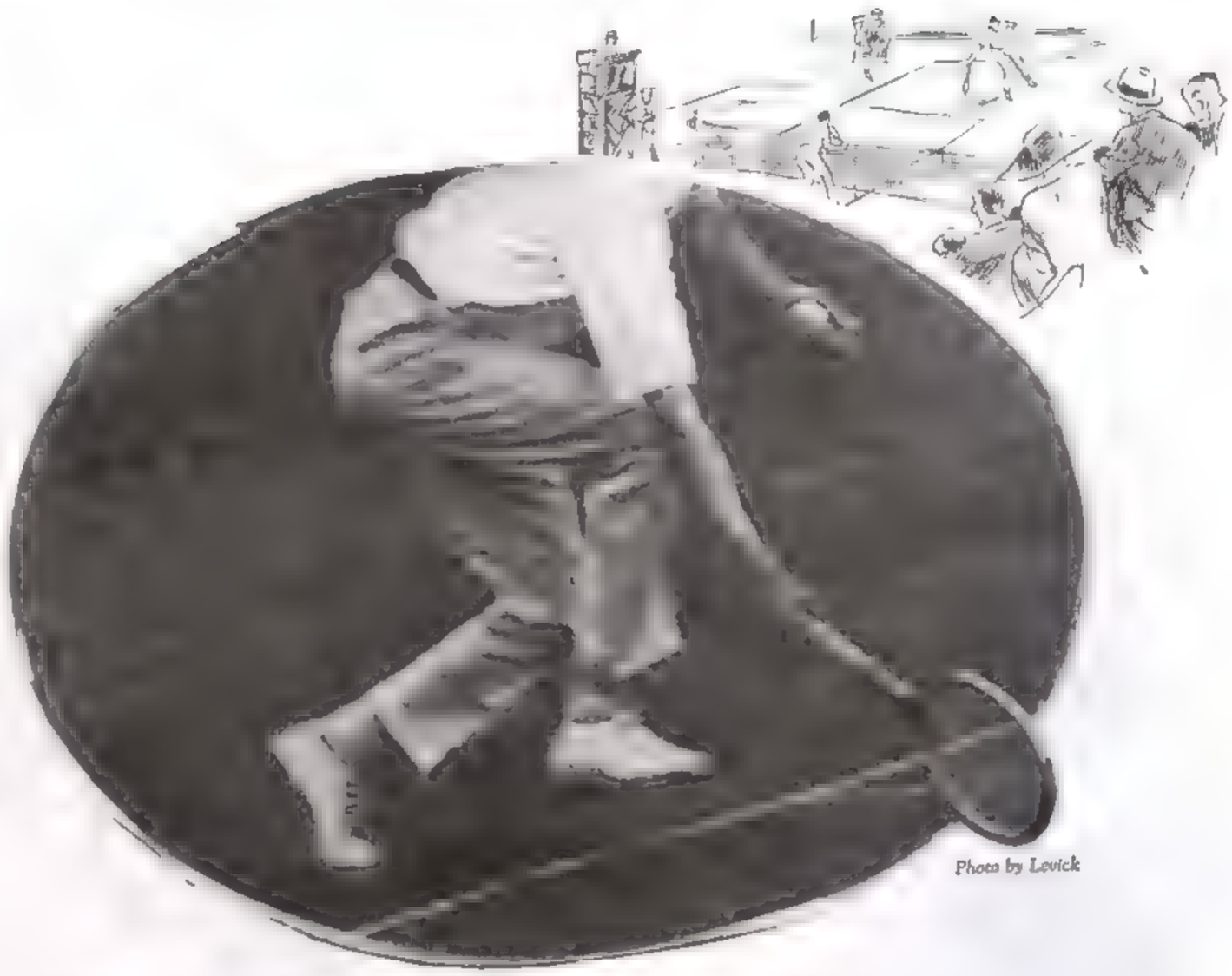


Photo by Levick

The hardest grilling sport shoes ever got

—a whole season on the feet of one of the greatest tennis players of all times —and still good for more!

Grilling practice games—famous championship matches. Bearing the brunt of every last ounce of energy from a human dynamo!

These Keds not only were still good for more wear after this terrific test—but they had already lasted over a period when this famous champion would normally have outworn three pairs of shoes!

Records like these help to explain why millions of people have found that when they buy canvas rubber-soled shoes today *—it pays to insist on Keds!*

They explain, too, why the long-wearing Keds quality makes these shoes the ideal summer footwear for the active feet of growing children.

Keds are built to stand the continuous racing and tearing about—the games, hikes and camping trips—of vacation time. Strong, tough, durable—every pair means an unusual saving.

It is important to remember that not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. They come in a wide range of styles and prices. But every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service.

And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it

If you want the standard shoes for sports of every kind—if you want shoes for a boy who seems to "go through" everything—if you want the longest wearing quality your money can buy—look for the name Keds!

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

(Continued from Page 78)

Congress has as a whole but the crudest sense of operating costs and how to control them. It does not visualize the fact that the wise use of funds is true economy. At times its mental processes about productive work would fit Alice in Wonderland. If when ten dollars is requested they supply but eight, they rejoice that two dollars have been saved, forgetting that the wise use of the missing two would often save a future ten. We shall find plenty of illustrations of this as we proceed. For the rest, my predecessor had already wisely arranged for leasing the new Commerce Building at Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street, N. W., and we moved into it October 1, 1913, concentrating therein five services and my own office. For the first time the Department of Commerce was something like a visible whole and possessed a working organization which promised to be effective. No provision was made, however, in the new home for the three services whose individual needs were the greatest, and one of our early efforts was to get the new building enlarged so that the census could be accommodated there. It took a year to do this. By the middle of 1914 Congress had approved this action, and the census joined its sister services in a common center in June of that year. The change allowed us to reduce our annual expense by $24,280 and we were able also to return unused to the Treasury the entire special appropriation of $1500 which Congress had allowed for moving. The Census Bureau remained in the Commerce Building until 1919, when the great enlargement of its force, due to the coming census of 1920, obliged it to overflow into some of the supposedly temporary structures erected for war purposes upon the Mall and vacated after the Armistice.

Little or nothing could be done early in our Administration to relieve Fisheries and Coast Survey from the handicaps imposed by their ancient and unfit habitations. Help for them was to come later from another and an unexpected source.

Before we leave the subject of housing let us remind ourselves that the Department of Commerce was not then and is not now the single sufferer of the kind. The Secretary of Agriculture in a report dated November 15, 1923, points out that his department occupies "more than forty buildings in various parts of Washington" and justly adds "economical administration of its affairs remains impossible while this condition exists." It is characteristic of us as a people to throw ourselves into the game of politics and to ignore the work of the country, quite thoughtless of the way in which that work has to be carried on—though we growl if it is not done to suit us.

A Matter of Personality

In natural sequence we turn our thoughts from buildings to their contents, and thence to field and marine equipment. A survey soon showed sharp contrasts on this side of our work. There were machines and apparatus in several services which were admirable, some of them unique, and there were also visible the costly results of ignorance, indifference and ineptitude on the part of the national legislature. One service, the Bureau of Standards, which deservedly had the confidence of Congress, was not only well housed but well equipped so far as the requirements of that time were concerned. Its need was for steady expansion to meet the growing demands of the Government itself and the increasing call for aid from industry. By contrast, a sister scientific service, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, older, equally worthy, with a fine staff and an admirable record, under whose protection the Bureau of Standards itself was born and which had given to the Lighthouse Service its chief, was in almost desperate case. It was quite unable to do a moiety of the work demanded of it, was ill equipped, poorly paid, and was obliged in its sea duty to submit to conditions which were not only indecent but unsafe. In a modern prison convicts would hardly be subjected to worse living conditions than were often provided for the scientific officers and the working staff of this great service in their duty at sea.

It is not necessary to repeat here details which have been printed elsewhere, but we may rightly inquire why this extreme difference existed between two scientific services of equal merit in the same department. It lay in the different relations between the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives and the two men at the heads of the services. Both officers prepared their estimates with conscientious care. Dr. S. W. Stratton would explain the estimates of the Bureau of Standards before the subcommittee clearly and without hesitation, answering direct questions directly and explaining scientific needs carefully to men who knew no science. Dr. O. H. Tittmann, a veteran scientist and cultured gentleman, resented the sharp questions that were often asked. He became confused and seemed to hesitate to give explanations that were properly demanded. He felt that the committee should not expect that he justify his statements by explanations. The result was mutual misunderstanding that worked havoc. The committee was right in asking full information, but it erred in measuring the needs of a great service by the reaction to its pressure of the able official who was its chief.

The country paid a high price for congressional ineptitude in this matter.

It is like touching fire to gunpowder to suggest in Washington that Congress is accountable for the results of its neglect, but elsewhere men have a more correct sense of such relations. To select three out of many examples, two fine government vessels, almost new, the Armeria—May 20, 1912—and the Tahoma—September 20, 1914—were destroyed for lack of surveys in Alaskan waters. Thirty-one people were drowned when the State of Washington struck an uncharted rock on August 17, 1913. None of these accidents was caused by a so-called act of God or stress of weather. All were due to the neglect of men—the men who failed to provide the funds that were asked in order to survey the dangerous waters of the Alaskan coast. In all human probability the expenditure in normal work of half the cost of any one of these lost ships would have saved not only these three but many more.

An 1800-Mile Patrol

Doctor Tittmann resigned April 14, 1915, after forty-eight years of fruitful service. His successor, Col. E. Lester Jones, the alleged veterinary at whom Mr. Charles E. Hughes shot some misdirected arrows in the 1916 campaign, has brought his service out of its distress and secured for it equipment, marine and other, reasonably adequate to its important duties. I shall speak elsewhere of the condition in which its work was found; it will take some years of continuous labor to make up the arrears arising from a long period of neglect.

The Bureau of Navigation was charged, among its other duties, with that of enforcing the so-called navigation laws on all our coasts, lakes and rivers. This had special application to the many thousands of motorboats and to the requirements respecting life-saving equipment, lights, and so on. The provision for this extensive task was one motorboat, the Tarragon, which single little vessel actually covered the entire Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida. Occasional aid was given by the vessels of the revenue-cutter fleet and by small boats sent out at our cost by the local collector of customs, but our own single boat was the chief reliance. She had wrought wonders two years earlier in correcting the abuses found in the oyster fleet in Chesapeake Bay, but one little motor vessel and four men were a rather limited force to patrol the entire coastal and interior waters of the United States. During 1913 the Bureau of Standards fitted her with a special wireless apparatus by which her effectiveness was greatly increased. Minor violations of the marine laws were so common that even the small fines enforced for only the more serious offenses practically paid the cost of operating the boat, including the wages of all on board. During August and the first half of September, 1913, no less than 605 distinct breaches of law were found in New York Harbor and its vicinity.

One hesitates to say what the conditions must have been on those other coasts, rivers and lakes where supervision was only occasional and temporary.

The Lighthouse Service operates over so vast an area that any quick grasp of its multiform details was hardly possible. The men who face the strangely named Pacific from where Cape St. Elias marks the westward bend of the Alaskan coast, those who look toward Japan from the farthermost point of the Hawaiian Isles, the keepers who from Navassa guide the northbound steamers from Panama and those whose eastern lights intermingle with the beacons of Canada where the countries join; these, and hundreds of their fellows on lakes and rivers and coasts between, all draw their final direction and inspiration from a quiet gentleman in an upper office in the Commerce Building in Washington. The link that binds island stations and floating lights to one another and to shore is the lighthouse fleet. It would seem extravagant to set down here the simple truth about the men who guide and man these ships. Some day, let us hope, one will come with vision to make known to their employers, who are you and I, the romance and the sacrificial service of these men.

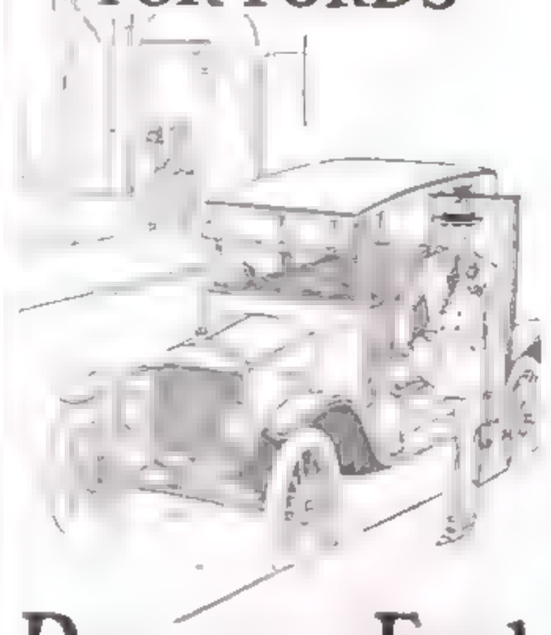
This great service was as a whole in good condition in 1913—thanks to earlier favorable legislation and to the wise guidance of its chief, Mr. George R. Putnam, and his associates; thanks also in no small degree to the watchful care of inspectors and the firm discipline of officers which are of the essence of its dangerous and beneficent work. Yet even this bureau had not wholly escaped the fangs of ignorant and wasteful economy. Only one of the forty-four steamers in its active service in 1913 was equipped with wireless, and there was no appropriation for further installations. During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1915, we did indeed arrange with the Bureau of Standards to design and make radio sets specially suited to lighthouse steamers, and installed them on two vessels—the Columbine, on the Pacific, and the Cypress, on the Atlantic. We planned to equip three other ships, but had no money to pay operators and had to content ourselves with the two named. Thus in 1915 three ships in all had wireless out of forty-six in service—hardly an adequate proportion for a fleet in constant movement along all our coasts and admirably equipped in other respects to render aid to vessels in distress. As it happened, one of these sets—that on the Columbine—was the means of calling her to the wonderful achievement of saving the bark British Yeoman which had struck on the coast of Kauai in a terrible Pacific gale January 17 to 19, 1916. Of course there is an obvious advantage in being able to reach an absent ship from headquarters with orders for her movements. Equally obvious was the waste of wages, fuel and time involved in bringing vessels back to their depot for further orders because there were no modern means of communicating with them.

There had been a telephone system which connected the lighthouses and other stations along our Eastern Coast. It was created during the war with Spain. This had been economized out of existence. It throws a lurid light on savings of this character to recall that at Pemaquid Point, Maine, the keepers had to look on while a vessel was wrecked near them and some of her crew were lost, because there was no telephone to summon the life-saving crew from a neighboring island.

Advance Estimates

I have purposely refrained from mentioning many minor weaknesses, such as, for example, that the Fisheries had then no means of getting to its stations on the Pribyloff Islands—seal islands—in Bering Sea or of sending them supplies except by chartering a private ship or borrowing one, if possible, from the Navy. Many of the minor deficiencies were such as were incident to so vast and varied a business conducted by land and sea over great areas. I reserve also for another article discussion of the state of certain work and the important matters of personnel. One condition, however, was so closely related to every phase of our work that the latter can hardly be judged correctly until it is explained. When I took office on March 5, 1913, the funds with which I had to work were already fixed by existing appropriations up to June 30, 1914—more than a year ahead. Thus does each Administration in some degree cast its mantle over its successor. For example, when I left office on November 1, 1919, the estimates of the Department of Commerce had already been prepared covering its operations to June 30, 1921, passing, it will be observed, not only beyond my own incumbency and that of my immediate successor but also into the following Administration. Every Administration that takes office must thus depend for more than a year on the financial provision made by its predecessor, regardless of the demands or expectations of the public.

FYRAC
Z
Spark PLUGS
FOR FORDS



Does your Ford help or hinder in Sales Work?

There are two sides to this Fords-for-salesmen question. First of all we'll go on record by nominating the Ford as the best little mascot ever added to a field man's selling artillery.

Then we'll follow that right up with a reservation. A field gun can't shoot when it's spiked. And a salesman can't make sales if he's marooned on the road with spark plug trouble.

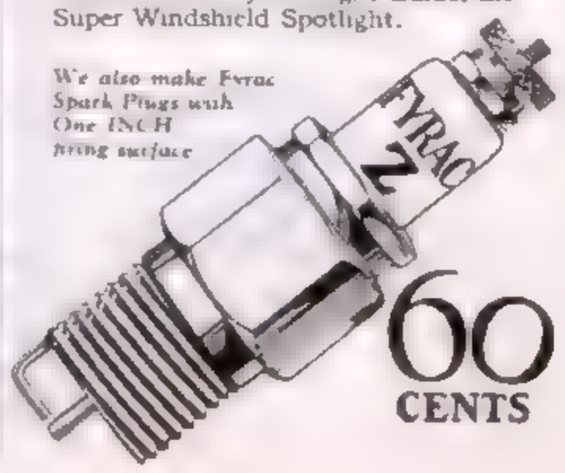
Now, the Ford is a great little bus, as 7 million owners will testify. So you can't blame the *car* if the *spark plugs* go wrong! In other words, you won't get a strong-hearted spark from a weak-sister spark plug.

The best guarantee of "getting there" to make a sale is a set of Fyrac Z Spark Plugs in your motor. The Fyrac Z is designed especially for Ford service. Users will tell you it delivers the goods.

The Fyrac Z porcelain is made to withstand a volcano of heat—that's what you need in a Ford. The "spark" is as certain as summer heat in the tropics—and a whole lot hotter! A *two-piece* plug—easy to take apart.

Perhaps you are thinking the Fyrac Z is expensive. You're wrong. It costs only 60c Why—the loss of a single sale, through being held up on the road, would cost you more than an entire set of Fyracs! Your dealer, by the way, has a set of 4 for you in a handy carton, $2 40 Why not get them today? Fyrac Mfg. Co., Rockford, Ill., makers of the Fyrac Night Guide, the Super Windshield Spotlight.

We also make Fyrac Spark Plugs with One INCH firing surface



60 CENTS

The King of Pumps

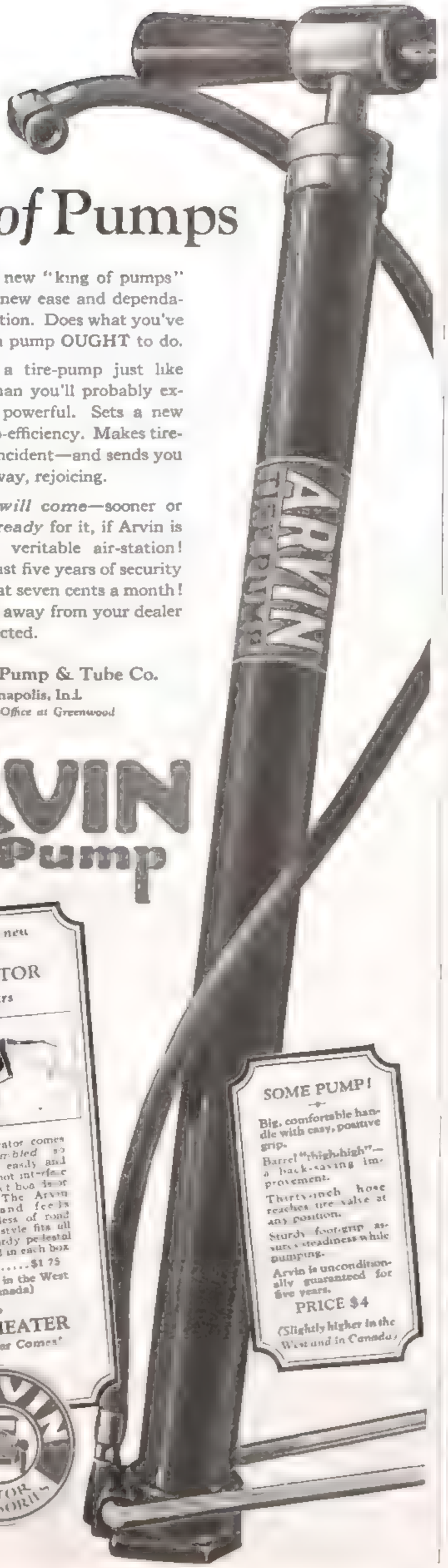
This remarkable new "king of pumps" brings motorists new ease and dependability in tire-inflation. Does what you've always thought a pump OUGHT to do.

You never saw a tire-pump just like Arvin. Bigger than you'll probably expect—and more powerful. Sets a new standard of pump-efficiency. Makes tire-inflation a mere incident—and sends you quickly on your way, rejoicing.

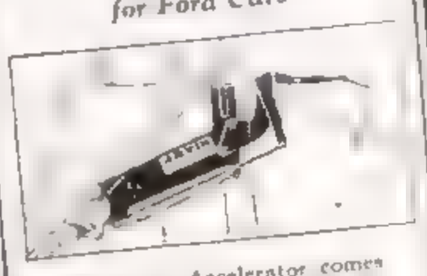
The emergency *will come*—sooner or later. You'll be *ready* for it, if Arvin is in your kit. A veritable air-station! Assures you at least five years of security and protection—at seven cents a month! Take a big Arvin away from your dealer today. Be protected.

Indianapolis Pump & Tube Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Factory and Office at Greenwood

ARVIN
Tire Pump



—and here's the new
ARVIN
ACCELERATOR
for Ford Cars



The Arvin Accelerator comes *completely assembled* so you can install it easily and quickly. It does not interfere with removal of foot board in floor covering. The Arvin works easily and feels smoothly regardless of road conditions. One style fits all Ford cars. A sturdy pedestal foot rest is packed in each box

At All Dealers.....$1.75
(Slightly higher in the West and in Canada)

also
ARVIN HEATER
When Winter Comes!

SOME PUMP!

Big, comfortable handle with easy, positive grip.

Barrel "thigh-high"—a back-saving improvement.

Thirty-inch hose reaches tire valve at any position.

Sturdy foot-grip assures steadiness while pumping.

Arvin is unconditionally guaranteed for five years.

PRICE $4

(Slightly higher in the West and in Canada)

ARVIN MOTOR ACCESSORIES

There is, of course, the partial and dangerous remedy of deficiency appropriations—dangerous because of political reactions: but even this is not available for at least nine months after a new Administration begins unless a special session of Congress is called. Practically every Administration has to work a year therefore, on the financial basis it finds ready made for it. This is because the estimates are prepared by the department in October of each year to cover the following fiscal year in order that they may be submitted to Congress, which meets annually in December. The first session of each Congress is, if no special session occurs, what is called the long session; the second session is the short one and assembles in early December to expire the following March fourth. This short session, of the second Congress during each presidential term, ends on the day the new President takes office, and appropriates the money to be spent for all government purposes during a year from the following thirtieth of June. Should it fail to do so, an extra session is necessary to keep the Government going.

The important Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce was peculiarly affected by the conditions just described. It is hard when one looks at the giant of today to visualize the infant of 1913. It was not quite seven months old when it came under my charge, having been formed on August 23 1912, by uniting two older services. Coincident with its formation, the appropriation for collecting statistics of domestic commerce was stopped and was not renewed. Therefore the name of the new service was in a measure a misnomer. Any sales manager will appreciate my disgust, indeed my sense of shame, when I found that in a department bearing the name of Commerce and in the sole service therein specifically devoted to enlarging that commerce, the total annual appropriation was $224,860, and of this small sum the amount available for promoting the commerce of the United States was $60,000. There was many a department store of my acquaintance that spent far more in advertising, and the total government allotment for promoting its commerce would seem almost trivial to many a large advertiser of specialties. There were no commercial attachés; there were no branch offices. The force was insufficient for adequate service and was underpaid. Its head, who next to myself was the chief commercial officer of the United States, received the magnificent compensation of $4000 a year. This condition was imposed upon me for more than a year after assuming my post because of the circumstances described above.

My first estimate nearly trebled the amount asked for the service. The funds appropriated for it had grown to $910,000 when I left office, and my final annual estimate—for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921—called for $1,658,420. There lies before me a report from the Foreign Commerce Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, pointing out that the appropriation of this bureau this present year is $2,876,110, and approving the budget estimates for next year of $3,165,372. These amounts are all exclusive of allotments from the general funds of the department for printing and contingencies. At last after ten years of effort on the part of my successors and myself, this great profitable service has something like adequate support. Only ignorance would call this fourteenfold increase in the appropriations for this work extravagance. It is a wise investment, making large and continuous returns. One group of new business connections, arranged through a commercial attaché during my term, more than repaid to the country the entire cost of the bureau for that year. I shall speak elsewhere of dealing with the personnel of the service.

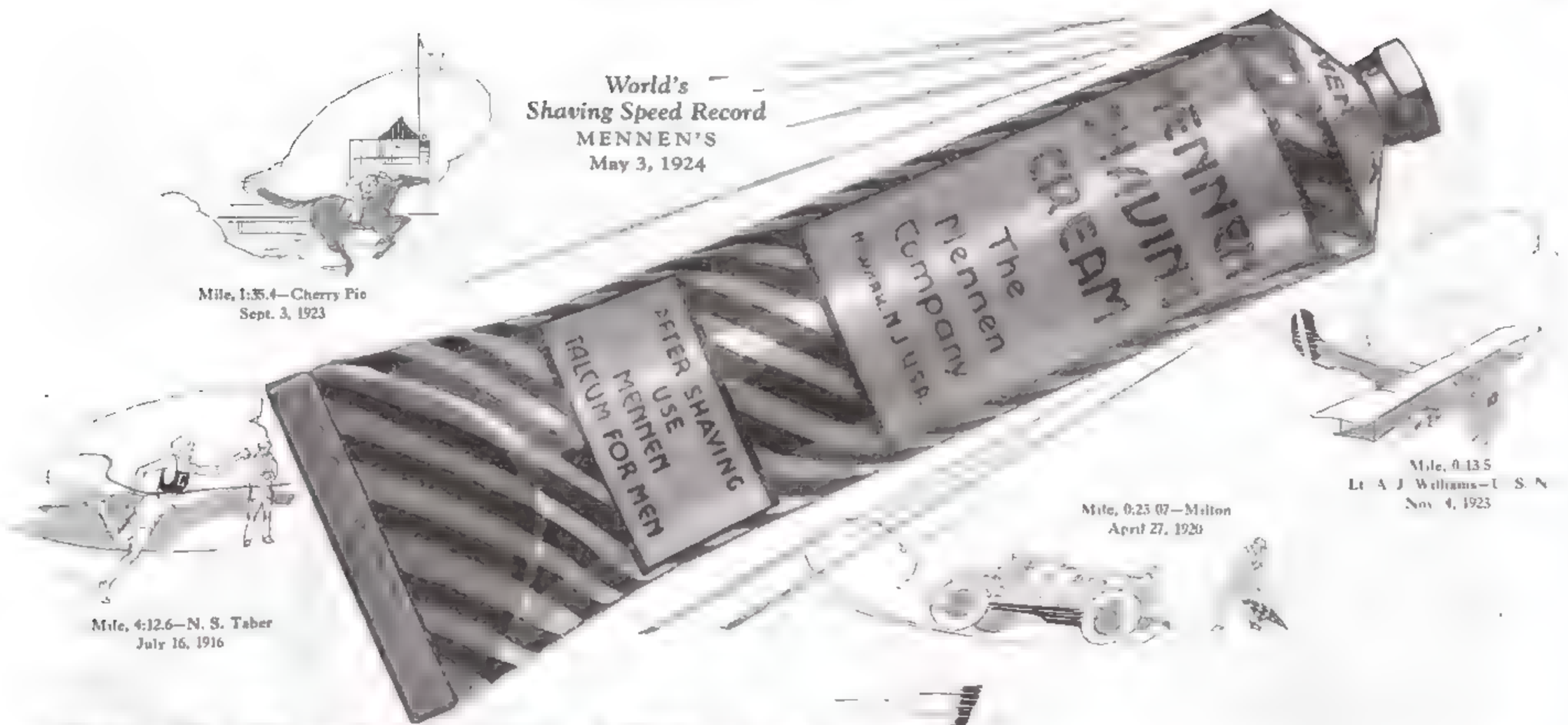
By the time any new head of a department has made himself familiar with the exact situation existing in the services under his control he has learned, if he did not know it before, that political and industrial or commercial views of economy are not the same. Furthermore, he first suspects and later becomes satisfied that there are conditions within the government services of which the press knows little and the public less. It is discovered that some men in both halls of the legislative body from which authority and funds are derived are, to say the least, indifferent whether the work is well or ill done. They do not announce such views, of course, but they act on them. Mischief makers are always about, anxious to grind their personal axes, and some of them can always get the ear of one or more legislators. The work, therefore, cannot be done with an eye single to it. One must always keep a watchful lookout to windward lest legislative squalls arise, remembering that in our present partial development it is not thought good politics to have the Administration of the other party succeed. Indeed, as we shall see, political exigencies on your own side may impose upon you courses that in themselves you think unwise and that bring to naught the efforts of years. On the other hand it is usually true that associates in cabinet and department give loyal support, and some men will be found of both parties in Senate and House who will regard any earnest endeavor to do service with a friendly eye.

Four services of the Department of Commerce were in whole or part scientific Standards, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Lighthouses and Fisheries. Each of these as well had something of an industrial character. Four also were maritime—Lighthouse, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Fisheries and Navigation. Many coast-survey officers were amphibious, equally expert on land and sea, and subject to sudden calls from one field of action to the other. The Bureau of Fisheries had a direct and important relation to the national food supply. The navigation service kept the records of our merchant marine and licensed radio operators. One bureau functioned chiefly with relation to foreign markets the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, one, while it stayed with us, was regulatory and informational about domestic business the Bureau of Corporations; and one was regulatory and protective in character—the Steamboat Inspection Service. Finally, one was statistical—the Bureau of the Census.

This imperfect summary will give a further bird's-eye view of the work. Another article will speak of the personnel that was employed to perform it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

At the Mouth of the Klamath River, California



SHAVING SPEED!

Dermutation (Mennen Process) breaks all time records

THIS is an era of efficiency. Successful men make minutes count. So the development of *dermutation* means much to those who value time.

Dermutation is the scientific term for absolute beard-softening. This process, perfected by the Mennen Laboratories, reduces shaving time by half, adds supreme comfort, and safeguards the skin. Dermutation takes place with any water.

Dermutation is the transformation in the beard caused by the lather of Mennen Shaving Cream. Each stiff, horny hair is made wholly soft and pliant. No hairs escape the softening action.

Hairs thus softened offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through.

Shaving ease

THE lack of resistance increases the life of the blade and prevents the hairs from pulling at the sensitive facial nerves. That is why a Mennen shave is so completely effortless—so utterly comfortable.

Dermutation does not require heat or pressure—so hot towels and finger-rubbing are unnecessary. Dermutation saves bother as well as time.

With any water

MEN in any part of the world, using any water, can now enjoy the speed and comfort that dermutation gives. Variation in water has been overcome. Certain ingredients in Mennen Shaving Cream will soften the hardest water and neutralize the irritating, drying salts in alkaline waters.

This is a scientific achievement—all the more remarkable when you discover that Mennen's works just as well with cold water as with hot.

Skin benefits

THE Mennen beard-softening principle safeguards the skin during the shave, and Boroglycerine provides unique after-effects.

This splendid emollient, compounded by skin specialists, feeds and stimulates the facial tissues. By relaxing the pores, the skin is enabled to throw off the hidden oily deposits that form blackheads. This gentle action improves the skin and circulation.

Make it make good

MENNEN Shaving Cream must make good, or we will. Test it a week at our risk. Get a handy 35c tube or an extra-economical 50c tube at the drug store. If you aren't convinced and enthusiastic after seven shaves, send the tube to us and we'll refund its cost.

If you'd rather experiment with a free trial tube, send the coupon below.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

FACIAL hairs grow in all directions. The magnified diagram to the right shows a fair sample. Some stick out straight, some lean toward the razor, others away from it; some twist and turn and try to go back into the skin again.

Mennen dermutation works, regardless of the hair's position. It is only necessary that the hair be outside the skin for Mennen lather to be brought in contact with it and [illegible] starts. The hairs lose their horny, stiff characteristics, become soft and limp, offering no resistance to the cutting edge of the razor. Hairs in this condition need no props or support to jack them up so that the razor can cut them. If the hair is on the outside of the skin, the razor is sure to get it.

• • •

TO prove that Mennen lather with its dermutation action can so thoroughly soften the beard that no props or supports are necessary to hold the hairs erect for the razor to cut, try this test: Lather thoroughly with Mennen Shaving Cream (no need for rubbing or hot towels). Then wipe off the lather on one cheek. . .

. . . Now shave just as you would if lather were there. Note how easily the Mennen-processed hairs shave off.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry, c o The Mennen Company
341 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send that free tube. If it's all you claim, I promise to buy a regular tube from my druggist.

Name _____

Address _____

Take a Kodak with you

Days like this, that you've looked forward to, offer pictures that you'll turn back to, again and again, in your album.

And any Kodak is compact to carry, easy to work and fun to use.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

ATALANTA IN CONNECTICUT

(Continued from Page 19

that last hour before the match when you know you've got to win and you can't picture yourself as anything but beaten.

He came down to breakfast the next morning three minutes behind Sigrid and asked if he might sit at her table.

"Do," said Sigrid simply.

He had a notebook and a steel tape such as architects use, and while they breakfasted he explained that he was making drawings to scale of several of the famous old Colonial houses in that neighborhood. Sigrid asked questions and he answered them until presently Sigrid understood that his method was to take measurements with the tape and set down his lines on sheets of paper ruled quadrilaterally, each square representing one foot. From these data he could draw up complete plans of the house.

They liked each other. It was so clear to Sigrid that he liked her that she wasn't at all surprised when he asked her if she would go with him and help.

"I'd like to," she said.

"Good," said the young man, and smiled at her as if she had made him completely happy.

They walked a couple of miles to the house he had arranged to measure. He introduced Sigrid to the old lady who owned the house in a fashion so casual that it effectually concealed the fact he didn't know Sigrid's name, and they went to work. They measured all the rooms, measured the doors, the windows, the fireplaces, and the beautifully proportioned paneling that filled all the fireplace walls. It was one o'clock before he had all the data he needed. The old lady led the way into the dining room. The table was set with quite priceless old things in a window that looked on a garden.

"I've got a clam pie," the old lady announced.

"Oh," Sigrid cried, "I do love clam pie."

So they sat down in the fine old room, Sigrid and the strange young man. The old lady hadn't the faintest notion that they were strangers to each other. She hovered over them until she had seen that they were served and she herself was surfeited with compliments on her dishes and her clam pie; and then, with a benign little smile, she left them alone.

Sigrid saw that the old lady thought they were engaged—or about to be. She blushed at the thought, and glancing up at the young man incautiously, she saw that he also had seen what the old lady thought. He laughed. Sigrid laughed. And so they were very happy together with that little unspoken but thoroughly shared joke between them.

After lunch they walked back to Miss Mattie's, and Sigrid thought she had never known a young man so pleasant, nor one who gave her so satisfying a feeling of strength. She wondered why it was, being a terribly honest person, that she thought him strong and fine. What evidence had she? She reflected that he wasn't in the least afraid of her. That was her evidence. He was simply and unaffectedly friendly. Before the day was over she began to wonder if there wasn't something more than just friendliness in his eyes. She had watched the young men Hilda had captivated often enough, and they had looked at Hilda as this young man looked at her, with that curious, bright, steady look, every moment.

He was busy all the next morning drawing up his notes; but he came in beaming at lunch.

"I've found something to do this afternoon," he cried. "Did you know there was a tennis court next door?"

Sigrid shrank as if he had struck her, and the next instant, trying to conceal her terror, she beamed at him. He took her smile for happy acquiescence.

"Good," he said. "I've got an hour's work to do and then we'll play. I've found rackets and balls."

Sigrid went up to her room. She couldn't spoil it all. She couldn't beat him. And then, honest though she was, it occurred to her that she needn't beat him, no matter how bad he was. Sigrid smiled—the smile of Eve.

The court was a poor one, judged by Sigrid's standards. The rackets were light and not tightly strung. The balls had been used before. These things were in her favor—they helped her to play the rôle of dub. Fortunately, too, he knew so little about tennis that when she forgot and pulled off a beautiful backhand trap shot he thought it was luck.

He won 6-2, 6-0.

Sigrid went to her room to bathe and change. She had begun to hate herself for deceiving him. She could not bear the way she had taken him in. What if he found out what she had done to him? He might conceivably forgive her for beating him. No man ever had; but this man was different—he might. But how could he forgive her for taking it for granted he couldn't stand her beating him?

That night after dinner he asked her to walk down to the village with him. The moon hadn't come up. They walked in a velvet darkness toward the lights of the village. But Sigrid could get no joy from walking with him. She could not tell him the truth and she could not forget her lie.

He mailed his letters at the post office and they started back in an uncomfortable silence. There was a handsome drug store on the corner with a soda fountain.

"Come on," he said, "let's have a soda."

"Very well," said Sigrid.

Sitting in the drug store, sipping a chocolate soda, Sigrid saw that the druggist carried tennis rackets. She got up and looked them over. Most of the rackets were cheap. But suddenly she saw a Ballinger. She picked it up. The handle was right. It had the proper feel.

"How much is it?" she asked the clerk.

"I'm afraid that's pretty high-priced," the clerk answered. "We ordered it for somebody who never called for it." He glanced at the tag. "It's fifteen dollars," he finished.

Sigrid's mind was made up.

"I'll take it," she said.

"What are you doing?" the young man asked.

"I'm buying a good racket so I can beat you at tennis," Sigrid said, smiling.

"I'm afraid it'll take more than a new racket," he said.

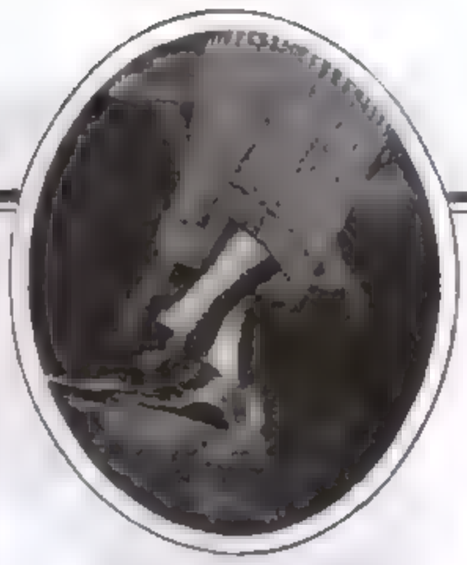
"We'll see," Sigrid said.

She bought some balls, and some surgeon's tape for the racket handle. She felt better as they walked home to Miss Mattie's. His hand touched hers in the velvet dark. She let him take her hand in his. It was the first time a man had ever held her hand. He crooked his arm in hers, keeping her hand in his, and side by side they walked on. Sigrid reflected that this time tomorrow she would be on her way back to New York and the national championship. She would have beaten this man at tennis. It would be all over. Meanwhile she would know what it was, just once, to have the man she liked to hold her hand.

He suggested that they sit out on the porch. But Sigrid was firm. She felt—she knew—he would kiss her, and that wasn't fair.

Alone in her own room, she wondered how she had known. She had known. She had never been kissed, but she had known.

She Was Wondering Just Why It Was That No Man Had Ever Kissed Her—Ever Tried To



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If you've been paying 35¢ or 40¢ for ordinary lisle hose, you'll be agreeably surprised to find what sheer, lustrous, long-wearing hose you can buy for a few cents more if you ask for Wilson Bro's Number 414··A skilful blending of high-grade fibre and sturdy lisle is responsible for the good looks and long wear—and a tremendous volume of business makes the low price possible.

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New York *Paris*

"How many shaves to a blade?"

A question men ask lately

JUDGE these shaving facts, men, and let your reasoning be your guide.

The average safety razor blade gives a perfect shave the *first* time, then diminishes with each subsequent shave because it gradually dulls

Beards differ. Skins differ. The average number of shaves with the average blade is six to eight. Then the blade must be thrown away.

Now consider carefully Valet AutoStrop Razor blades: Each and every shave is with a new-like blade. A few seconds of automatic stropping restores super-keenness.

Thus our blade gives twice the average service—and *every* shave perfect.

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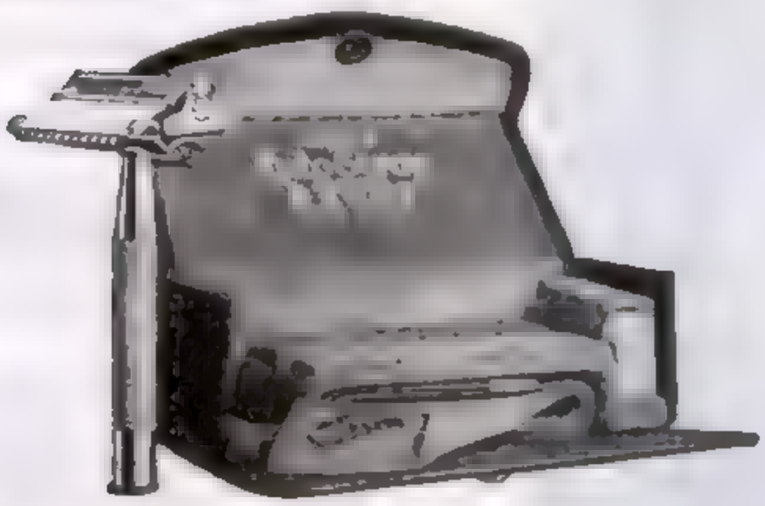
A speedy shave means this: A super-keen blade means only *once over*. No scraping. No pull. No skin irritation. The faster the shave, the finer. That's why we claim "78 seconds from lather to towel" —as thousands of men testify is the ideal shave. No other safety razor on earth offers the Valet AutoStrop Razor superiorities. We urge you to buy one now and learn the joys of "every shave a perfect shave."



Valet Auto-Strop Razor

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

She had known by something electric in the air. It had taken all her courage not to yield to that. But now that she hadn't she was proud of herself. She had got her pride back. Tomorrow she would tell him the truth—she would beat him as badly as she knew how; and having made up her mind, she went off to sleep like a child.

At breakfast she relaxed her purpose for a moment. She liked him so much. She wanted him to like her—to remember her with liking. She could take the train to New York without beating him, without telling him who she was. But she set her mouth in a way she had when a match was tied at one set all.

That afternoon he offered her first serve.

"No," said Sigrid, "we'll toss for it." She twirled her racket in the air.

"Rough," he said.

"Rough it is," said Sigrid, bending over to make sure.

She hit his first service on the rising bound with the full power of her forehand. The ball shot like a bullet across the net and four inches inside his backhand corner. He never got his racket on it. He gave her one bewildered look and took his position. Sigrid bit her lip. He served again. Sigrid chopped the ball short and ran in. He was a little late getting in for the low bounce. He popped the ball up over Sigrid's head. Sigrid stepped back and smashed. The ball struck beside him and bounded twenty yards out of his reach.

It was slaughter, nothing less. He got three points in the set because Sigrid made three errors—two outs and a net. Sigrid took the last point on a kill from the base line.

She stole a glance at him. She wanted to know whether he was going to be formally polite, pretending he wasn't furious; or whether he would be so mad there would be no pretense about it. Some men had taken it one way and some the other. But that glance told her the incredible truth. He wasn't mad at all! He was coming forward with a broad, admiring grin. There was no mistaking his air, his manner, his expression. He was delighted.

Sigrid turned and fled. She ran all the way back to Miss Mattie's and up the stairs and into her own room and locked the door and threw herself on the bed and wept. She could never explain—never. There just wasn't any explanation that wouldn't let him know she had done it because she loved him. After an hour of going over and over everything that had happened, she still saw that.

She began to pack her things. She could arrange with Miss Mattie to get away after dark—after midnight if necessary. She couldn't see him again—ever. She ordered dinner in her room. A telegram came up with her dinner. She tore it open. It ran to fifty words of anxious inquiry from her father about her condition. She wrote briefly, "I am ready to play," and asked the maid to have the message wired at once. She couldn't eat her dinner. She was still wondering how she had best explain to Miss Mattie when the maid came up with a note. It read:

I am waiting for you on the front porch. I am going to wait here until you come down.

Sigrid looked wildly at her mirror, realized what she was doing, and blushed. She went to the little writing desk in the window and picked up a pen.

"I won't," she wrote. But she didn't like that. She tried the one word, "Never." But that wasn't any better. It sounded as if she didn't mean it. She tried being polite: "I'm awfully sorry to have been so rude, but I can't come down or explain or anything. I've just had a telegram that means I've got to catch the next train for New York and I've only time to pack my things." And all the time she knew she was going to wash her face with cold water and powder her nose and put on the white silk frock she liked herself best in and go downstairs and out on the front porch—just as he had ordered her to.

It was nine o'clock when she was ready. She walked downstairs, her head erect, and through the hall. She knew exactly what she was going to say to him. She was going to say, "I'm awfully sorry."

He was sitting on the porch railing when she paused in the doorway. He was alone. He came toward her. She saw that he was going to take both her hands in his. She was suddenly panic-stricken.

"Let's sit down," she said hurriedly.

He led the way to the railing. They stood side by side for a moment, looking out on the moonlit Sound. It was warm and still and sweet. She felt herself yielding to the warmth and stillness and sweetness. She wanted to yield and wanted not to.

"I'm awfully sorry I was so rude," she said. "I—I ——" She couldn't go on.

"I never saw anything so beautiful in my life," he said gravely.

"Didn't you ever see good tennis?" Sigrid asked.

"No, I never did. I was always too busy playing golf."

"Oh," said Sigrid, "you play golf?"

"I used to," he said mildly. "My name is Enoch Brown."

Sigrid shook her head.

"I know that name ought to mean something to me, but it doesn't," she said.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "it's the name of a young man who won the intercollegiate golf championship and the American amateur championship and the American open championship, and then decided that he wanted to be something besides a golf player and gave it all up and seriously took up the practice of his profession—which happens to be architecture."

"No wonder you didn't mind my beating you at tennis!"

"No," said Enoch Brown; "I wouldn't mind what you did so long as you didn't throw me down."

He turned and faced her. Sigrid felt a compelling force in his eyes. She had to look at him.

"I love you," he said, and kissed her.

III

LATE the next afternoon they came toward Miss Mattie's after a long walk together over the Connecticut hills. Andy Graham and Sigrid's father stood watching them as they came down the bare rocky slope. Andy and her father had been waiting since two o'clock, and now they saw what anyone could have seen. They saw that these two walked in fields of asphodel.

"It's all over," said Sigurd Sigurdson. "She might as well default."

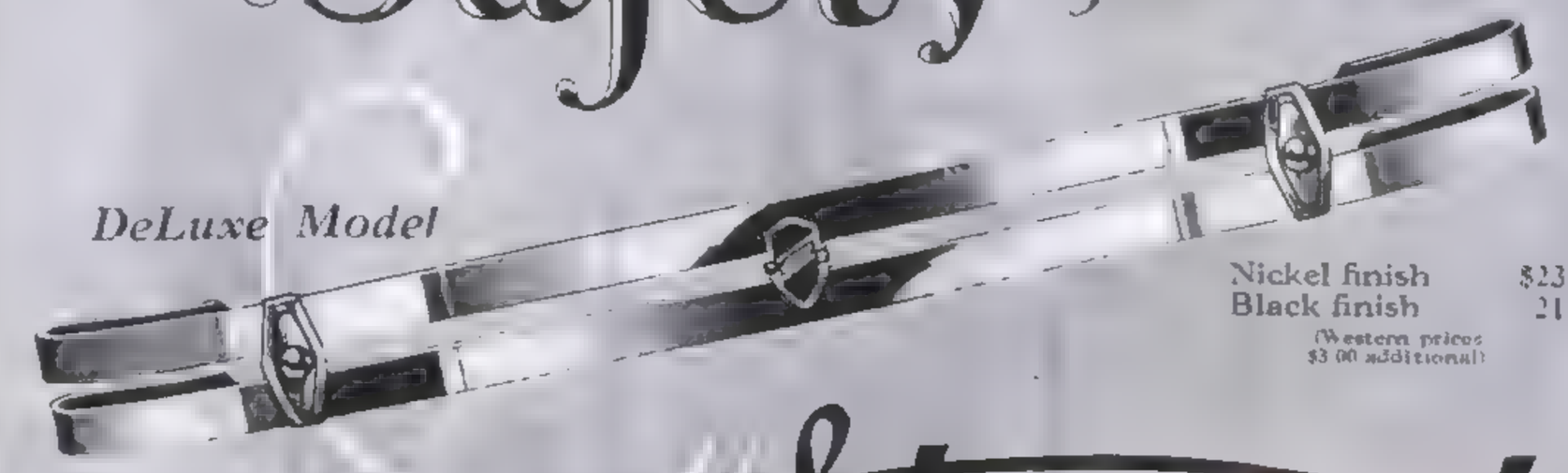
Andy stooped and picked up a blade of grass. He chewed the blade reflectively as he watched Sigrid and Enoch come down the hill, their shoulders touching, oblivious to everything in the world except each other.

"I'm backing her to win," Andy said.

Andy was right, as those who read Fred Thorne's story of Sigrid's match with Cecil Beach in the following Sunday morning's paper know.

Ten centuries ago [Fred began], Eric the Red swooped down on the English coast and knocked the poor Angles and Saxons for a goal. Yesterday at Forest Hills, Sigrid the Red swept down on the English Beach and the slaughter was something terrible. Miss Beach is said to have the steadiest ground strokes known. Very likely she has—under ordinary circumstances. But the circumstances just weren't ordinary. They weren't even reasonable. Wasn't there a Greek lady back in the old days who had more speed than any other mortal? Atalanta—that's the name! We never quite believed that story. Now we do. Atalanta lives again in Sigrid Sigurdson.

Protection and Safety Guaranteed



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Nickel finish $23
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Driving or parking, you can be protected at all times against careless drivers by equipping your car with double-bar Stewart Bumpers. Look for the name Stewart when purchasing to make certain you are getting the genuine all-steel Stewart Bumpers.

Stewart Shock Absorbers make rough-road driving safe and comfortable. Smoothly and quickly they absorb the jolting and bouncing of the car body. They eliminate the violent rebound that breaks springs—that causes wear and tear on the car and on the driver's nerves.

Get real pleasure in every-day driving and in touring. Change rough roads into smooth roads and smooth roads into boulevards. Your car dealer or garageman can equip your car with Stewart Shock Absorbers.

Set of four $30
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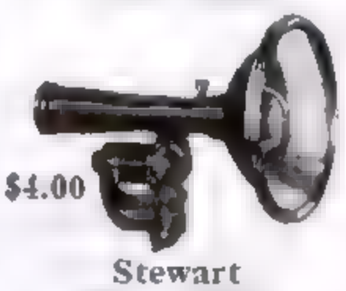

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¶ Remember—every Visible Pump on the market is not a Fry—just as every six-cylinder car on the road is not a Packard. ¶ There is but one Packard—and but one Fry. ¶ So we suggest that you look for something more than just a glass gasoline container. Do not be content with just "looks." Be sure of the Fry metal identification tag. ¶ Find it on the pump. Ask the man in charge to point it out to you. Its presence is a good indication of that operator's willingness to serve you in a clean-cut businesslike manner. ¶ Fry is America's outstanding automatically accurate Visible Gasoline Pump. ¶ Whenever you see a Visible Pump think of Fry. ¶ Buy from a Fry—millions do!

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PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

P. S. It's absolutely true that the buildings here are remarkably tall.

PHILADELPHIA.

This is a delightful old city, with a decidedly Old World atmosphere. Elizabeth says an Amurrican would never think of expressing it in just that way, but she understands what I mean. I gave my first lecture here last night and it really went rather well. I read my poems and then I spoke on England as Amurrica's Mother Country. As I told you, the Amurricans are frightfully sensitive and require tactful handling, so I established the *entente cordiale* at once by telling my audience that although we in England knew they had no culture as we understand the word, we realized that, after all, Amurrica had been first settled by our domestic-servant classes and cultural growth would naturally take time. This seemed to please them, and especially when I added that they had, in my opinion, a tremendous advantage over Australia, which was settled by our convicts. A charming Amurrican woman came up to me afterwards, and said her only regret was that England was not sending Amurrica more domestic servants today. I then related a story of my Kerry Blue terrier, Tim, at a recent badger dig, when he set his rabbit in the middle of a field until told to go on, and then put the rabbit up and, after six or seven turns, killed. Mind you, he was put to ground in a 15ft. made badger earth with a 2ft. bend, and he took his badger to the surface within a very few minutes! The audience applauded heartily as I left the stage. If this is all there is to lecturing, old chap, it's a cushy job, I should jolly well like to tell everybody in the world, as they say over here.

BOSTON.

My lecture here didn't go off so well and I'm in rather a funk, old thing. The trouble seems to be not so much with me as with my topic. It appears that most of the Amurricans in New England are either Irish or Italians, with a sprinkling of Portuguese, and the idea of England, the Mother Country, doesn't fit in quite. It's been most frightfully upsetting to both Elizabeth and me, for the motor-tire advertisements had led us to expect something quite different. It doesn't seem possible that all the Amurricans live in Philadelphia! We are hoping better things from Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH.

Sorry, old thing, but I'm still feeling peckish. Most of the Amurricans here are Czechs or Poles or Slavs of a sort, and altogether alien to the Anglo-Saxon spirit. For example, such words as Carnegie and Bethlehem have an entirely different meaning for them to what they have for you and me. However, we shall continue our bookings across the continent and hope to have better news for you.

NEW YORK, six weeks later.

Cheerio! Back again in New York, and with enough iron chappies, as they say here, so we shall be married within the fortnight.

We had rather bad going with England, the Mother Country, at first, what with the Germans in Milwaukee, the Swedes in Wisconsin, and so on. California was particularly trying, as most of the natives refused to admit they had any mother country, owing to the fact, so we were told, that they were really Iowans—whatever those are! For a time I was forced to drop the Mother Country idea altogether, and stress my sporting anecdotes, adding an exciting account of the Chiddingly versus Skilts cricket match, when Vivyan Gwinch-Withers made a century, and Captain H. T. Cholmondeley Gudge bowled exceptionally well, taking four wickets in one over—including the hat trick—on the first day's play—Skilts eventually winning the match by only 290 runs. At last, when we reached Chicago, things took a turn for the better, for most of the Amurricans there have no mother country and were only too glad to jump at the chance of claiming England.

My book has sold well, too, and I expect my next one, Amurrica's Mistakes—written at odd moments during our journeys—will be equally successful. Altogether, you see, I'm feeling particularly fit. I'm keen to spend our honeymoon at Niagara Falls, but Elizabeth won't hear of it. She says nobody goes there in Amurrica! Only fancy!

Well, ta-ta, old man—must toddle along to the dentist's as I've just lost a stopping. Remember—the first century is the most difficult, by long odds, as we say here in Amurrican slang! —*Katharine Dayton.*

Malindy-isms

MISS ANNIE, as I wuz a-sweepin' off that they new consecrated front sidewal, o-you-alls this mawnin', I heerd Mr. Tom a-talkin' to de Yankee college perfesser next doah. He 'lowed as how Miss Annie Lee and de Doctah had done gone to Pineyhurt, Ca'lina, fur de golfus-sportin'.

What ails them chillun, anyhow, a-traipsen off over de country, when they had orter be settin' home, bunnelled up, by they own fireplace? And a-playin' a fool game like that-air golfus too. O' cose, de men folks does look pow'ful sweet in them cute little short panties they wears, and it gives 'em a good chancet to dress all up like little boys agin. That's just what it is—a reg'lar chilluns' play game. The idear o' ary growed-up man a-hot-footin' it fur miles, a-swattin' at a little-bittie white ball. Effen I craved walkin' that bad, I'd do it 'possum huntin' or a quail shootin', and have somethin' to show fur de blisters on my foots. Yas'm.

You knows that they perfesser started a golfus field here last summer, and now all de little niggers in Tin Cup, whuts allers been too spindlin' to even tote they ma's washin' home, is a-busy candy-in' fur him—a totin' o' heavy sacks full o' hoes and other sech-lookin' tools, with the same as which they had orter be diggin' in they own cotton patch. Howsomever, when I gits all my washin' did, I aims to go set on de fence at de golfus field and watch de real why and de which o' that game.

But Pineyhurt, ain't that a curious name, Miss Annie? I 'lows thay done called it thataway 'cause de pine needles hurt de little niggers' foots when they run fur them fool balls. Near as I kin make out from Mr. Tom's conversin', that's de mos' they raises round there—pines and sand and golfus fields, wid a little cotton, and a few pigs and peaches to hep out. But somehow, it don't sound like a persactly comftable place fur a nigger to go. Yas'm, Tin Cup is still good enough fur my own sef.

—*Rena Shore Duncan.*

Invictus

(Your Pardon, W. E. H.)

OUT of the night that covers me—
Black, with some gray streaks here and there,
I thank whatever gods may be,
That I have never bobbed my hair!

In the fell clutch of fashion's laws
I have not winced, nor have I sobbed;
And yet I'm out of style, because
My hair is stringy and unbobbed.

Some, bobbed, repent with wrath and tears,
Some bob for fear their youth will fade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight my hair,
How queer it looks beneath my hat,
Of barbers' shears I'll still beware,
Because I'm much too short and fat!

—*Edith Howell.*

Hanged If I Know What to Do With Myself!

He Starts at $5,200 a Year

One hundred dollars a week!—And only a few years ago his weekly wage was less than $30. Didn't dream he could do it when he first took up the study of Higher Accounting under the LaSalle Problem Method; but he just couldn't *help* getting ahead—so he wrote—because he found it the most interesting thing he ever tackled.

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Name
Present Position
Address

Beauty begins where the light comes in!

Lasting beauty *where beauty begins*

—with window shades of durable Brenlin

THAT room, so charming when you planned it—has it kept the beauty you worked so hard to attain?

Or has something, something that you can't just put your finger on, come along to spoil the whole effect?

Then look at your windows. For it is at the windows, where the light comes in, that beauty may begin or end.

If your window shades have lost their freshness, if they have become streaked, cracked and faded, their defects, standing out strong and harsh in the bright daylight, must take away the charm of your most carefully planned interior scheme.

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

There's lasting beauty for your windows in window shades of durable Brenlin. And Brenlin may be had for but a few cents more than ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes that show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

Strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen, Brenlin has weight and body enough in itself to keep it always straight and smooth. It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

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When you buy window shades, be sure that what you are getting is really Brenlin. The name is embossed or perforated on the edge of every shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

There are many valuable hints for you in our interesting booklet: "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows." Write for it. We'll be glad to send it, together with some samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

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the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades

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Renard Linoleum & Rug Co., St. Louis, Missouri

WILL YOU BELIEVE IT?

(Continued from Page 33)

doctor handed these pellets to our great leader and asked him to distribute them through his pockets.

"And now," quoth the doctor, "in the right-hand side pocket of your coat is the following question: 'Is my Aunt ——'s grave properly tended?'" The doctor went on through the ten questions, exhibiting a startling accuracy in what he called mind reading.

When he had gone I said, "You do not believe that was mind reading?"

The presidential aspirant replied, "I have to believe it. There is no other explanation. I have thought it over and over and I am convinced."

We were interrupted, and one of my minor regrets is that I allowed a man of his prominence to go to his grave believing perhaps in the strange powers of Doctor Somebody. The trick is one of the old ones in the thought-transference, mind-reading, spiritualism world.

When the pellets are rolled up they lose their identity. The victim cannot tell one from another. The sharper merely sneaks one blank pellet into the lot and takes out one with a question on it. He does this by sleight of hand and reads it furtively. Then he points to a pocket where one pellet has been placed and reads off the question which was on the stolen pellet. "Now hand it to me," he says; and when he gets it he changes it for the pellet he has stolen and read. The victim reads the pellet, which he supposes came from the right-hand side pocket, but while he is doing so the doctor reads the question on the second pellet. So he goes on from one to another until he has finished. He tells the question which the victim supposes is on the last one and throws it into the wastebasket. It is the blank pellet!

The accident of a long-distance telephone call which prevented my explaining at the moment something which "could only be explained by supernatural powers" allowed a good and intelligent man to go to the end of his life believing in a piece of claptrap merely because, like most of us, he had swallowed the false idea that there can be only one explanation!

Falsity Welcomed

I have observed—and perhaps you will, if you have not already—that, like this false belief that there can be only one explanation, there are certain definite doors, carelessly left open, through which we allow particular kinds of error, lies, distortions and untruths to come in and take up a more or less permanent residence in our minds. It would be a good plan to examine these doors and then put Common Sense at each one as a guardian to ask any information applying for entry to show some kind of credentials.

The mental door widest open and least guarded by human beings is the door which gives entry to all the falsity we wish to believe. Going back over the variety of men and women I have known, I think that I can see that not only the uneducated but, perhaps even more, the educated and distinguished mind falls a victim to this silly weakness of believing as much as possible of the things which, regardless of their worth or truth, none the less feed the wish to believe. I have seen an American banker, who has had and will have much to do with European reconstruction finance, painstakingly scrutinizing evidence which appeared to conflict with his beliefs. To that extent he is conscientious and careful. But I have seen this same man filled up to the brim by misrepresentations out of the mouth of a European statesman, who by chance or design told the banker what the banker wished to believe. I remember a justice of the United States Supreme Court who told me with candor that his one disqualification, the one factor which made him feel that he could never reach the height of clear-mindedness he desired to attain, came from his early training in the South, which had taught him, as he expressed it, "to welcome any evidence which tended to prove that he was right yesterday."

I know a manufacturer who has been a conspicuous success by following a certain business policy. Until ten years ago he was undoubtedly right. Now the conditions in the industry having totally changed, instead of being 97 per cent right he is 98 per cent wrong. He takes into his mind all he can find of "information" which fits his persistent wish to believe that he has been right and is right now. He takes in enough of this stuff every day to keep him baying along the wrong scent, and ten years from now probably he will be off on the hills of failure with dark coming on, still nursing his wish to believe. Certainly it is not only the ignorant or the morons who are victims of this strange vice of mankind.

If anyone will do a little thinking about it, it is clear that the wish to believe is founded not on one cause but on several. Undoubtedly the great cause is the ego—the conceit of the human mind. If there is anything which we love and cherish it is our own opinion. We wish to think that our opinion, formulated and expressed yesterday, was right. And so one finds whenever there appear two antagonistic political groups that each one gradually fills up with untruths or distortions, welcomed with apparent joy, because the falsities serve to support the opinion of each side. As each group accepts more and more untruth, according to its wish to prove itself right, there accumulates in the individual and the mass more and more intolerance. Intolerance is the most carefully reared baby of the wish to believe.

A Campaign Trick

The conflict in America about the virtues and vices of the League of Nations is a case in point. I have had considerable contact with this conflict, and nothing astounds me more than to find how eager is anyone who is on one side or the other, to swallow false evidence because of his desire and hunger to believe anything which supports his own opinion. I spoke recently on a public occasion on the subject, and the resentment of those who were on the other side was well expressed by an indignant woman, who wrote to me:

"How can you debase yourself by bringing up these old worn-out facts? It made me positively ill."

I might have answered her that what made her ill was her wish to believe. Her real illness was in a mind which only desired to feed on statements, true or false, which would make her wriggle with the pleasure arising from saying to oneself or to others, "Wasn't I right? Didn't I tell you so?" This desire to prove that one has been right is, unfortunately, the foundation for the political and religious conviction, not of those who have worked out intelligently their beliefs, but of the great mass of men and women, both low and high in the scale of so-called education.

I have seen this weakness used in the field of American politics. Whenever I have had a chance to manage a campaign I have tried to get as many persons as possible to sign something. Once a man indorses an opinion with his signature, he never forgets the registry. He can be depended upon usually to open the doors of his mind to anything which proves he was right in giving his indorsement, and he will often close his mind to anything which tends to prove he was wrong. He is a fixture! He has been inoculated by the wish to believe. The only astounding feature of this is that the man with the disease does not know he has it.

There is another cause for the wish to believe. It lies in the very apparent fact that men and women like to believe that other men and women are as bad as or worse than they are themselves. It may not be pleasant to admit this characteristic. It may not be agreeable to confess that we take limitless distortions and sensational matter into our minds because of the wish to believe that others less good or less smart have been caught and exposed as wicked or foolish.

One of the largest owners of newspapers in the United States was saying to me the other day that in addition to the hopeful fact that wickedness is more rare and comes into crises and therefore is better news than goodness, we have another explanation for our liking for the yellow in our journals. It is the wish to believe that someone else has slipped. The power of the blackmailer is rendered increasingly dangerous because the victim senses that the public has this wish to believe, that it will prefer mud to whitewash. Preference is perverted by the

(Continued on Page 93)

Make 5 INCHES give you 2 FEET

YOUR ordinary letter-file sections have four drawers—accommodate 20,000 letters. Good—but not enough.

By adding only five inches to the average height of a four-drawer file, we've been able to add a *fifth* drawer. On account of this one item of careful design the Baker-Vawter section gives you two full feet more filing space—enough for 5,000 additional letters. Yet the top-drawer indexes are but 56 inches from the floor.

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Baker-Vawter files are made *by us*, not for us; they're sold direct to you. We know *how* they are made and *of what*.

The outer finish is beautifully processed that it may be in keeping with the quality of the steel beneath—not, as sometimes happens in files, to camouflage poor workmanship with enamel and varnish. We'll stake our 35 years' reputation on this file. You ought to know about it.

The coupon will bring you further information which will tell you how to make your present file floor space yield you 25% to 33⅓% more filing inches. Send for it.

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The backbone of this file is a rigid steel frame welded into one piece. The smooth, flawless steel has a surface finish that is a revelation to those who know steel.

The nickeled steel, one piece drawer carrier rolls on eight hardened steel rollers. Drawers roll almost as easily loaded as empty.

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A Treasure for Daily Use

THIS dainty *Chest-Buffet* contains just the right silver for daily service, laid in compartments ready to your hand. Detach the lid and presto! your chest becomes a delightful little blue-lined tray. Your choice of the two exquisite TUDOR patterns, *Duchess* and *Baronet*.

TEASPOONS
$1.75 *Set of Six*

COMPLETE AT $14.00

The CHEST-BUFFET *is furnished* FREE *of charge*

(Continued from Page 90)

hunger to believe that other feet than the reader's have stumbled.

This force, operating to make you believe that which often isn't so, is the explanation why three successive Presidents of the United States have been victims of widespread libels. Beginning with Roosevelt, who, being as temperate as any sane man should be, was whispered as a drunkard, there followed a nation-wide affliction of a story besmirching Wilson. Harding, at the end of his presidential campaign, bore in dignified silence a slander viler than the others. In my political experience I have been astonished by the class of persons who will indulge their wish to believe like thirsty drunkards.

A prominent banker was responsible for the story that Roosevelt in his later years came to a Harvard reunion and was found by the banker in a drunken stupor on a couch at a certain hour of the day in a clubhouse. I took pains to run this story down and I believe fully that the banker's wish to believe was so strong that he had convinced himself that he was giving honest testimony. The investigation, however, showed that Roosevelt was talking with Governor Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, at the hour named and that at the precise time it was the banker himself who was stretched out on the club couch.

One of the great detectives of this country has been quoted recently as saying that he could get it on any man if set to do the task. He may have had a cynical belief, based on his rather unfortunately selected experience with mankind, that there is a skeleton in every closet; but if he is right, he is right in part because of the public's ready desire to believe in any alleged exposure. The mere alleged exposure is more potent than proof of innocence. Of course, if the exposure is of some charge which is beyond the scope of our own little weaknesses, then there is less wish to believe. Why? Because in that case we do not compare instinctively our greater shrewdness or greater virtue with the awkwardness or weakness of another.

Most of us, not being potential murderers, regard the exposure of a charge of murder with an impartial attitude and sometimes with a hope that the charge is not true. But in the case of commoner human breakdowns we wriggle inwardly with delight that someone else has had hypocrisy or pretense torn away and is standing as an exhibit of what we might have been had we ourselves not been more agile or more conscientious.

This characteristic is akin to our laughter when we see a man fall on the icy sidewalk; we are glad in each case that it was not we who slipped. And the contrast of our own position and that of others being delightful, we want nothing to interfere with our wish to believe that the contrast is there. This form of wish to believe is the chief reason for the existence of the village gossip, for the popularity of certain women, titled or otherwise, in the capitals of Europe and the cities of America who feed our wish to believe by their slanders; it is the chief reason for the leaning of ears toward the voice of the insider, even when the insider is something of an incorrigible liar.

Love of Scandal

There exists today, in one of the capitals of Europe, a famous white-haired old lady, of a distinguished appearance, whose tongue is such a contrast to her respectable mien, whose vulgarities in her supposed exposures of the moral slips of others and whose lies even are so daring in contrivance and are so tickling to the wish to believe, that smart society of two continents goes to her table. The food is not poisonous. That is one reason for the presence of guests. The conversation is, and that's another reason. Nothing could better illustrate the difference in the attitude of men and women between the things they will take into their stomachs and the things they will take into their minds.

The third principal reason for the wish to believe, which admits so much that is not so into our minds, is our ardent desire to believe anything which takes off our individual shoulders our load of personal responsibility. We may as well face the fact that we dearly love to know of any new forces which may control our lives and for which we are not personally answerable.

When psychoanalysis comes along with the suggestion that we are not to be regarded in the old ignorant way as responsible individuals, mankind gives a whoop of joy and sends for all the literature. Every idle wife becomes an amateur psychoanalyst; the new discoveries revealing human defects, which cannot be attributed to old-fashioned blame, are discussed by every twittering group. For every truth about psychoanalysis there are twenty lies!

Why is all this glad welcome? It is because we have passed a milestone in scientific discoveries about human ills. Up till psychoanalysis came we could only escape responsibility for ills of our bodies. This we did successfully by shutting our eyes to the fact that 90 per cent of our physical ills come from our abuse of the human body and by exercising our wish to believe that if we failed to be cured the whole difficulty could be laid at the door of the undeveloped knowledge or the inadequacy of doctors. Who would believe that now along comes a chance to put our crimes, follies, sins and stupidities up to the doctors? What could we wish to believe more than that? Fascinating subject!

And now come also the real discoveries about the influence upon bodily and mental and temperamental welfare of the glands. Sound the brasses! Let us exaggerate the whole business, talk about it, receive false testimony about it. Why? Because we wish to believe in still another escape from personal responsibility. When one is cross in the family it's the ductless glands! We find another way to escape!

Furthermore, passing to a different field of escape, nearly all the victims of the whole complicated diet of the occult, on which we feed so eagerly, are victims, not so much of the fraudulent or hysterical delusions that are offered them as they are victims of their own wish to believe. A search for abnormal forces over which man has no control is a great distraction from daily conflict with known forces which calls for individual responsibility and tests that responsibility. We welcome anything which allows us to check, in the anteroom of the mysterious, the realities, including our personal responsibility for correct thought or conduct in a normal world.

The Angels of Mons

To be frank about it, our wish to believe makes us open our mental arms to gather in a whole seething mass of untruth. We turn from one craze to another with this wish to believe. We wish to believe that we can pass personal responsibility over to the doctor or to repressed childhood, for which parents may be blamed; or to repressed emotions, chargeable to husbands or wives, who "fail to understand our natures," or to the effect of glands on temperaments or to the psychiatrist or to spells, magics, automatic writings, materialization of spirits.

From the exaggerations we give to reports of scientific discoveries, down to the nonsensical hocus-pocus which proves that we have not graduated yet from the savage class, we go on wishing to believe, hoping to pass responsibility. It is not the supply of silly crazes which pushes nonsense into our minds; it is the demand for something which will give us escape from reality or take the responsibility off our shoulders which pulls nonsense into our minds. It is the wish to believe.

The best sense ever expressed on this subject was by an old negro maid, who saw her mistress packing up to go to a sanitarium.

"Wha yo goin', missy?"

"I am going to a rest cure. I've had a breakdown. I'm going away from everything," was the reply.

"Yas'm," said the mammy. "But, honey, don't forget, you won't get away from yo'self!"

When a wave of desire to escape to unrealities fills a world, as it did during the war and after, remarkable instances of the persistence of wish to believe arise. In these instances not only will the wish accept false evidence but it will stalwartly reject any quantity of true evidence which shows the absurdity of the false.

During the war a young man in England wrote a purely fiction story about a British regiment at Mons, which, being left cut off by a retreat, was saved by the sudden appearance of angels who with drawn swords drove back the enemy and made an angelic rescue. The author made no pretense that the story was true; he offered it and it was published as the product out of the whole cloth of his own imagination. So far as I can trace it, the story was told to some London preacher and the London preacher made a sermon about it, treating it as if it

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But the greater satisfaction is your feeling of safety. Your home is protected—safe from the havoc that follows beating sun and pelting rain. There will be no blisters in that coat of paint—no crevices for wet to creep in and decay to get at the structure beneath.

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were a fact. It traveled along like a prairie fire. Some other publication found a petty officer who when interviewed was willing to admit, with becoming modesty, that he had been present when the angel host, disappointing all the pacifists, had leaped to arms

Now the author was somewhat proud of his inventive powers. To make out that the thing had really happened robbed him of the credit for having invented it. Furthermore, the author of the Angels-of-Mons story, having been to Sunday school in his youth, had a regard for the truth. He endeavored to spread the truth about the story. He wrote letters to the papers about it. The truth therefore went galloping off after the lie. Catch it? Never! The wish to believe was all on the side of the nonsense. It was not more than four months ago that I met in Italy a lady with an intense wish to believe any story which would bolster up a belief in spiritism. She still believes the story of the Angels of Mons. She knows all about the denials of the author.

"But," she says, "you must remember that the author, whether he knows it or not, was only the agent to whom the truth was revealed so that it could be spread!"

Houdini, the handcuff king, whose acquaintance I made in Boston some years ago, had a special performance. He would allow himself to be handcuffed, boxed and thrown into the harbor. A few moments later he would arise, swimming, to the surface.

"It is a better performance than any spirit medium ever gave," I said to a man who, although he is an educator, attends séances and is convinced he has established communication with his mother.

"Certainly it is," was the reply, "because, although Houdini pretends to use natural methods in order to mystify people, what he really does is a dematerialization!"

What are we to do about it!

What Mr. Harding Said

A member of my family worked out a clever burlesque of so-called automatic writing. She has the rare ability to do two things at once and with practice it has developed. She can read aloud from a book or carry on an animated conversation and at the same time with apparent inattention to the movement of her pencil write a clever "spirit" message adapted to the sitter. Sometimes in order to play a joke on those who are believers, when several persons have been present she has written for each one privately a message. Each one addressed has testified that the message received showed a miraculous insight into their affairs or a wonderful suggestion for a solution of a problem. Then it is disclosed that she has written exactly the same message to each of the dozen or half dozen dupes!

But does this stop the wish to believe? Not at all. As a result of these performances, disclosed as a mere piece of trickery, the rumor spread rapidly that this young woman was a marvelous psychic. She had to stop doing her parlor trick, which was only intended to expose the nonsense of automatic writing; she could not otherwise avoid a reputation for having powers which she disclaims, disproves and burlesques. She has learned that there are no limits to the wish to believe!

Those of us who are intelligent enough to want to go through life admitting to our minds only the dependable truth must keep awake to the fact there is just as much danger in wishing so much to make new discoveries in ideas that we swallow untruth as there is in wishing so much to support our opinions of yesterday that we gulp down false evidence.

Said President Harding to me on one occasion, "There is a kind of fad for believing in anything in which no one has ever believed before."

Of course that is true. There is a fetish for new mental freedom. It may be a good thing if it is based on the careful gathering of truth; but it is a bad thing, and increases the error in the world, if it is based on the current idea that beliefs held by mankind heretofore are, for that reason alone, more probably wrong than right. Those who gallop into a foam trying to shake off what they call the smothering ideas and conventions of yesterday are always stumbling into two kinds of holes.

New Ideas Ages Old

One of those pitfalls is dug for all those who ardently wish to believe that there is much to be found that is new in human ideas. There is not. If a man invents a new retriever collar button or a radio set to go inside a man's hat, he sometimes can be safe in assuming that he has a new idea. New ideas as to the material world are often really new. But this is doubtful about beliefs. When youth has an idea of emancipation or idle ladies wish to abolish marriage or a great neurologist advocates that mankind shall toss off its complexes by expressing rather than suppressing his sinful thoughts, usually a wise person can arise and show that Roman youth went out to the Baths of Caracalla and read poetry about the same old emancipation and that nothing much resulted except a preparation to get a good licking from the Goths or various virile and unemancipated peoples. And other wise persons will find that in Egypt or China idle ladies tried their freedom and that there followed an era where they sold themselves back into idleness at a basement mark-down. And some other wise man will point out that the confessional had been removing complexes thousands of years before anyone had ever heard of Freud or Jung. Peace societies reared and plunged in Asia before America was discovered. Japan had a single-tax movement before printing was invented. Alexander, Czar of Russia, called a disarmament conference. The League of Nations idea is older than the use of gunpowder. The Iroquois Indians adopted woman suffrage in our Northeastern States before a white woman had ever come over the horizon. Medicine men in African jungles, before the day of Livingstone and Stanley, knew how to do the same tricks of fire handling and communicating with the spirit world which now surprise an eminent English author and an even more aged English scientist.

The second hole is the idea that anything new must be more true than something which is old. Even if the new thought is new, there is no particular virtue in it because of newness. Very often it is advanced with all this parade of newness so that it may appear to have advantage in a conflict with an old thought. A man or woman who wants to tell you that it is better for the soul that human beings should sleep in the daytime rather than in the nighttime will probably write a preface saying that the reason people sleep in the nighttime is because they have the conventional rut or sheep-mind or habit mentality.

Of course, there is such a thing as the sheep mind, but it may not be the sheep mind which makes us sleep nights rather than days. We may choose the night because we conclude that Nature intended it, or that days have too much light for sleep, or for some perfectly adequate reason. But the partisans of the new idea will always talk about opposition which comes from conventional thinking.

There is no good in denying that, next to the wish to believe, the sheep mind is the greatest contributor to making mankind believe what is not so.

I remember talking to one of the most successful advertising men the United States has ever known. I accused him of having made a fortune in encouragement of the sheep mind. He denied it, but he added:

"I sometimes think that modern life is really creating a sheep mind in us. When I was a boy I grew up on a farm. Men and women did their own thinking. They had to. They weighed things. They sifted the false from the true, nonsense from what was worthwhile. Now life is speeded up so there isn't much time to think. So we let others do the thinking for us. We read and take everything in. We read newspapers, electric signs, books; we see cartoons, rotogravure pictures, the movies. We listen to speeches on the radio. It is the easy way.

"There was a time when artisan labor produced all our material things. The thing produced was made carefully and had individuality. Now we wholesale the production of everything. Your hat, shoes and neckties are made by the same type of machines that made mine, and as time goes on the tendency will be to standardize everything. If anyone can control an industry he can dictate what mankind may buy, wear or use. And now ideas, opinions and thought can be manufactured too. The housewife does not make up her own fabrics; it's too much trouble. Then why should she make up her own mind? You do not fail to buy ready-made gloves. Why should you avoid accepting ready-made opinions? Indeed, it is harder for some persons to make good opinions than to make good gloves."

The Sheep Squad's Work

"Well," I exclaimed, "if that tendency goes on either some man who can control the market will create all opinions or else all opinions will tend to come down to the dead level of the mob."

"Take your choice," he said. "But I think it may be better if the day comes that some one good magnate of ideas may control the printed word, the press, the movies, the radio. I should like his advertising account. I'd write a slogan: 'Let us make your ideas for you; your opinions will take care of themselves!'"

Of course no one really wants to buy his ideas, or even to be given his ideas. But perhaps nearly all of us are drifting faster in these times toward the sheep mind. The sheep mind has attended us since prehistoric days; it was bad enough when we had time to think for ourselves. It convinced everyone for a long time that the world was flat; after the late war it jazzed everyone into the idea that a new world had come, although we now see that, in spite of the talking idealists, who had the world stage, it is the acting idealists who must now go painstakingly to work on—the same old world.

I saw an experiment tried as a result of a discussion I started about the sheep mind. The subject of the experiment was a Wall Street personality of ability, power and - let us not forget it -of strong individuality. This man had refused vehemently to join a certain organization. We enlisted a sheep squad. It was arranged that at least twice a day he should be seen by certain of his friends who had been recruited. They came into his office, they met him in his club, they ran across him at dinner parties. Conversation about the organization he had refused to join was natural, and by agreement the most that was said to him was, "I should think you'd be in this movement.

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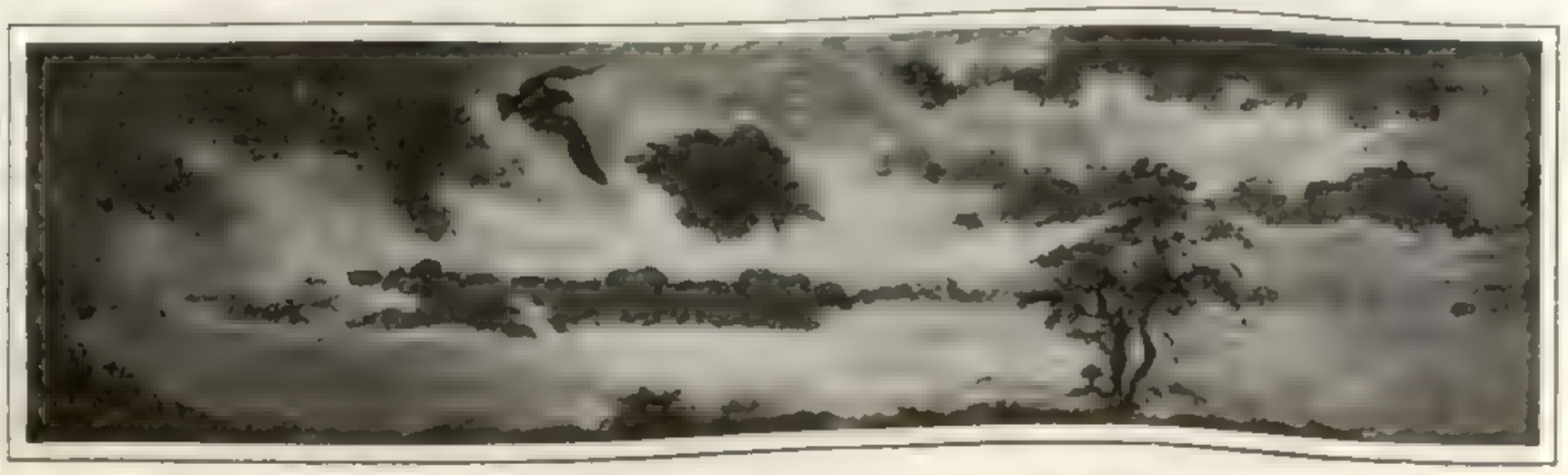

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THE starch and sugar in all the food you eat—bread, vegetables, potatoes—must be changed into *Dextrose* before your system can use them as energy foods.

Because Karo contains such a large percentage of *Dextrose*, it is also one of the most easily digested of all foods and one of the *very best foods* for the upbuilding of growing children.

Yet, Karo is much *more* than a wholesome, nutritious food. It is delicious and wholesome, relished by every member of the family—on hot biscuits, pancakes or waffles, for breakfast; baked into cakes or used for stewing fruits and for sweetening the foods served for supper.

Give the children lots of sliced bread and Karo. It is one of the most wholesome foods you can serve them. Or, make Karo into delicious home-made and easily-made candies.

Your Protection

Do not be deceived by cans, containing syrup, that might look like Karo. The name "Karo" is on every can of original Karo—look for it, and be assured of full weight cans and highest quality.

FREE—A booklet that every parent should read; tells all about the wonderful food value of Karo; explains the meaning of "Dextrose" and why children thrive on it, sent free with the beautifully illustrated Cook Book of sixty-four pages. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Argo, Illinois.

EITHER BLUE LABEL OR RED LABEL KARO
IS EQUALLY NUTRITIOUS

Poor Pens Make Men Drones

They Stifle Writing—Spoil Good Impulse

Duofold Spurs Men On

By Abolishing Pen Faults—By Inspiring Men to Write!

The Over-size classic with 25-year point—
It has animated thousands

What is $7 compared to this?

CONSIDER the thousand and one Ideas and Ambitions that your brain conceives but your hand never carries on:

The Letters you never write; the Notes you fail to take; the Records you never keep; the Courtesies you fail to acknowledge—all the honey-bearing buds on the vine of Opportunity that a troublesome pen makes your hand neglect like a drone. Such pens cost many a Golden Chance in life. Why keep them?

Indeed modern text books begin by telling students that a good pen is the Brain's First Tool. And the classroom, like the world outside, is turning to Parker almost in a body. Look at this—

When 17 college professors asked their students, "What pen will you buy next?" nearly twice the number that named any other answered Parker. Again, when 34 newspapers asked 2024 people this identical question, more named Parker than any other pen.

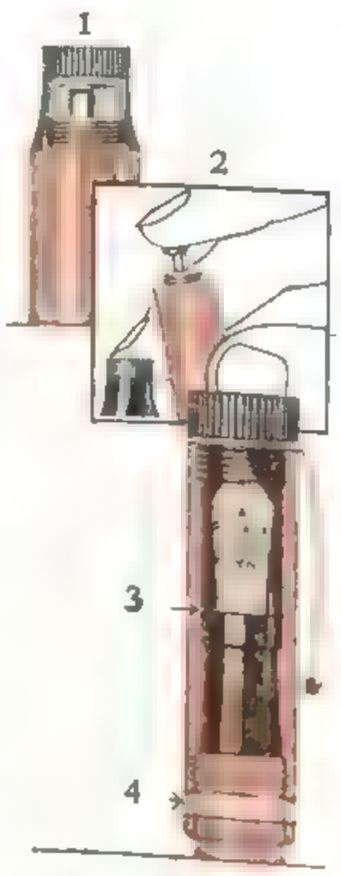
For in creating the classic Duofold, Geo. S. Parker has produced a super-pen and more—he has made one that gives humanity *the urge to write!* A priceless inspiration this—compared to which the price of the Duofold is almost nothing. That's why hosts of people so promptly pay $7 for Over-size Duofold, and $5 for the Lady Duofold or Duofold Jr. These stimulating pens mark the turning point in many a career.

Yet Parker Duofold is the most economical pen ever made. We guarantee the point 25 years for mechanical perfection and wear. Barring abuse, it will outlast a whole series of cheaper pens.

Its point is tipped with polished Indium that costs us $2340 a pound. It suits all hands—it needs no "breaking in"—no style of writing can distort it—hence a pen you can ever lend with *noblesse oblige*—not fear.

A roomy Over-size Barrel for a surplus of ink—a barrel so big and balanced that you write with fingers gently extended. It cramps neither hand nor brain—it gives your mind free rein.

Allow this black-tipped lacquer-red beauty a nesting place in your pocket, or keep it nearby on your desk, and your hand will ever be eager to comply when Opportunity whispers, *"Write it out."* At all good pen counters.



THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50* SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker Creations Abolish Pen Faults

1 [illegible]

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Red and Black

Reads the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

$7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size
Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

NOW - THE DUOFOLD PENCIL TO MATCH THE DUOFOLD PEN, $3.50

Fills at the Point—Turns Lead OUT *and* IN

Hinged Clip Prevents Loss of Cap—Sets Low in Pocket

(Continued from Page 94)

I'm going in." No argument was put forth no reasons were given—and the great man joined!

Even the strong individual minds have difficulty in withstanding repetition. No one knew this instinctively better than Roosevelt. If anyone takes the pains to review his campaigns they will see, as I always used to see, that Roosevelt had his great successes in spreading an idea when he plucked one string repetition. He would state something. He would parallel this statement. He would state it again. Of course, he was aided often by being right; but those who used to say, "Why does he harp away on that?" failed to weigh the power of repetition.

If repetition may break down the defenses of a strong, self-thinking mind, then the sheep mind has no chance at all.

If anyone wishes evidence of the sheep mind he can go back a few years. The sheep galloped off after the strenuous life. Then along came Charles Wagner, almost forgotten now, with The Simple Life, and the herd halted and went over into another field. We have galloped until our tongues hung out after Tagore and Wells and New Thought and internationalism and the literature of discontent—all in succession. In each case the reason we covered ourselves with foam could not have been because we had found anything that we could think out to a conclusion and knew how to knit into our daily lives. In each case, if we look backward we see that this new vital thing has not changed life so that any of us can notice it. In our excitement over a new author or a new movement, few of us ever acted on the discovery or have changed our condition in response to any particular passing fashion of ideas and opinions. We merely ran to a fire; we were exhibiting the sheep mind.

We exhibit it every day, not only in our excitements but in our dullness. In our hysteria over newness we put distortions and untruths into our sheep mind, but we keep carefully packed away in our sheep mind endless junk accumulated from thousands of yesterdays. If one ever deliberately goes into his own sheep mind, this rummage-sale material, as anyone can see, is divided into four classes: False ideas we have accumulated ourselves, false ideas that tradition handed down to our generation, false ideas that have hardened by time into fashions or fads, and finally false ideas which are so old they have become instincts.

The Discredited Hunch

The easiest task to tackle first is sweeping out the nonsense we have accumulated or received from tradition or superstition to store in the sheep mind. A definite job can be done. I remember once undertaking, when I had just graduated from a university, such a definite job on my own mind in coöperation with one of the finest minds I ever knew. This other person and I had taken in the common sheep-mind idea that there might be something in hunches. We both confessed to experiencing certain apprehensions of evil or convictions that something was about to happen or expectations of certain beneficial events.

I said to the other person, "Of course, if these things are any good, if they come from anything except indigestion, they will stand the test of being registered before the event. Therefore let us each promise to send to the other in writing every hunch we get. At the end of a year let us see what hunches are worth."

We did this. We registered endless apprehensions and intuitions, and we wrote beside each one what our cool judgment believed regardless of the intuitions. The cool judgment was right in 87 per cent of the cases. The hunches, with a single exception, were in error. Then came forth the remarkable fact that almost the only hunch either of us could remember before we began to check the list was the one which had been right! We faced the fact that the one hunch which is right is remembered and used to build up faith in hunches, whereas the hundreds which are wrong are completely forgotten.

Ever since then, whenever I begin to have hunches I take some exercise or go on a simpler diet. It was a real shock to me during the war to find that a public official, one charged with tremendous responsibilities, stated openly to a group of friends that he had always acted on hunches and that no one could convince him that he should not now devote his intuitions to the services of his country.

Another waste carried in the sheep mind is the accumulation, apparently unlimited, of ideas picked up here and there from fads or crazes which make a special appeal to the ego. Few of us are free from the idea that we possess personal differences from the majority of mankind which put us into a special class. Most of us have the load of believing that we require special consideration, or special environment, or special diet—ideas we have picked up without the slightest scientific or even roughly experimental test. We accept these conclusions into our sheep mind without ever examining their credentials. Of course, a part of this is due not only to the sheep mind, which takes ideas from others without any test, but also to the wish to believe.

Judgment and Prejudice

The fact is that mankind, delicate as its bodily and mental machinery may be, is astonishingly uniform. When millions of men, for instance, are assembled in a draft for war and submitted to uniform treatment as to clothing, diet, environment and daily routine as to sleep and activity—down go hundreds of thousands of beliefs in personal idiosyncrasies! The man who believes that woolen irritates his skin learns that his skin forgets it. The man who is unable to go to sleep without putting his feet in hot water learns that his feet and circulation forget it. The man who believes that his stomach requires a diet of nuts finds that his stomach forgets it. The old expression is that nonsense is knocked out of them. Most of that nonsense has been taken in originally by a sheep mind, aided by the wish to believe that one's dear, precious body and one's dear, precious personality are distinguished and peculiar. With these notions picked up roughly from some fad of a group or cult or movement, we burden ourselves with endless inconveniences and tend to become a nuisance to our families and friends.

I once knew a woman who was made deathly ill by eating veal. Her husband, by a conspiracy with the cook, served veal every few days to her for six months as pork or chicken patties or corned-beef hash, and she was never so well. When she was convinced that she had been through this experience she went abroad where veal is served everywhere and ate it with gusto. One of life's nuisances thrown overboard!

A curious and dangerous fetish of the sheep mind is the persistent idea that there is virtue in gorging at meals.

"Come, dear," says the mother to the child, using the voice of centuries of error, "you must finish what is on your plate. You aren't ill, are you?"

This notion that gorging—perhaps the greatest enemy of modern mankind—is an assurance of well-being persists in face of every fact that science and human experience may bring. Degeneration of kidneys and intestines, useless loads on the heart, and even malnutrition can be traced to it. And yet the sheep mind clings to the idea that stuffing food is a measure of human well-being, and each new generation is educated even in childhood by this sheep-mind idea

We think our tastes are delicate and that we can distinguish, and our sheep mind fights hard against disproof. Women almost universally will assert that handmade lace is infinitely superior in appearance to machine-made lace and that they can tell genuine pearls from fake, or diamonds, emeralds and rubies from imitations. Anyone can test the correctness of this belief by experiments in his own family. If the experience follows mine it will prove that whatever may be the virtues in owning real things, the assertion that women can tell real from false breaks down over and over again when the test comes.

Nor are men free from such false convictions. The best fields for experiments have always been wines and tobaccos. In the old days a certain agent for a famous brand of European champagne lost a large wager when he was blindfolded and asked to pick out his own wine from others by the taste only. To cap the experiment a California champagne was brought in and poured out into nine of the ten glasses. He picked one of the nine containing California wine as his own!

The sheep mind depends much more on the labels of this world than it is ever willing to admit. It likes labels. It accepts an error when prominent names are subscribed and appear on the stationery and rejects a truth when the truth is underwritten by unknowns. So likewise it learns to depend not only on the labels of ideas but the labels on bottles and other things; but it will not give up its pretense of discrimination even in fields where that pretense can be disproved. The women who wish to make a counter challenge to males can pick upon men who assert ability to tell the cigarette they smoke from others. It is only necessary to buy other kinds of the same length, shape and general quality, blindfold the male and let him try to pick out his smoke.

Again, the sheep mind of the male makes him go through the world believing that a light wrapper on a cigar makes a mild cigar, whereas it is the filler which measures the strength. A cigar manufacturer tells me that back in the 70's and 80's the sheep mind of the male in America measured the virtues of cigars by the presence or absence of a dark red-brown juicy wrapper. That was easy for the cigar men, because wrappers could be stained a desirable color. When the flapdoodle came in about the pretty, light-yellow greenish-brown mild wrapper the cigar manufacturers were hard pressed, because any bleaching process weakens a wrapper's durability. An attempt was made to show that the filler and not the wrapper measures strength and goodness. No use! The sheep mind was off on a stampede. It had formed, as it does every day, a fashion or fad or craze or hobby out of untruth. It still wastes tons of ink and tons of paper and infinite energy a year writing "Very truly yours" at the bottom of letters. It still chatters on about progress and civilization in terms of better things instead of asking itself whether we are producing better men. It is the old sheep mind.

Junk-Shop Minds

It is so old, indeed, that it has ingrained into us fundamental instincts which we carry along uselessly. Once upon a time a snake bit a man and the man died. This started the idea that all snakes were deadly and therefore loathsome. The sheep mind drew back and telegraphed a shudder to the body whenever any snake was seen. We still carry that instinctive shudder, though we may know that the particular snake is harmless, and though we may have to admit upon reflection that the particular snake is not only harmless but beautiful in coloring and of almost unparalleled grace in movement.

No doubt this instinct, no doubt some fads and fashions and superstitions are harmless enough. It is not important that a man's sheep mind may keep him from walking under a ladder or breaking a mirror. It is not often necessary to walk under a ladder, and it is so desirable that mirrors shall remain unbroken that one can almost trace the threat of seven years' bad luck to some clever woman who wanted awkward hands to keep away from her looking-glass. But unfortunately, unless you and I keep watch of unprovable stuff and nonsense, it will assume lies as facts and slip wholesale opinions into our lives which we cannot defend because we never opened the package in which they were delivered, to examine them. We can leave the nonsense there just as it was addressed to our sheep mind by yesterday opinion or by majority belief and go to our graves with the burden of it. Or we can chuck it out.

To keep taking in beliefs, however, and then chucking them out is a waste. We hear of the waste of hiring employes who are misfits, so that soon they must be replaced. We hear of these wastes as the wastes of labor turnover. We would deplore the constant purchasing of goods which, having little utility, must soon go to the ash barrel. And yet there is a scandalous waste in the turnover of beliefs and a certain amount of damaging humiliation in a mind which cannot pack itself progressively and flexibly, but requires constant unloading and repacking.

Anyone can learn to take account of one's own stock and to junk the worthless dead weight and the irritating nonsense.

And looking at tomorrow, why not ask every time a belief rings whether it is your wish to believe or your sheep mind or your own good thinking that is running to answer the door?

It is easy to spot the wish to believe and the sheep mind in your neighbor or your wife.

What about yours?

This book tells about

VACATIONS

in SEATTLE *and the*

Charmed Land

IN PICTURES AND TEXT it acquaints you with what is a new world to those who seek a scenic region blessed with cool and invigorating summers and mild, green winters, a climate which invites you out-of-doors the year 'round.

It describes the lure and diversity of the beauty here—fir and cedar forests and greenery, surf of the Pacific, inland seas, and lovely San Juan Island archipelago, majestic snow-clad and glacier-girt mountains, rushing streams, tumbling waterfalls and lakes; and the wonders of Mount Rainier, with glaciers surpassing the glacial system of Switzerland.

This booklet tells of a Vacation Land Supreme. You have never seen such a country for motoring over paved roads, golfing, fishing, yachting, steamer trips, mountain climbing with snow skiing in midsummer, and bathing in the ocean the same day. In this surpassing summer Vacation Land rainless days are the rule.

New scenes and new experiences are pictured. No other playground affords so much of interest, recreation and health at so modest an expense.

Our Hospitality Bureau will help plan your outings and amusements on your arrival, whether you stay a few days or the entire summer. There is something different to see and enjoy every day.

Your ticket agent will quote the low round-trip fares to Seattle—effective May 15—a choice of routes returning. Travelers going to any part of the Pacific Coast should route their tickets via Seattle and take advantage of the new stopover privilege. If you go to the Orient, Honolulu or Alaska, sail from Seattle.

Make Seattle your headquarters while vacationing in the Pacific Northwest

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910 Arctic Building, Seattle, Washington.

Send your free 36-page illustrated "Charmed Land" Booklet descriptive of Seattle & the Summer Playground of America

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(These advertisements are paid for by Seattle citizens who invite you to see "*The Charmed Land*" of the Pacific Northwest)

Quality for Half a Century

Take your feet out of other fellows' shoes!

Your feet are as individual, and as different from other fellows', as your face. Your shoes, to fit your feet, must be as different. When you wear a shoe built on a standard last which is not your foot shape, that is some other fellow's shoe.

In the past fifty years Walk-Over has discovered many different foot shapes, and today makes quality shoes to fit each different type of foot. That is why, when you wear Walk-Overs, you get a shoe built to fit your own individual foot—and not some other fellow's foot.

Step into the nearest Walk-Over store—there is one in every community. There you will find a stylish, good-looking shoe that is comfortable because it gives your feet a personal fit.

Then wear that shoe. Feel how light it is, how comfortable it is! That's *your* shoe. Once you have worn it, you need never hunt for shoes again.

You go back year after year to the Walk-Over store, wherever you may be, and find the newest styles, the newest leathers and colors, in your own personal type of shoe, with the old familiar comfort.

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$7 $8.50 $10

are the leading prices

Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

(Continued from Page 31)

Effy Colquitt nodded. Then silently she passed the paper to Blandon.

He read it at a glance:

bLaNdoN
we kNoW hoW to MaNage sNeaks like you youd beTTer GIT if you kNoW whats good for yoUr Health
tHe fouR.

Blandon's face was wrinkled venomously as he looked up from it.

"I say!" he cried harshly. "What's this anyway? A threat?"

She looked back at him steadily.

"I warned you," she replied.

The butler, his face imperturbable, at that moment opened the door to the dining room.

"Dinner is served, madam," he announced.

v

DINNER? It was the last thing Blandon had in mind. That smudged paper in his hand was, as he'd said, palpably a threat; and to one of his headstrong swift impulses, as such it could have but one effect. The threat stung like a challenge, a bugle call; and, his eyes pin points, he shot a swift glance at the shattered window, then at a door at the back.

Whoever had flung that missile through the glass must still be outside behind the house; and crumpling the paper in his hand he flung it from him.

"Quick! Follow me!" he shouted to the startled manservant.

A jump took him across the hearth rug. Shouting again to rouse the butler from his trance, he darted at the door. Swiftly as he'd moved, however, Colquitt's wife had been as swift to divine his purpose.

"No, no!" she cried.

Lithely slipping in ahead of him, she grasped the door knob and swung about, her slender figure backed against the panels.

"You can't go out there!" she said.

"Why can't I?" he demanded roughly.

She raised her hand, her figure tense, her face impressive.

"Listen!"

A hush fell. It hung for a startled moment, the wind lulling and the house and its surroundings so silent that the thick ticking of a clock on the stair beat in the stillness like hammer strokes. Then from the outside came another sound. Thin and resonant it pierced through the night with a low penetrating clearness, a man's whistle—three notes, each drawn out and guardedly low. A signal!

There could be no mistaking it. Instantly, as if from a distance, it was answered—the same three notes. "You hear that?" whispered Colquitt's wife.

Yes, he heard it. Fear, however, or any thought of the consequences had little part in Blandon's reflections; and stung again to action he snatched at the door knob she guarded with a slender hand.

"Let me by!" he ordered roughly; but she still resolutely blocked the way. He could hear her gasp harshly as he strove to slip past.

"No, no!" she cried again. Her voice broke in a little whimper, a note of fear. "You don't know those men! They are armed, I tell you!"

Blandon raged at the delay.

He raged, too, at her obstinacy. That was the woman of it, of course. As he knew, though, whatever had happened in that house and was still happening, there was a clew to it outside; and it was little to wonder that he raged. What of it, too, if in her fright Colquitt's wife feared for him? He was a man, wasn't he? It was not the first time, either, was it, that he had faced peril, perhaps even death?

"Out of the way, d'you hear!" he ordered, this time more roughly than before; and regardless of her struggles he wrenched away her hand, seized the door knob.

A thundering clap of wind at that instant struck the house. The trees outside roared with it, their naked branches clanging; and in the house itself the floor quivered and the window glass drummed and rattled in the sashes. Then, with a final booming howl in the chimneys, the gust passed, sighing away into the distance; and as it went Effy Colquitt's resistance seemed all at once to wane with it.

She swayed limply, and put out a hand to the doorframe for support.

"Very well—if you must," she breathed faintly, and with a glance at him, then a shrug, she stood aside.

Blandon charged through the doorway. A narrow passage, an entry apparently, lay before him. At one end of it a stair, evidently for the servants, led to the house above; and beyond this was another door. It took only an instant to reach it, but the door was locked—doubly bolted, in fact. Besides the lock there was a chain fastening, a heavy bolt as well; the household, it seemed, had taken means to protect itself. Spurred on, however, by a fierce activity, he made short work of the fastenings. The next instant as he flung open the door a dash of sleet was flung in his face from the night outside.

At the moment, even had he paused to reflect, Blandon could have had no clear idea of what his daring was to gain him. Unarmed, unaided, too, what chance would he have in a struggle with those men? However, he did not pause to think of that. A savage eager excitement thrilled him—the same thrill that in times past he had felt as the trench watches ticked the zero hour and he and the squad had gone over the top together; and, crouched down and ready, he looked out swiftly. Darkness confronted him—a blank cavernous void. Coming, as he had, out of the brightly lighted house, he was blinded by the change; but as he bent forward, striving to penetrate the inky night, a thought of his foolhardiness struck him swiftly. If, as Colquitt's wife had said, these men were armed, his figure outlined against the open doorway would be a fair mark for them; and shrinking alertly aside he reached back and pulled the door shut.

A moment afterward, as his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, he was enabled to make out his surroundings. A narrow path led from the house to the garage and stables at the back; and between these and the house itself was a square of open ground, a lawn, apparently, set here and there with shrubbery. Once he could see the way, he darted forward, his figure crouched and on the alert and ready. Out here somewhere one of those marauders must have stood when he had flung that stone with the message wrapped about it; and as he reached the spot he gave a muffled cry. There were the fellow's tracks. The light from the broken window overhead revealed them.

As the marks showed, the man had crept in from the roadway beyond; and once within reach of the window itself he had stood there for an instant, evidently to poise himself while he took aim. The instant, however, he had done so, the marks showed he slipped off in the other direction.

Like a hound on the scent Blandon picked up the trail. Outlined in the snow the footprints stood out clearly. Skirting the shrubbery for a few yards or so, they turned again and struck toward the loom of buildings at the back. Out there, however, they swung back sharply on themselves; but just at the edge of the stables the trail stopped short. The wind here had swept clear a wide square of the stone-flagged stable yard; and cursing under his breath he doubled back at a lope and picked up the tracks afresh. Once more he lost them. Once more they ended at the stables, close to the garage alongside.

Hatless, the gusts cutting through his clothes like knives, he darted back out into the open, heedless of either the weather or his peril; and swinging widely in a circle he strove to pick up the trail beyond the point where he'd lost it. No luck. The snow here was unmarked, untrodden. Then with a sudden inspiration he charged back around the house itself. Here, as he circled the lawn surrounding it, he gave another stifled cry. A second line of footprints marked the snow—the tracks of a second man!

There was no mistaking them. They were slenderer and less indented than the other footmarks. There was about them, too, something significant of stealth and wariness. They came in from the wall beside the highway, and zigzagged from one clump of shrubbery to another. The first fellow, it had been plain, had stalked boldly across the open; the second however, had clung close to cover, his approach cautious. Here in one spot he had halted, turning to watch behind him; here at another point he had crouched down, squatting like a hare. In the snow was the imprint of his hand. But from this point the

(Continued on Page 100)

Insist That Your Garageman *Rebush Your Car With*

BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS

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HERE are some facts for every automobile owner, dealer, service man, and automotive jobber to ponder over.

With comparatively few exceptions any car that has seen much service needs new bronze bushings in the spring shackles or the spring eyes. With comparatively few exceptions any car that has been in constant operation over a considerable period needs new piston pin or connecting rod bushings.

The piston pin knock and the spring bolt rattle may be almost imperceptible, but if not corrected when they first appear will rapidly become worse and soon seriously impair the operation of the car.

The man who wants to help his car fight depreciation will have the garage man inspect the bronze bushings every year. It costs but little to replace worn bushings while other repairs are being made. The wise motorist will insist that the service man rebush the car with Bunting Bushing Bearings. They are obtainable everywhere. All leading automotive jobbers have stocks.

A Bunting Bushing Bearing and any other kind of bronze bushing look alike, but there is a difference

Baby Bunting

AUTOMOTIVE JOBBERS—Replacement bushings for a complete automobile chassis. Write for stock list 11 showing piston pin bushings and stock list 102 showing springeye and shackle bolt bushings.

MACHINERY MANUFACTURERS—"Ready Made" Bronze Bearings in different stages of completion machined and finished for all machinery. Always in stock. Write for stock list 10.

SPECIAL SIZES—For years this organization has successfully served the manufacturer requiring Bronze Bushing Bearings in special sizes and alloys. Pattern and tool equipment for thousands of designs.

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222 N. Michigan Ave
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SAN FRANCISCO
[illegible]
Douglas 6245

BOSTON
[illegible]
Main 3800

(Continued from Page 98)

tracks went straight to a corner of the house.

As he darted on the trail Blandon cried out beneath his breath again. Like the others, as the tracks reached the house they came abruptly to an end. It was as if the man, too, who had made them had vanished into the air. They came to a stop, at any rate, directly beneath a blank wall of the house that loomed up darkly above them.

Once more Blandon cast a circle around the spot. Once more, too, it ended in a check; and again he was charging around the house, crouched low and running as he scanned the snowy ground, when a sudden dazzling beam of light shot out from behind a corner of the building. Instantly, every nerve alert, Blandon shrank back under the cover of a bush.

It was only for an instant though. A moment after, a flashlight in his hand, the elderly manservant heaved into view. Over his arm was slung a heavy coat; and peering into the darkness he gave a guarded call.

"Mr. Blandon! I say, Mr. Blandon, sir!"

Blandon reached out and gripped him by the shoulder. At the touch the man leaped, squealing in fright. "Put out that light, you fool!" growled Blandon. "D'you want to get a bullet in your ribs?"

He snatched the light from the man's hand and extinguished it. The butler gazed about him wildly.

"What is it, sir? What happened?" he babbled in his alarm. "Did you find anything, sir?"

Blandon growled a surly "No"; and after another searching glance about him he stalked back toward the door at the rear of the house. "Where's your mistress?" he demanded sullenly.

She was upstairs, it appeared. She and Miss Granger had gone for a moment to their rooms; they would be down presently. The butler unfolded the heavy coat he carried; with it, too, he had a stout cloth cap. "Begging pardon, sir," he mumbled; "if you mean to stay out here, Mrs. Colquitt says you're to put this on." He held up the coat. "It's dangerous for your health, sir, out here with nothing on."

Blandon gave a shrug, then a laugh. He was, in fact, already chilled to the bone; his teeth, too, were chattering; yet in spite of that he saw the comic side of it. Here for minutes now he had faced bodily harm, death perhaps, from a bullet or a knife thrust; and on the heels of it a coat was offered him to shield him from the wind. It was to laugh! Trudging back to the doorway he stepped inside, and for a moment stood there.

The butler had closed the door. A growl came from Blandon as the man turned from it. "Lock that door," he directed sharply. "Bolt it too." Startled, the man did as he directed. "Look here now, my friend," Blandon said slowly, "what's all this business anyway? Do you know anything about it?"

"I, sir?" The man's look as well as his tone was startled. "I?"

Blandon nodded grimly. "Who are these men? What are they up to? Just what are they trying to put over?" He shot the questions at the butler, his voice sharp.

The butler's look grew bewildered. His eyes fell, uneasy and faltering.

"I couldn't say, sir; I don't know, as a fact." His uneasiness more apparent, he added, "Didn't my mistress tell you, sir?"

She had and she hadn't. What she'd related had virtually touched only the high spots; and, as he'd shown, he had been inclined at first to scoff at the tale, to make light of her trepidation. Now, however, he had grasped its deadly seriousness. "Mrs. Colquitt knows all, sir, the butler was faltering, when Blandon cut him short.

"Are you armed?" he asked the man.

"I, sir?" Again the elderly servant looked startled.

Blandon made a gesture of irritation. "Have you a pistol, a gun of any sort?" If again he encountered those men he had made up his mind now that he'd not face them unarmed. The butler, however, his look almost aghast, shook his head solemnly. "Why should I have a gun, sir?"

"I wasn't asking that," Blandon snapped irritably, "I want to know if I can get one. Is there a gun here in the house?"

The look of alarm grew in the man's face. "No, sir; I think not, sir. There are no weapons at all."

"None?"

"No, sir."

"Look here," Blandon said sharply; "where's that chauffeur, the man who brought me here? I want him."

The butler peered at him, his face again startled.

"The chauffeur? Him? You—you don't think, sir —— Why, why ——" He broke off abruptly, his mouth agape.

Blandon saw him tremble. With a low growl he gripped the man by the arm. "Here, you!" he snapped. "Pull yourself together!"

Savagely he began to grasp the situation. He was unarmed, virtually unaided, too, he saw; for if the threat overhanging the household should befall it, he realized he must face it alone, single-handed. The quivering, palsied servitor would be no help to him; neither was he inclined to rely much on that other fellow, the chauffeur. The chauffeur, however, at any rate, had a gun, a gat; and Blandon meant to get it. With that in his own possession—ready on his hip, not in the hands of that hulking booby—he felt he could face the peril with no great qualms.

He was hardly prepared, however, for what he heard the butler stutter.

"What?" cried Blandon.

"The man's gone, sir. He's not about the place."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir; he doesn't belong here, sir. He was merely hired for the trip to Naumkeag."

"You mean you don't know him? What?"

"I never saw him before, sir; he was hired at the village garage."

"Ah!" cried Blandon sharply. He cried again, "Ah!"

A gleam of light, a glare rather, leaped like a missile through his mind. He had learned something now. The butler, his eyes more than ever bewildered—startled, as a fact—peered at him in affright, but heedless of the man, and his breath caught, his nostrils quivering, he stood for an instant tense in thought. The next instant he had brushed the butler out of his way, and with swift hands he was throwing back the catches of the door.

A moment afterward, out behind the house, Blandon was crouched down over the square of snow lit by the glow from the shattered stained-glass window. The snow still revealed sharply the footmarks of the man who had stood there when he flung that missile.

"Ah!" he cried again.

It was as he'd surmised; the imprints sharply indented in the snow showed him what he had looked to find; and rising, his eyes aglitter and the blood humming in his veins, he swept a glance about him, his breath held as he scanned the black void of night that wailed him in.

He did not stand there long, however. Nothing, he realized, was to be gained by exposing himself like that to a knife thrust or a bullet; but as he darted back to the house, crouching low as he sped along, it would have been difficult to recognize in him the same moping, disgruntled figure that had sat that afternoon crouched down on a seat in the railroad train, staring morosely through the window glass. Alive, alert, he was a picture now of vivid animation; and ignoring the butler, who still awaited him in the entryway, with his own hands he closed the door and made it fast, the butler meanwhile watching him with wondering eyes.

"Dinner is ready, sir," the man quavered. "Shall I show you to your room?"

"Dinner be hanged!" said Blandon.

His look grim he turned from the door. It was with good reason, too, that his face wore that look of scowling intentness. The footprints out there in the snow were not the first of the sort he'd seen that night. The mark was unmistakable. Among a thousand other tracks it would have been known to him and recognized beyond any shadow of a doubt—the slot made by the hobnails and semicircular iron heelplate of a trench shoe. And that, too, was but a part of it. That chauffeur, the man who had driven him from the railroad, had worn shoes like that.

As Blandon told himself, he knew now, at any rate, at least one of that gang, The Four.

VI

HALF past seven. The clock on the stair was just chiming the hour as Blandon thrust open the door to the long hall, the living room, and stepped inside. Nanny Granger had for the moment disappeared, but before the fire stood Colquitt's wife, alone. Her figure tense, she was staring fixedly into the glowing hearth. What she read there among the embers was a question; but as the door opened she started sharply.

"Well?" she cried.

"Where's Nanny?" he asked.

Her eyes fastened on his, she made a slight movement of her head toward the floor above.

"What happened?" she breathed.

Blandon closed the door behind him.

"I want to talk with you," he said.

His head rang with the questions flocking through his mind. Along with them, he was staggered, too, by the discovery he just had made. Admitting, however, that he'd identified one of those men, the fellows who had signed themselves The Four, the fact served only to bewilder him still more. What was it that he and the others in the household faced? That was the question. It was a question, too, that must be answered.

There was, first, Colquitt's disappearance. Colquitt, he knew now, had met with foul play—no mistake of that. Whether he was dead or not was, of course, another matter; though at the moment he dared not dwell on the thought, dreading lest she read the suspicion in his mind. If she did, however, it could not be helped; he still must question her. Among other things was that message, the threat these men made against him. And why had he been singled out?

She might throw light on that. If not, it was credible she could throw light on those other details; the vague shadowy references she herself had made to other happenings. She'd said that at midnight the night before, Colquitt's offices had been broken into; and along with that, there was the mysterious business of the schooner down at the Boston wharves. Then, too, he remembered the concern she and Nanny Granger had shown over the appearance of that sleazy, lantern-jawed person he himself had seen that night in Pegram's company. Why? It was all confused—a web, a tangle that racked his mind to solve. Of only one thing was he certain—the threat of peril that overhung them. Blandon would have been tempted, in fact, to doubt that, too, if he'd not had the evidence of his own senses.

What had Norry Colquitt done to get them into this? What was it, too, he had got them into?

Effy Colquitt gave a gesture of wearied helplessness.

"I don't know, Mr. Blandon."

"You don't know!"

He cried it at her in astonishment; and Colquitt's wife shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"All I can tell you is what has happened. It has been enough, God knows, Mr. Blandon."

The tale she had to tell was brief. Like the other she had related it was graphic enough, however—not to call it startling. Blandon listened intently. The happenings, it seemed, had begun about the time the first whisper of trouble was heard about Colquitt's affairs. True, before this there had been rumors, talk due to his prolonged absences. His business was falling away, there were reports of unrest among his employes. Some unseen influence, it appeared, was at work among them. However, all this was apart, seemingly, from that other matter—the coming of these strange men.

One night just at dusk she was looking from a window of her room upstairs when she spied a figure trudging up the drive. The man came swiftly, darting along as if in haste. The instant, too, she laid her eyes on him she felt, as she said, an instinctive thrill of dread. There was about the fellow and the way he hopped rather than walked along something provocatively sinister and repellent. Then, as he drew closer, she saw the reason for the man's skipping gait, a gait like nothing else so much as that of some huge repulsive bird. He was lame, one leg shorter than the other; and as he neared the house and looked up at it, with a clear view of his face, she had shrunk back behind the window hangings. His features, swart, tanned darkly by wind and weather, were made still more ominous by a black patch covering one of his eyes. A moment later the doorbell buzzed violently as if rung by a determined hand; and on the heels of it she heard the door open and her husband's voice cry out. "Captain!" he ejaculated.

That was all she heard however. Colquitt had hastily drawn the man into his library and shut the door behind him; and as Effy Colquitt came to this part of the narrative her eyes closed; she drew her breath in sharply.

"Think what you like, Mr. Blandon," she murmured; "this, I know, is New England, Massachusetts; not some jungle or other wild at the other end of the world. Things like this, as you've said, don't happen here—cannot happen. Just the same," she added, "they have happened; believe it or not, as you like!"

Blandon was listening raptly.

"Go on," he said.

Colquitt that night had not spoken of his visitor. Through the dinner he had sat silently engrossed and dark, staring at his plate and making a mere pretense of touching the food set before him. Afterward he had shut himself in his library; and the day following he had left the house, not returning until dark. That night at the table the same scene was reënacted; when dinner ended again he had shut himself in his room. So it went. Then, days later, there was another happening—one even more ominous than the first. This, it seemed, was now just two nights ago; and as she spoke of it Effy Colquitt again caught at her breath. Again her eyes closed, their lids fluttered momentarily. Blandon saw her figure sway.

"Steady!" he cautioned.

He put out a hand to catch her, but it was only for an instant that she let her feeling show itself.

"I'm all right," she murmured.

What had happened, though, the night she mentioned was that a second ill-omened bird, a visitor, had dropped down on them; and as Blandon heard this he looked up alertly.

"The one outside tonight? The fellow Nanny Granger saw?"

"Yes," Effy Colquitt answered; "him."

She herself had encountered the man. She was coming down the stair at dusk and, glancing at the door, she had seen a face pressed against the glass and peering in. She was alone, but going to the door she had flung it open, resolutely confronting the man upon the steps. She confessed, however, as she saw him she had shrunk back involuntarily.

A yellow face, its lips parted till the teeth shone, grinned up at her. The man's figure was slight, almost dwarfed, in fact; yet the look of that stunted figure she had not forgotten, never would. His eyes deep-set and dark were fixed on her with piercing intensity; while across his grinning countenance, stretched from a corner of his mouth to the edge of his black oily hair, was a thin straggling line, the jagged cicatrix of a wound.

"What do you want?" she had demanded.

He had not spoken. In mute reply he had thrust at her a flat paper packet he held in one birdlike claw. Then as she took it from him he had turned and scuttled down the steps.

Blandon stirred sharply. In his mind's eye he saw that picture vividly—the dusk, the dwarfed figure with its yellow gleaming face, the packet he had thrust into the hands of the shrinking woman.

"Well?" he murmured.

For a long moment she had stood at the door, peering after the man. Closing the door then, she had examined the packet in her hand. It was small, square and thinly flat. A cord of some strange foreign fiber was bound about the paper covering; and the paper itself was of some foreign make. A scent strangely foreign clung to the wrapping too.

"Foreign?" asked Blandon.

She nodded quietly.

"All, yes, Mr. Blandon—the cord, the paper, the writing on it."

He waved her silently to go on.

She had not opened the packet. It was addressed to Colquitt, his name scrawled on it in an uncouth sprawling hand; and she had put it on his desk, saying nothing. When he went into his room that night and found it, she again had heard him cry out. "The next night," said Effy Colquitt, "Norry disappeared."

Blandon was hanging on her words. In spite of himself he drew his breath in sharply, the gasp audible.

"What is it?" Colquitt's wife exclaimed.

But he hardly heeded it. He must know more about that packet.

"Describe it again," he directed.

Once more she did so. Each of the details—the writing, the paper, the cord about it—he drank in with close absorption.

(Continued on Page 105)

PEERLESS

SIT at the wheel—step on the gas—meet the call of the hills with no thought of gear shifting. Experience mile after mile of fleet, effortless flight. Learn the keen joy of quiet, smooth power—full in volume, and dependable as only the Peerless Eight or Six can be. Both true companions of the open road. Both, rare in comfort—rich in beauty.

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To 80% of all Motorists, here is a most important message

Three leading authorities state that from 80% to 90% of all motorists keep their cars in their own home garages.

The average motorist uses about 20 gallons of lubricating oil every year.

Which raises a most important question:

"Isn't it really a waste of time to buy single quarts of oil at random?—making many errands?—risking the dangers which always go with the use of pick-up lubrication?"

More and more motorists are today buying their Gargoyle Mobiloil in sealed containers holding 5, 15, or 30 gallons, to keep a supply always convenient in their home garage.

The Many Advantages

Here are ten reasons why a home supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil is becoming so popular:

(1) Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by the foremost specialists in scientific lubrication—a standing freely acknowledged in scientific circles the world over.

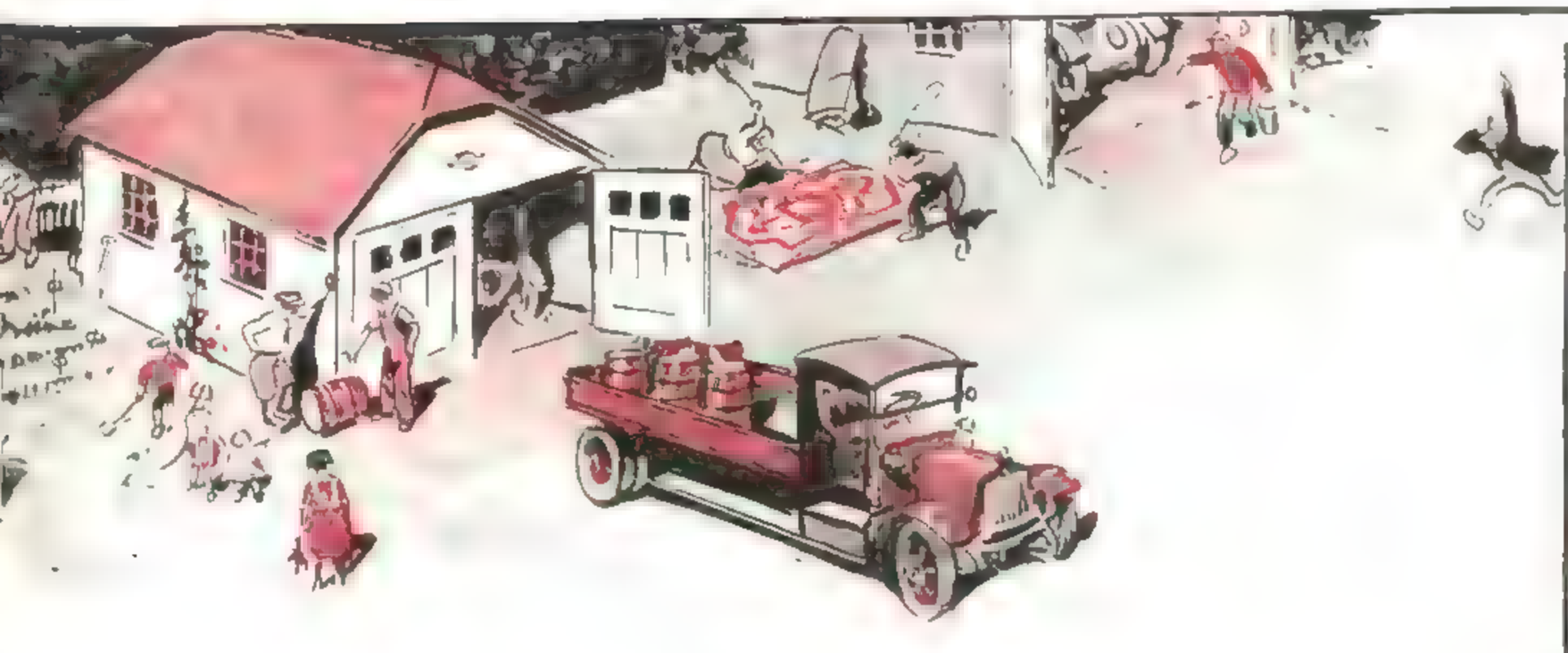
(2) The selection of oil having the correct body and character for *your* engine is assured when you follow the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Recommendations.

(3) Gargoyle Mobiloil and the Chart are endorsed by practically every automobile manufacturer.

(4) Gargoyle Mobiloil is sold in handy sized containers for the home supply—the 5-gallon can and the 15-, 30- or 55-gallon steel drums (which have convenient and leak-proof faucets).

(5) 15 gallons of oil bought in single "quarts" means sixty trips for oil! You make only one trip when you buy a 15-gallon drum—or three when you buy in 5-gallon cans.

VACUUM OIL



(6) With a home supply of Mobiloil you can always have the proper amount of oil in your engine before driving away. You form the valuable habit of seeing frequently that the oil level is correct—just as you look at the tires, gasoline supply, and the water in your radiator. This means much better operation. The frequent addition of fresh oil helps to maintain the body of the entire oil supply in the crankcase.

(7) You are sure—always—that you are using genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil. You eliminate the necessity of accepting some other oil from a dealer who may not have Mobiloil.

(8) When the oil in the engine has been used for 1000 miles, you can at a convenient time drain and refill the crankcase with fresh oil. This is best done after a short run while the oil is still hot, so that the sediment and foreign matter will be drained out with it.

(9) Economy. The continuous use of Gargoyle Mobiloil will substantially reduce the oil consumption and, more important, assure you freedom from repairs, as well as adding years to the life of your car.

(10) In short, an adequate supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil is the most important single item you can put in your home garage. For correct lubrication is the most important attention you can give your engine. It protects you against the two greatest expenses: (1) engine repairs and (2) car depreciation.

You will probably find your car listed in the partial Chart printed here—but if not, the dealer has a Complete Chart of Recommendations which specifies the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of automobile built during the past five years. If your car is *over* five years old, write our home office or nearest branch and we will be glad to tell you the correct grade to use.

Chart of Recommendations

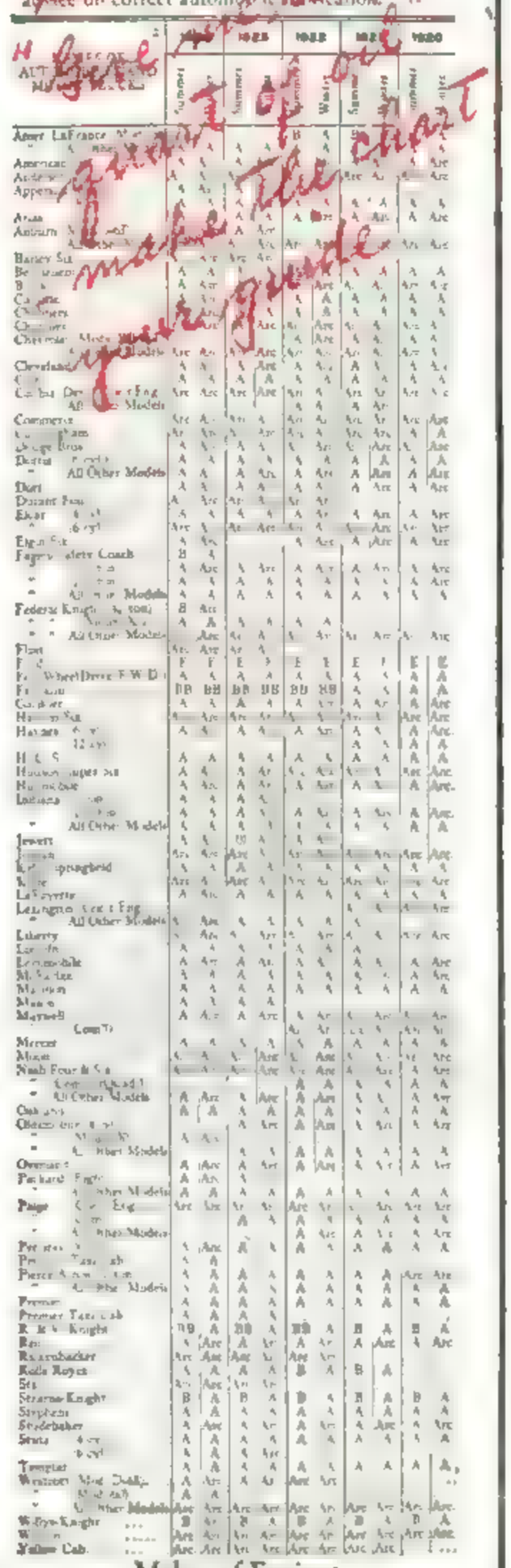
(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

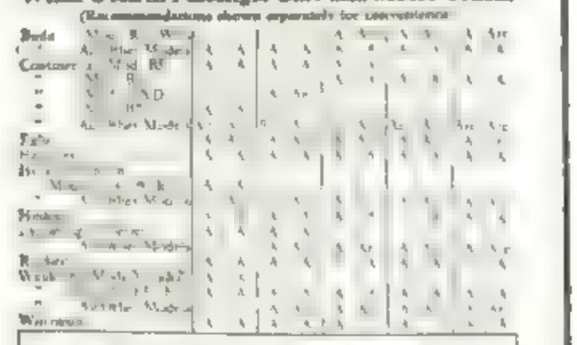
How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the [illegible] Company Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents sound professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks
(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)



Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC," or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can, at 35c each or 3 for $1.00, is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As fast as production will permit, this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put two or three one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road.

Be Prepared!

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Domestic Branches:
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COMPANY

Your taste will pick the one that's aged in wood—

although untrained eyes may not detect
the great difference in the tobaccos.

Most Burley tobaccos (that's the kind nearly all pipe-smokers prefer) may look somewhat alike, but what a contrast when you try them in your pipe!

Take VELVET, the *aged in wood* tobacco, for instance. You probably can't *see* the effects of ageing in wood, but your own taste will clearly show what a difference it makes.

Ageing in wood takes a lot of time and costs us a great deal more money, but it is the natural, sensible way to take out bite and harshness and give fine flavor.

You know what ageing in wood does for fine wines—how different aged wine is from new wine. Well, that is what ageing in wood does for tobacco.

Remember—VELVET, the best Burley tobacco, aged in wood. It is different. You will like its taste.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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(Continued from Page 100)

"What about that scent you spoke of," he said hurriedly. "Describe that too."

"The scent?"

"Yes; you said it was foreign too."

"It was, but ——"

"What was it like? Was it acrid, penetrating?"

"It was, now that you speak of it. But then ——"

"Like a perfume? What?"

"No. Not just that." A little uncertainly, her manner vague, she was about to speak again when he cut her short.

"Wait, Mrs. Colquitt."

He thought for a second, his own eyes queer.

"Was it a thick sickening scent? Did it give you any feeling of faintness?"

"What?"

"Was it the scent of any drug you knew?"

She answered blankly, "I—I don't know. Why?"

"Describe that man," Blandon directed hurriedly. "You say his skin was yellow; that his hair was oily, black? Was it coiled upon his head?"

"I—I can't say," she replied, perplexed; "he had on a hat—a cap, rather."

"Then tell me," ordered Blandon; "did he wear earrings? If not, were his ears pierced for them?"

"Earrings?"

Her voice rose, though he disregarded that.

"Yes; thin loops of wire, gold."

"Why—why ——" she faltered.

"Answer me, please!"

"I don't know; I didn't see. Why do you ask?" she replied.

He did not tell her yet.

He was thinking swiftly, his brows knitted in a frown. He was on the track of something now, he knew that; but if his guess, the surmise he had lit on, was correct, it was something to bewilder him far more than all the rest of what he'd turned up in that house tonight. The fact is, he knew now the nationality of that man. Not only that, he had a guess, too, at his vocation. The scent, that odor she'd mentioned, was what had put him wise. He knew that scent, no mistake of that. Across the world on a certain coast he knew there was not a hut—that or a *padang*, either—that did not reek of the powerful poisonous odor he had in mind. The cord, too, that bound the packet brought by that man was another evidence of what he had guessed. The cord was sisal; he knew sisal too well to err; and from her description he'd recognized it at once.

As for the scent, that odor! Blandon's voice, when he spoke, was grave.

"The scent you smelled, Mrs. Colquitt, was bhang. It's one of the most powerful drugs known. Another name for it is hashish."

"Hashish?" He saw her start. "Bhang?"

He nodded quietly. She must be told the truth of course—the truth she had yet to comprehend; but, as he realized, he must not break it to her too roughly. Even he, however, was staggered at what he had divined; for how in all that was holy had Norris Colquitt got himself embroiled in any maze like this? He dared hardly to look at her. She was, after all, the wife of Norris Colquitt; and Colquitt had gone, disappeared. And how he had disappeared, Blandon now could hazard a guess.

"Tell me," he said laboriously, "what had Norry ever to do with the East Indies? With the Malay coast?"

"The Indies?" Her eyes widened. "The Malay coast?"

"Was Norry ever there?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask? No, I'm sure he never was." She took a step toward him, her hand at her breast. "What is wrong? Tell me, Mr. Blandon!"

Said Blandon slowly: "What was in that packet, Mrs. Colquitt? Do you know?"

Her lips parted slowly. He could see her catch at her breath. "Why do you ask?" she murmured.

"You must tell me," he directed.

"There was a—a picture in it," she faltered.

"What sort of a picture, please?"

"A photograph, a faded print. It was of a ship," she answered.

"A ship, eh?" His eyes lit. "What sort of a ship?"

"Wait," said Effy Colquitt.

There was a door at one side of the room, and she glided toward it swiftly. Opening the door she disappeared within. Followed the sound of a drawer opened hurriedly: after it, a rustling of papers as if she delved among them. Then as swiftly she reappeared, a square of cardboard in her hand.

Silently she handed it to him. Blandon took it; and as his eye fell upon the photograph he could not stifle the exclamation that leaped swiftly to his lips. The fact is, had he needed any corroboration of what he'd already guessed, there was the proof before him!

The craft was a low-lying, yachtlike craft, a three-master. She rode at anchor, her sails furled; and he recalled alertly the fleets of craft like that he himself had seen—traders drifting from one tropic port to another on the coasts he knew so well. Below the picture, scrawled on the cardboard's edge, was penned "Schr. Ouananiche." It was the same name she had mentioned to him tonight, but it was not this that held him. Beyond the craft and seen above a line of crumbling surf was the dark background of a wooded shore. The surf he could almost hear, crooning softly as it broke; he could almost hear, too, the trade wind soughing through those trees. He could swear he knew that coast.

"Sunda Straits. Gad!"

"Sunda?" she echoed.

He hardly heard her. His brow dark, he asked sharply, "What else, Mrs. Colquitt, was in that packet?"

"Besides that print? Why?"

"I want to know," he growled.

No need to tell her yet, but in his mind had risen the memory of something he himself had once run afoul of on that coast. It was in the jungle back off the beach, the place a village which he and his two pals, Semple and Lonergan, had reached one night at dusk. There, in a hut they'd tumbled into, they had found a dead man lying before a still-blazing fire, the hut deserted by all but that sprawled silent form. As Semple saw it he had given a cry, then backed out swiftly. Dead men, too, after what he had seen at Mons, Plug Street and Kemmel Hill, were no novelty to Semple. "See that?" he'd said, pointing to the hearth. Blandon had looked; and on a flat stone before the fire he had made an array of small curious objects laid out in a row. "Mumbo jumbo—fetish," Semple had said. "They sent the dead man a warning, then got him. Come on, let's get out of here!"

But now —— If now it were anything like that! He put a question to Colquitt's wife; and as he uttered it she cried out involuntarily. "The skin of a snake?"

That was it. The snake skin, and with it, three dried marigolds and a wisp of human hair was what he'd seen laid out on the hearth in that dead man's hut. Effy Colquitt stared, her face strange.

"Mr. Blandon, do not keep me in suspense. I've got to know what you mean!" she cried.

His voice quiet, he spoke.

"You must not be frightened, Mrs. Colquitt. We have a rough customer on our hands, though, I'm afraid."

Then he told her what he had divined.

"One of the gang is a lascar, a Malay!"

"A lascar?"

"Yes. That packet he brought was a warning; a death warrant, to put it bluntly!"

Ere he could say more, however, there was a sudden stir overhead. At the top of the stairs Nanny Granger darted into view.

"Stop!" she cried to Blandon.

III

HER face set, Nanny Granger came swiftly down the stairs. She had her eyes on Blandon; and he started as he saw the look she gave him. It was as if she blazed inwardly with anger, with resentment—rancor, what's more, that seemed aimed at him.

"You blackguard!" she said beneath her breath.

Blandon started as if he had been struck.

"I?"

"Yes, you!" she flashed. "I was up there in the hall and I heard you. It's too late now to repair matters; but what you just told Effy you knew was the one thing we've been trying to keep from her!"

Astounded as he was, Blandon was still conscious that Colquitt's wife shared his amazement.

"Nanny!" she ejaculated.

The girl turned to her doggedly. "You let me handle this. You'll see soon enough what I mean!" Turning back to Blandon, she faced him with hardened eyes and a lip curled in scorn. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Mr. Blandon, how you knew what this man is!"

"I?"

"Yes, you!"

"You mean then he is a Malay?" he gaped.

"Pshaw! You can't trifle with me!" she laughed harshly. "You sent the man yourself!"

"For God's sake, Nanny!" he exclaimed.

In his wonder he was at a loss whether to laugh or to give his anger free rein. Colquitt's wife, too, seemed staggered at what the girl had said.

"Nanny!" she cried out again; but the girl was apparently too aroused to heed any remonstrance.

"This has gone far enough, Effy," she said sullenly. "I mean to protect you if I can. I mean, besides, to protect myself. This house is surrounded on every side by treachery and deceit; but I intend to put an end to it now." She swung round to Blandon, her face like flint. "Now what's your game?" she demanded.

"My game?" he echoed.

"Yes, yours. You and your two precious friends, Semple and that wharf rat, Lonergan!"

Blandon stared at her.

"Are you out of your head?" he inquired.

She laughed sharply. "Don't fool yourself; I was never clearer in my mind! I don't know your game or what you're up to, but the instant that telegram came from you today I had a suspicion that you had some hand in what has been happening in this house. Too much had happened for me not to be on my guard; and when you arrived with that cock-and-bull story of just coming here to see Norry for old times' sake, I knew I was right. After five years' silence you did not come here for nothing!"

Blandon was still watching her. He'd managed now to get himself in hand; and as she flung her taunts at him it was not the reckless absurdity of the accusation she made that startled him; it was, instead, the effect the strain she'd gone through seemed to have had on her.

She gave another harsh metallic laugh.

"You came here for a purpose. You came to see what that hired cutthroat—that lascar, as you call him—was doing to these people. You wanted to make sure that they were terrified. They have been, I'll admit; but you can't frighten me. I was frightened when I saw that man outside tonight again; and I was frightened when that stone came crashing through the window; but when you rushed out into the night, making a pretense of going to catch him, I realized it was all only a part of the trick, your game. You went out there just to see your accomplices; though never mind about that!" Her face determined, she strode up to Blandon. "Now what have you done with Norris Colquitt?" she demanded.

In dismayed helplessness Blandon's mouth drooped open. He turned to Effy Colquitt; and as he did so it seemed to him that she shrank back from him in evasion.

"Good God!" he murmured. It was enough, too, to take his breath away. Alone with these women, and virtually their only defender, he found them turned against him. And now he was charged with having made away with Colquitt!

"Answer me!" Nanny Granger ordered.

He looked at her with unbelieving eyes. "Do you think I'd do—that?" he asked.

She flashed a look at Colquitt's wife, then at him again.

"What else can I think? Here you are, an adventurer, a man without home or family or any visible means of employment. By your own story, for five years you have knocked around the world, your companions men like yourself, hunting only excitement—seeing life, as you call it. What else can I think of you? What could anyone think? But all that's neither here nor there," she said, and added grimly, "either tell me where Norris Colquitt is or what you've done with him or I'll take steps that will astonish you!"

What steps she planned Blandon was not to learn. Colquitt's wife at that moment stirred sharply and a low cry escaped her.

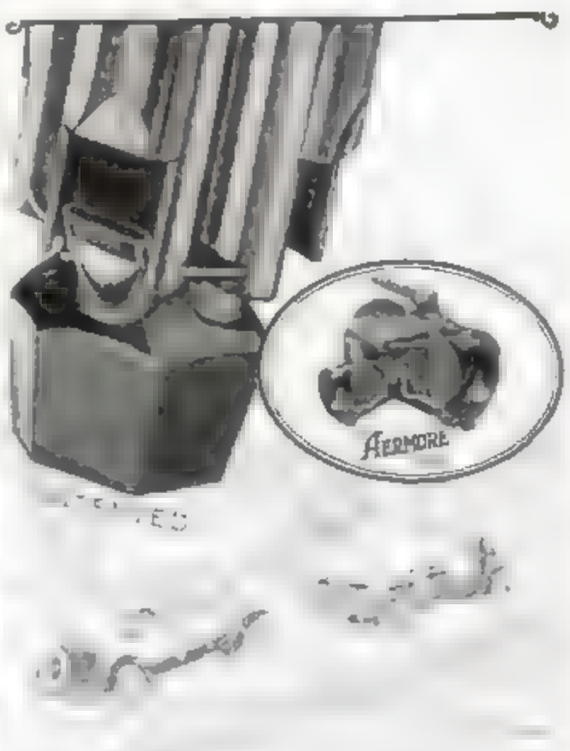
"Nanny, I can't stand any more of this!" Another murmur like a wail came from her. "Tell me, I beg of you, what has happened to my husband!"

"To Norry?" Her eyes faltered; she turned away. Evidently she dared not put into words the thought that may have been in her mind. "Ask him," she said doggedly; and with a slender shoulder she indicated Blandon. Colquitt's wife, however, still kept her eyes on the girl.

"Norry—you think ——" She faltered, then paused. "Is Norry—dead?"

The AERMORE Exhaust Horn

The Signal with a Smile



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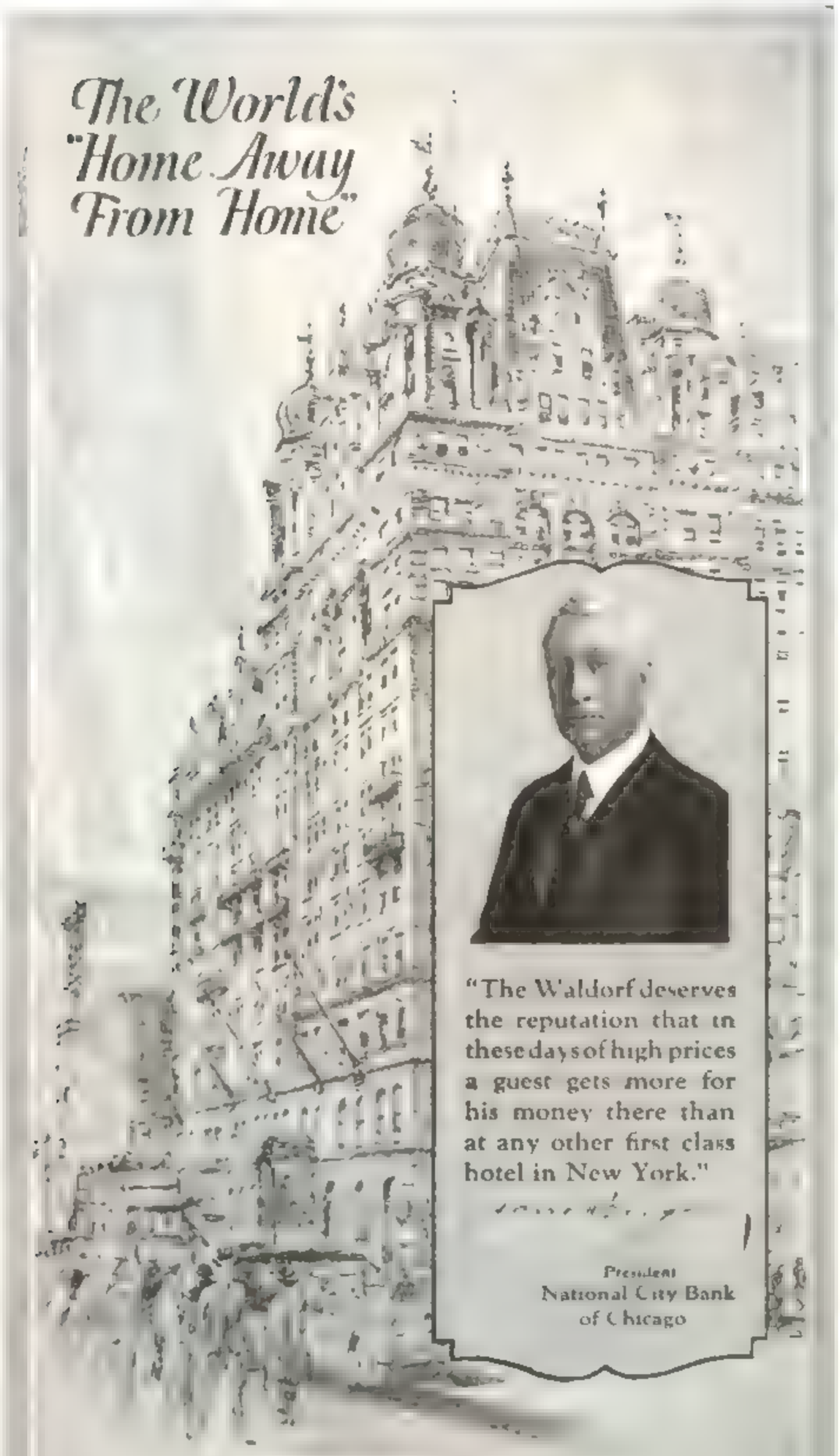
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Blandon did not let her answer.

"Stop!" he cried.

The time had come for him to interpose. It was one thing for Nanny Granger to accuse him, in her fright, of being hand in glove with those men, that gang he was trying to save them from; but it must go no further now. He turned quickly to Colquitt's wife. As mistress of the house, with Colquitt gone, she was in command; and it was to her he must appeal.

"Listen to me!" he said hurriedly. "I pledge you my word I know nothing of what has happened to your husband. I am as ignorant as you are of what has become of him. I swear to that on my honor, Mrs. Colquitt; but whether you are to believe me or not you must settle for yourself. I only beg of you not to let your fears run away with you. Norry, after all, may not be dead, not murdered, as Nanny seems to think. I'll admit it does look ugly; that man tonight and learning who he is has shaken me, for I know what these Malays are when they mean trouble; but whether he and the others have got Norry—laid him out, I mean—we don't know yet. What Nanny has gone through has been too much for her, that's all; and you must still have hope, still keep up your courage. Unless you do, unless, too, you believe in me," he added, his earnestness impressive, "I hate to think what may happen!"

Gazing at her, he put out both his hands in appeal. "You still believe me, don't you?" asked Blandon.

There was a pause. During it Colquitt's wife looked from him to Nanny Granger. The girl, her face still set and sullen, had withdrawn to the fireplace; and her eyes lowered she was staring at the fire on the hearth. She did not turn around; and after gazing at her for a moment Effy Colquitt looked back at Blandon, then quietly went toward him.

Her head was thrown back, her slender figure erect; and as she reached him she put out her hand.

"I trust you, I believe in you," she said; and as the words sounded in the silence the girl at the fireplace swung around with a swift and vivid animation, a movement startling in its vehemence.

"If that's the case, then," cried Nanny Granger, "who are these men? This cutthroat with them—the Malay, as you call him? What's their game? Unless you can tell us! Oh, I'll admit I'm frightened!" she cried, her voice breaking. "I want to leave this house—to get away from it; and I would, Effy, if it was not for you!" She shot a look at Blandon, her eyes roving. "Effy, too, has been warned. I haven't told you that. Or did you know it?"

"What?"

"They have warned me too."

"You too?"

"Wait!" said the girl.

Leaving the hearth she went swiftly down the hall. It was to the room at the other end she went, the same room as that to which Effy Colquitt had gone some minutes before. A pause followed; and during it the gray-haired manservant appeared from the dining room near by, his face inquiring. Blandon knew well enough the nature of his concern—it was the dinner now long overdue; but he was less than ever in the mood to take time to eat. Dinner? He could have laughed at the thought.

"In a moment, Temple," he heard Effy Colquitt say to the man.

The servant withdrew. At that instant Nanny Granger reappeared. Blandon silently waited as she came toward him.

"Look!" she said quietly.

Blandon looked. What she held out to him was another square of paper, the exact twin to the one wrapped about the stone and flung through the window glass. On it, however, in place of the print, that threat penciled on the other, was limned a single cabalistic figure, a design. But the design he knew, one common enough to him. The thing was a swastika, a symbol to be seen in almost any temple or wayside shrine out there among the Straits; and he was still looking at it, puzzled, when Nanny Granger put out her other hand.

"This was in the paper," she said.

As she spoke she opened her hand; and as he looked at what lay against the soft pinkness of her palm Blandon was unable to restrain the exclamation that escaped him.

"That!"

What he saw, instantly recognizing, too, its significance, was the dried, mummied remnants of a human hand—a child's hand, it seemed; and clutched in its shrunken grip were a half-dozen strands of coarse black hair—human hair.

"It was thrown through my window last night," Nanny Granger was adding when she was interrupted by a sudden sound.

"What's that?" she said.

It was the doorbell ringing. It buzzed sharply, then after an instant's pause rang again. Blandon, though, gave no heed to it. He was gazing at the mummied paw, murmuring to himself; and as a name escaped him Colquitt's wife echoed it, her face queer.

"Kali?"

He nodded quietly. He had not knocked around the hidden backwaters of the East not to grasp at a glance the significance of that dead dried hand. The goddess Kali was Shiva's bloody consort; and this was her sign.

"Hush!" at that instant cried Nanny Granger.

She was looking toward the door. The bell again sounded; and after a swift look at Colquitt's wife she glided swiftly along the hall. Reaching the door she stooped, and her slender figure shrinking from the glass, she guardedly drew aside an edge of the lace covering and peered out into the night. The instant she did so she shrank away.

The manservant had at that moment appeared in answer to the doorbell's summons; and turning she made to him a signal of silence. He halted uncertainly, gazing from the girl to his mistress.

"What is it?" whispered Colquitt's wife; and after another backward look over her shoulder Nanny Granger glided silently from the door.

"Graham, Effy!"

"Graham?"

"He's out there on the steps," the girl replied.

Blandon awoke alertly. It was the man, of course, whom he had seen tonight with Pegram; and on the faces of the two women he read again the concern they had shown when he'd told them of that meeting. But never mind that now! If this fellow, too, was involved, mixed up in this business, as there seemed every reason to think that he was, here was a chance to get light on it. His shoulders set, his face resolute, he made a quick gesture to the two women and the servant.

"Keep back, Nanny; you too, Mrs. Colquitt," he ordered; "and you, Temple, stand there beside that table. If they try to rush the door, push the table over in front of them; we can use that for a barricade. That will give you two women time to get up the stairs; you can lock yourselves in up there and call from the windows for help!"

Speaking hurriedly, he strode toward the hearth. Beside it stood a bar of heavy twisted iron, the poker; and gripping it in his hand he beckoned to the manservant.

"Arm yourself with the tongs, Temple," he directed; and he was already starting toward the door when he heard Colquitt's wife give a stifled exclamation.

"Mr. Blandon!"

It was echoed by Nanny Granger.

"Jerry! Where are you going?"

Blandon looked back at them. They were gazing at him, their lips parted, their faces the picture of fright. Behind them stood the manservant, his eyes like marbles. Blandon, however, had no time to heed either the servant's quivering terrors—or even the women's fears.

"What are you—you going to do?" Nanny Granger faltered.

"Do?" He smiled. "Tackle that fellow of course!" What else was there to do? Or did they think him afraid?

"Tackle Graham?"

It was Colquitt's wife who said it. Again she glanced swiftly at Nanny Granger. The girl, however, was still looking at Blandon. Suddenly, as if she awoke to something, Nanny Granger spoke again.

"I see what you think, Jerry. You believe Graham is one of them. One of those men—that gang?"

Naturally it was what he thought. He was starting for the door again when she caught him by the sleeve. "He isn't one of them. If you do anything to him you'll only bring down more on us, more trouble. Graham has no hand in it!"

"How do you know?" demanded Blandon.

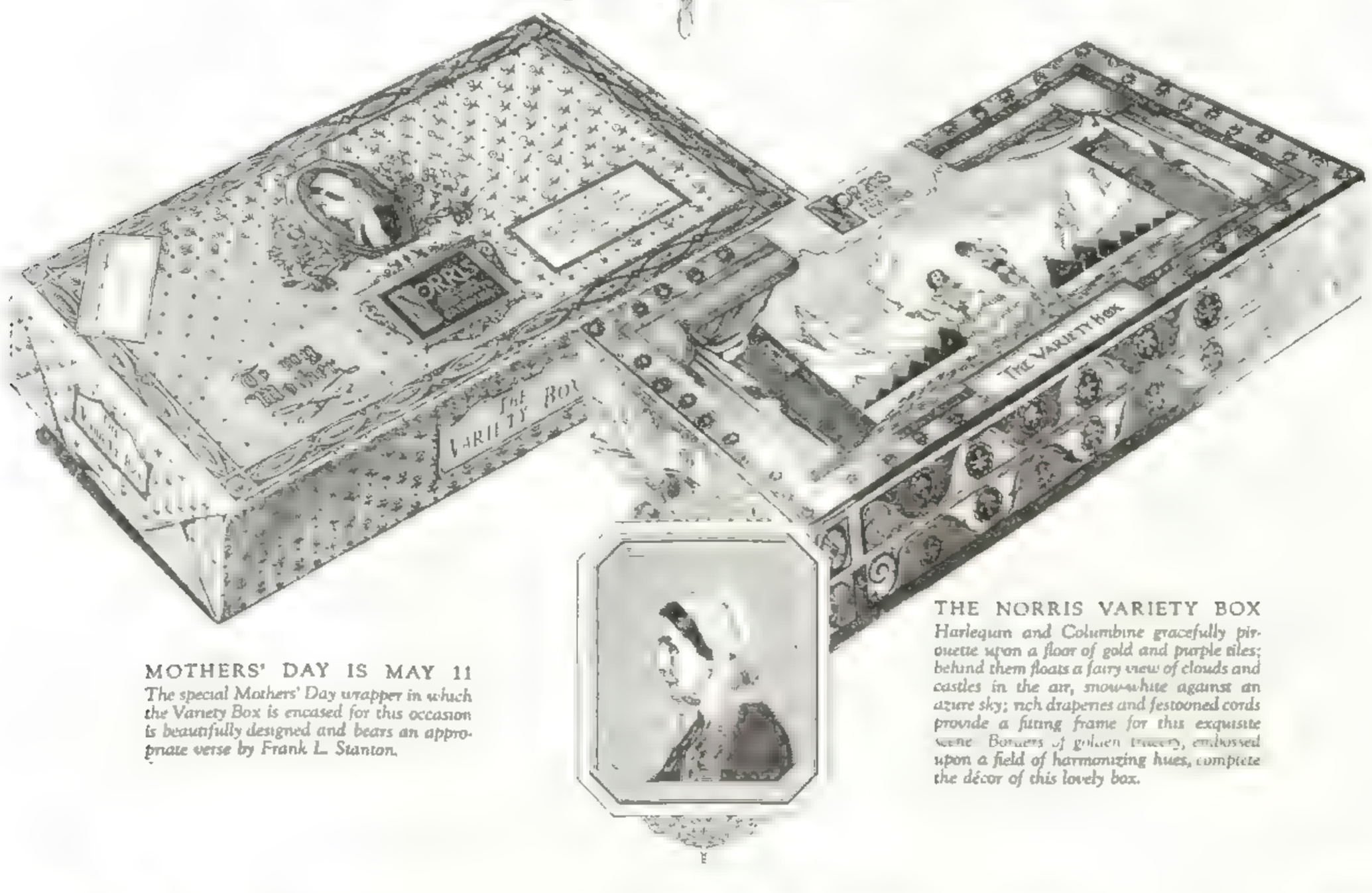
The girl glanced at Colquitt's wife; and another look of meaning passed between them. It was Colquitt's wife who answered the question then.

(Continued on Page 108)

NORRIS

Variety Box

of Exquisite Gift Candies



MOTHERS' DAY IS MAY 11

The special Mothers' Day wrapper in which the Variety Box is encased for this occasion is beautifully designed and bears an appropriate verse by Frank L. Stanton.

THE NORRIS VARIETY BOX

Harlequin and Columbine gracefully pirouette upon a floor of gold and purple tiles; behind them floats a fairy view of clouds and castles in the air, snow-white against an azure sky; rich draperies and festooned cords provide a fitting frame for this exquisite scene. Borders of golden tracery, embossed upon a field of harmonizing hues, complete the décor of this lovely box.

Should all mothers be remembered ON MOTHERS' DAY?

A worthy tribute to Mother—for whom no tribute can be too fine—is found in this beautiful Variety Box of Exquisite Gift Candies, dedicated to the occasion.

And while selecting a token for the beloved mother of childhood days, the father will welcome the suggestion to remember his wife—the mother of his children.

On any occasion when it is desired to express particular esteem for the mother, wife, sweetheart, or hostess, the Norris Variety Box is a distinct compliment.

For, in this box of rich elegance and artistic beauty are over twenty different kinds of the choicest confections that the art of the candy-maker has produced. A profusion of nut and fruit pieces evidence the fact that no expense or care is spared to make this package the ideal gift of its kind.

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the U. S., and shipped the same day order is received.

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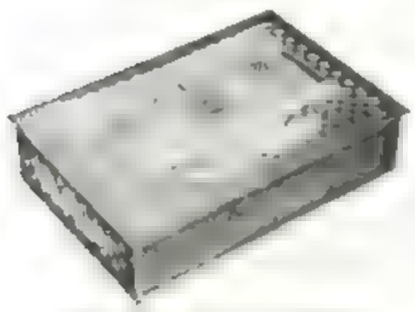

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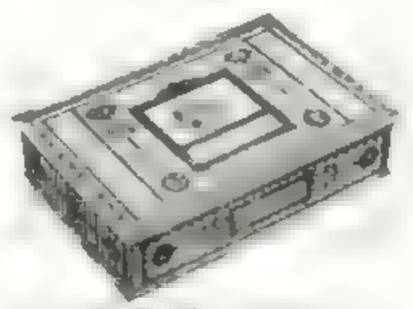
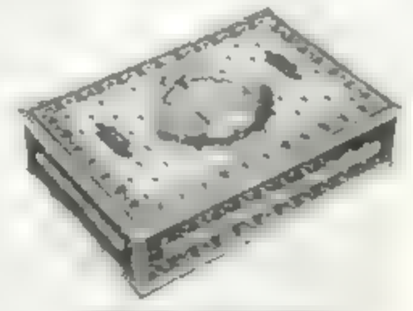


SELECTED CENTERS
(Assorted Chocolates)

An assortment including nut centers, nut caramels, nougats, almonds, [illegible] creams etc. $1.25 the pound



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NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN COMPANY

Boston CLEVELAND *New York*

U.S.N. DECK PAINT

The Universal Paint

(Continued from Page 108

"I will tell you, Mr. Blandon. That man Graham has been watched. We have had detectives on his trail for days."

"Detectives?" Blandon laughed harshly. The hawkshaws must be a brilliant lot to let these women get themselves into what he'd seen happen in that house tonight.

"I can answer that, too, Mr. Blandon," said Effy Colquitt; "it's because we have never spoken of it."

"You hid it from them!" he exclaimed.

"It has been hid from everyone, Mr. Blandon." Then, her voice slow, she added, "I have not told you, but I know what Norry had to fear. I know why these men outside are seeking him, seeking all of us; yet I can't tell even you. I dare not," she said

"What?"

She did not respond. The doorbell again rang loudly; and Colquitt's wife turned to Nanny Granger. "Take Mr. Blandon into Norry's library, Nan; and I will see what Graham wants."

Blandon, though his head was awhirl with what she'd just told him, made one more protest.

"You can't do that!"

"Very well," she replied; "let Temple do it. Open the door, Temple."

She led the way into the room, the same room she and Nanny Granger had entered before tonight. Bookshelves lined the walls, and above them was hung a diversified array of what evidently were Colquitt's trophies of the woods and waters—heads of deer, a huge moose among them; stuffed birds and small animals and fish—so forth and so on. Blandon had just glimpsed them when he heard Temple open the door.

"Mr. Colquitt in?" a rasping surly voice inquired.

The manservant replied, "No, sir," and the voice spoke again.

"That's funny! Where's he gone?"

"I couldn't say, sir," was the servant's discreet reply.

It seemed to annoy openly the man outside. "You can't say, eh?" he mimicked. "Well, when will he be back, then?"

"I can't say that, either, sir," answered the butler; and Graham's voice rose perceptibly.

"Say, what's the game, anyway? Are you trying to put something over on me? Mr. Colquitt phoned me tonight to see him here at eight o'clock!"

Blandon gave a start, a jump almost. Colquitt had phoned? He saw, too, that both Colquitt's wife and Nanny Granger shared the shock that statement had given him. As if to emphasize, too, the import of what Graham had said the clock on the stair at that instant clanged the hour.

It was still chiming when the sneering surly voice of the man at the door raised itself again.

"You tell your boss, d'you hear, that if he wants me he knows where I c'n be found!"

The door closed. As the latch clicked Effy Colquitt seemed to awake from her daze, her face alive. Throwing open the library door she hurried out into the hall.

"Tell me, Temple," she said, her voice strained, "did that man say Mr. Colquitt had telephoned?"

"Yes, Mrs. Colquitt."

"Did he say tonight?"

"Yes, madam."

Blandon walked out into the hall. When he got there, Colquitt's wife, her eyes wide, was still facing the butler. She turned from him as Blandon went toward her.

"Norry's coming back," she said, her voice breaking. Nanny nodded; and Effy Colquitt spoke again to the servant. "Serve the dinner," she directed; and as the butler left the room she looked abruptly at Blandon. "Mr. Blandon, I have something to ask of you. Norry knows nothing of what's happened here tonight; of what's happening. What has happened to him, however, is enough; and I shall have to ask this of you. Do not let him know of the threat made against me and Nanny; of the threat made against you either. Now promise me that! Promise me you will tell him nothing unless he speaks of it.

"You will be shocked when you see him; he has suffered much already; and I do not wish him to have this added trouble, the knowledge that we are in peril too." She came toward him, her eyes on his. "You will give me your promise, Mr. Blandon?"

A harsh laugh came from Blandon. In spite of himself he could not stifle it; and at the sound of it Colquitt's wife shrank from him.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked sharply.

"Forgive me," he said. "I did not mean it as you think. I'm afraid, though, it will do you little good for me to give that promise. I hate to say it," he added; "but you must prepare yourself. I'll be surprised if we see Norry here tonight."

"What?"

"Just what I say, Mrs. Colquitt; Norry will not be here."

"But Norry telephoned; that man said so."

"The man was lying. It was a trick, a stall to find out what we knew, Mrs. Colquitt," Blandon was saying, when he stopped short, the words frozen on his lips. "Who has been in this room?" he said hoarsely.

"Why—why ——" stammered Effy Colquitt.

Nanny Granger, too, gave a bewildered gasp.

"What is it, Jerry?" she asked.

Blandon pointed at the center table. "Look at that!" he said.

The books and magazines had been swept from the table as if with a ruthless hand, and in the center of it, pinned to the wood with the blade of an opened clasp knife, was a square of paper. What was more, it was the same paper that had been wrapped around the stone when it had been flung through the stained-glass window. Some hand had picked it up from the floor, smoothed out its creases and written on it another message, still another threat.

"Till ten o'clock!" it read.

His face furious, Blandon snatched knife and all from the table. "That was done while we three were in that room, the library!" he rasped. His look, too, was harried. Treachery was afoot, no doubt of that; and now, too, it was inside the house, not outdoors. The question still in his eyes, he was still gazing about him when a thought, the answer, flashed like light into his eyes.

"Answer me now," he said harshly to Effy Colquitt, "who was that man, that chauffeur who drove me here? Do you know anything about him?"

"The chauffeur? Why—why ——"

"Yes; who is he? What do you know about him? Have you ever seen him before?"

Effy Colquitt seemed still to struggle for words when Nanny Granger spoke.

"Let me tell him, Effy." She turned to Blandon. "The man was one of the detectives Effy told you about," she said; and at the answer Blandon again laughed harshly.

"That's what you think! The man's one of the gang, do you hear! I haven't told you, but he's the fellow that flung that stone through the window!"

Nanny Granger, her eyes starting, her mouth wide, gaped back at him. Colquitt's wife, too, gave a gasp. Ere either of them could speak, however, Blandon swung round on his heel, his head raised, his nostrils quivering.

"Hark!"

They held their breath. A silence followed. Then, through the house, thudding like the strokes of a muffled sledge, three jarring blows were struck somewhere against the wall. Thud! Thud! Thud! It was a signal that or a warning; and, as Blandon thought, it came from the house overhead.

Signal or warning, either, that was enough for him; and the sound was still echoing through the stillness when he was on the stair and leaping upward. The two women cried out to him, but he gave no heed to that. At the head of the flight a passage led off to the right, and down this he charged.

A half dozen doors lined the hall on either side, but he did not pause to try them. All were shut save one at the other end, and as he raced along in the dim light he saw it close. It was toward this he ran.

The door closed just as he reached it. He heard, too, a key turn in the lock just as he grasped the knob.

"Open, do you hear!" he cried.

The door did not open though; and he put his shoulder to it. But the door held; and regardless now of the consequences he stepped back, then flung himself against it. There was a crash, but though the panels splintered the door held. Once more he flung himself against it.

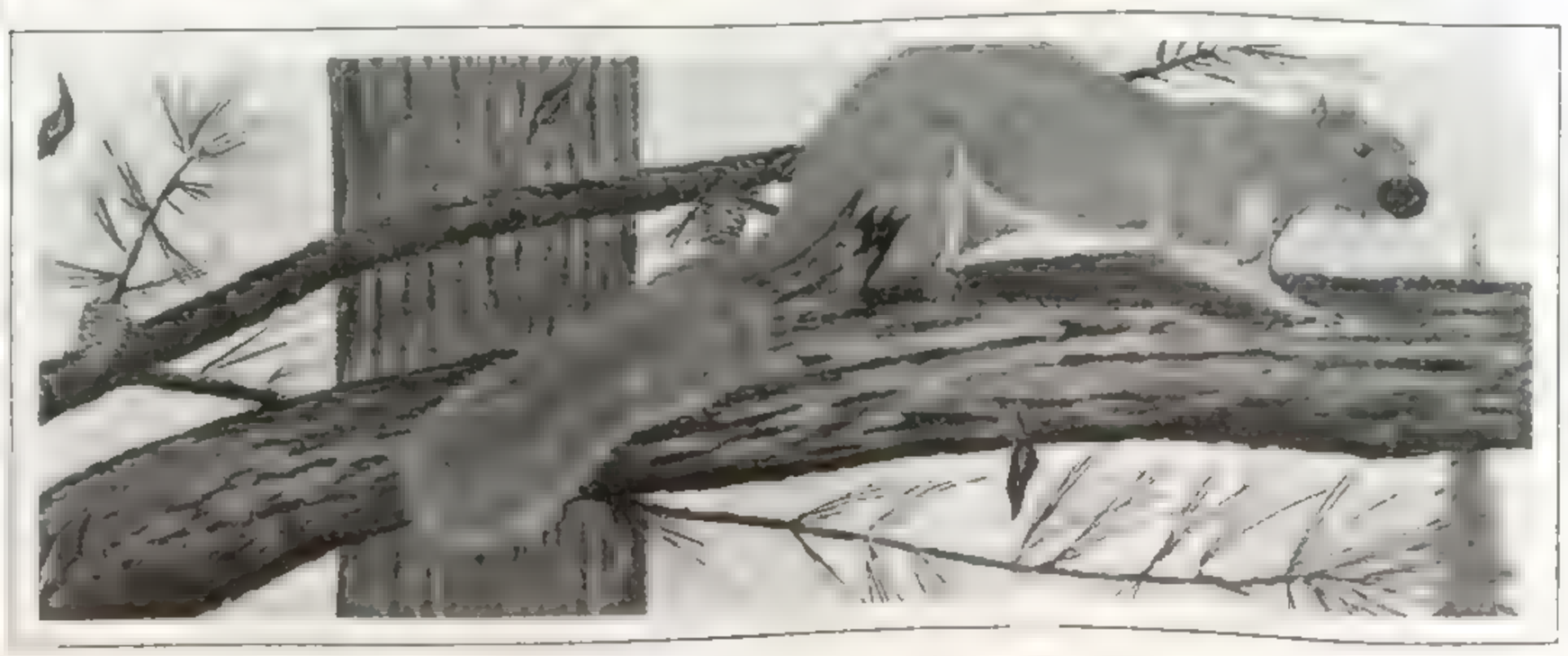
This time it gave. As it burst open he sprawled headlong into the room.

Overhead a single globe burned in the chandelier. It showed him a bedroom richly furnished, a mahogany four-poster occupying the center, while beyond this, between the windows, stood a dressing table. Beside this, lying on the floor, and its contents strewing the carpet, was a traveling bag—a dowdy battered relic. The bag was his; the clothes lying about he recognized at a glance as his own; and he hardly had made the discovery when a quick sound, the noise of a chair overturned, struck on his ear.

It came from the room adjoining. A short passage like a closet communicated between the two; and the room beyond was unlit. He had just sprung into it when in the dimness he saw a shadowy figure slip through a doorway beyond.

"You, there!" shouted Blandon. There was no response; and, darting through the doorway in pursuit, in the dim light he collided violently with a figure crouched down beside the opening. Thrown off his balance, he struggled to regain himself; and as he staggered forward an arm uplifted itself. Then it fell; and with a crash a glare of light leaped like an explosion through Blandon's brain, and he crumpled to the floor, darkness overwhelming him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Erie, Pa.	Dispatch-Herald
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South Bend, Ind.	News-Times
Springfield, Mass.	Republican
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HOME-CURED

(Continued from Page 16)

Half an hour later Richard's telephone rang.

"Hello. Mr. Caldwell? . . . This is Lang & Norton, Real Estate. Any objection to giving us a listing figure on your home?"

"Mighty sorry," Richard replied slowly, "but we bought for a home. We don't want to sell. Thanks for calling."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Caldwell. But there's a saying that any property is for sale if you go high enough. What price would you think might tempt you and Mrs. Caldwell to move?"

"The property is not for sale!" shortly said Richard, to disguise his inner weakening.

Lordy! Here were people just begging to be mulcted.

"Not at any price?" The voice over the telephone was incredulous.

"Not at any price!" Richard ended the conversation.

He was noticeably distraught during the evening. The trading fever was in him again.

There was a day of respite, and then his telephone rang again.

"Richard, this is Billy Inge."

"Why, hello, Bill, you old bum! How are you? What's on your mind?"

"Trouble for you. I've got a customer for your house. I'm acting as agent for the purchaser, so it'll be my painful duty to beat you down to a figure within reason. What's your first asking figure, Richard? And remember: I didn't ask you for the amount of Great Britain's war debt."

Richard sighed. Those joys were for him no longer.

"Mighty sorry, Billy," he said; "the place isn't for sale."

"They must have given me the wrong party," complained Billy Inge. "I wanted to speak to Richard Caldwell."

"This is Richard Caldwell. But you know how it is, Billy. A fellow wants to live in one place long enough to get acquainted with his living room and his back porch. You know how it is."

"Nope," cheerfully denied Billy. "Shall I put your figure at twelve-five?"

"Sorry, Billy. The place isn't for sale."

"Fourteen?"

"The place isn't for sale, Billy. Sorry."

"Fifteen?"

"No."

"Well, fifteen's my limit. Sure you aren't boosting me for a better price? I might be able to get it."

"Not boosting you at all, Billy. We don't want to sell at any price."

"I don't know what you're up to, Richard. Fifteen'll give you a nice profit."

"Not up to anything, Billy. It just isn't for sale."

Richard hung up the receiver and spent the rest of the afternoon forgetting the call. Fifteen! That meant he'd go higher; perhaps even to seventeen-five! Whe-e-ew!

Then he pushed the telephone manfully farther from him and went on forgetting. For stretches almost fifteen minutes long.

He spent the most of the next few days in likewise forgetting.

He had almost succeeded when an engraved card: "——, Superintendent, Vulcan Coal, Iron and Steel Company," was handed in.

The new superintendent seated himself silently.

"Mr. Caldwell," at last he began, "I don't want to make a nuisance of myself. But my wife and I feel like we have inspected every house in Birmingham; and that bungalow of yours is the only thing that appeals at all to either of us. Her heart is set on it. I've come to pay you a whole lot more than it's worth so you'll let her have it."

Richard shook his head. "I'm sincerely sorry," he said, "but we don't want to sell. We've moved so much that I'd almost as soon emigrate."

"I see! So the madam thinks that way about it, eh?" The new superintendent had a quick brain. "I tell you what. The deed records show you paid eleven-five for the place. You've put improvements on that amount to—well, they couldn't have run it over fifteen thousand—could they? Values have risen, I know. I'll give you twenty thousand for the place; and arrange to pay all cash, if you wish. No agent's commissions to pay—nothing but accept the money. What say?"

Richard was doing his best to say "No." But his tongue would not turn down that twenty thousand.

"I know you'll have to find another place. Say, possession in ninety days?" Richard's tongue was still in a state of mutiny. The other drew a pen and check book from his pocket. "Make it four months. You ought to be able to appease the madam and find another place in that time." He was writing rapidly. "Here's a short memorandum of the sale, with my check for five hundred. Sign here."

Theoretically, a lawyer accustomed to handling the business of others should be all the more adept in handling his own. The theory does not hold. As a matter of fact his own affairs are generally managed in a way that he would be ashamed to devote to that of his smallest client. Richard found the old lure for the game tingling at the back of his neck, and his pen making curlicues on the line. Then he watched the signed agreement disappear into the superintendent's inside pocket.

"I don't think either of us will regret this," said that one, rising and leaving. "Good morning."

Richard watched the door close behind him.

He had sold the home again.

Now that it was done, he had qualms. He shuddered at all that Cynthia had said to him, and all she was going to say to him. He remembered how she had worked on the place; transforming it from a temporary makeshift.

Feeling thus dubious, he made the announcement to her as lightly as he could.

"Sold the place today," he said casually, and turned the rattling page of his newspaper. "Honey, how'd you like to have a new car? The old one's beginning to look sort of shabby, don't you think?"

No answer. He stole a cautious glance at Cynthia. Her head was down. He had a sudden rush of tenderness.

"Don't take it that way, honey," he begged. "I can't force you to sign the deeds; the sale can't go through if you refuse."

"Richard." Her low voice was troubled. "You've given your word. And your word is my word."

"Honey, I'm sorry! I didn't know you liked this place."

"I don't, Richard. But it's home."

"Then why not find something we want?" he asked eagerly. "There are places going up every day. Surely we can find something."

Cynthia shook her head sadly. "Not that I want, Richard. I've been watching; and I've had the real-estate people watching. There aren't any."

Richard felt that he had to make amends at all costs.

"Then," he suggested desperately, "we'll build you a house! We don't have to give possession here for four months. We'll pick a lot and build you a house, with as many closets and as much back yard as you want. We've plenty of time!"

The enthusiasm lighting in Cynthia's eyes gave him encouragement. "We're getting twenty thousand for the place. You can put that into our new home if you want."

Cynthia was meditating. "Richard," she said at last slowly, "how do you like the way this place looks now?"

"How do I like it? Fine. Fine."

"Looks a lot better than it did before I worked on it?"

"I should say so!"

"Would you trust me to pick the right house, Richard?"

"Of course I would. Your judgment is a whole lot better than mine."

"Then let me and young Walter build the house," she demanded. "Without your knowing anything about it."

The surprise jarred all reply from him. While he was seeking for words she was after him again.

"You say you hate to fuss with details. Leave all that to us. You're not even to know where the lot is. Let it come as a complete surprise to you. Don't even let yourself be driven by it."

"But—but," he protested, trying to find a hole in her plan—"I'd have to examine the abstracts to see if the title was good."

"No, you wouldn't. I can hire it done for a little or nothing."

"Who'd watch the contractor for you?"

"Young Walter. That's the architect's business. And Cousin Walter would sell me the materials at just a little over cost. Why, the worst that could happen would be for us to spend too much money. And everybody does that when they build a house, anyhow."

"Does it mean that much to you, Cynthia?" he asked curiously.

"Listen, Richard." Cynthia's low voice had suddenly dropped all play, all pretense. "I don't want to wave my arms and do a lot of hurrahing. But one of the things that make life worth living to me is just having a home. Most of my people died in the house that they were born in. My family doesn't move around much. Some women are born to write or to paint or to sing. My ambition isn't big, Richard. I just want a home; to fix it up, and potter about it; and—and to love every stick and corner of it." Her low voice died. There was a suspicious glistening in the wide eyes. "Can't you see, Richard?" she begged.

His own voice was none too steady. "Lord, yes!" he surrendered, returning hastily to his paper. "Build six houses, honey, if they mean that much to you!"

And then Cynthia went to the telephone and started building her house.

She spent the first month in picking her lot. Cynthia's deliberation had oftentimes irritated Richard. But in the end, if she were left alone, she got what she wanted. She called in the effervescent Billy Inge; and the two of them burned many a weary gallon of gasoline up and down the steep hills of Birmingham.

Finally, when the choice had narrowed down to three lots, they called in young Walter for the architect's point of view. And all the arguments began again. Cynthia had a way of making men drop everything else they were doing to render her personal service. Two of the three lots were immediately discarded as impracticable, and another overlooked one was added. Finally, as in the case of the little nigger boys who sat on a fence, there remained but one.

Then began the time of travail for young Walter. Two new apartment houses and a hotel waited for their plans while he argued with Cynthia. Even the drawings for the new courthouse in one of the adjoining counties were shoved into the long wide drawers; and young Walter and Cynthia and the assistants and the draftsmen and the tracers all tried to talk at once. Half a dozen times young Walter threw away another handful of his hair, and in sheer weakness gave up the effort when Cynthia demanded something that from the time of Phidias all architects had agreed could not be done. But what was a fellow to do when the infernal woman got all his staff lined up to where they figured how to do the impossible?

The shoutings and the tumult died. Cynthia consulted with Cousin Walter. Then it all began again.

Everything must be stock size. No special-sized windows; no small or large doors. That was what ran the cost up. Everything possible she made an exception of the hardware, which could be ordered from the factory—must be from stock specifications. Young Walter had the plans drawn again. Cynthia found several variations from the house she intended, and fought them into harmony. Then everybody sighed in relief.

The rest was plain sailing. From the bids young Walter picked out one of the slightly higher ones.

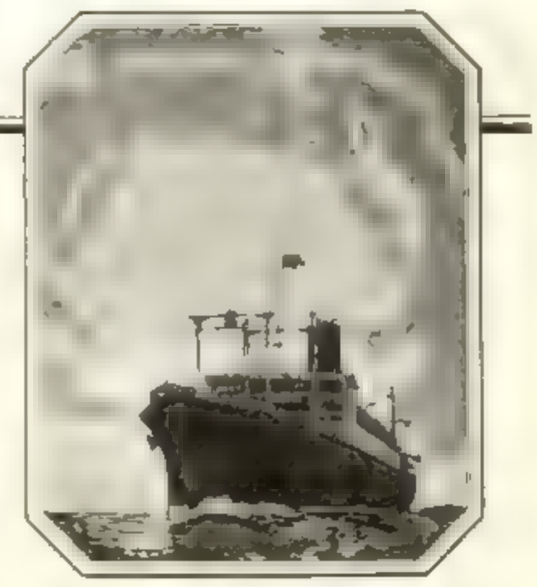
"Yes, I know," he answered Cynthia's inquiry. "But that's all you'll have to pay him, and you won't have to watch him like a hawk."

The obtaining of the supplies from Cousin Walter was the least trouble of all. When he saw Cynthia coming back he threw up his hands.

"Whatever you want, at cost plus overhead!" he shouted and fled. But he kissed her back of the ear as he passed.

For once, a house grew with enough closets. There was a guest room, almost entirely cut off from the rest of the house, a living room with a great arched fireplace; and a garage that even Richard could get into without scraping a fender. Cynthia plagiarized the best from every house her home hunting had shown her. Young Walter had sworn he was on the verge of a

(Continued on Page 113)



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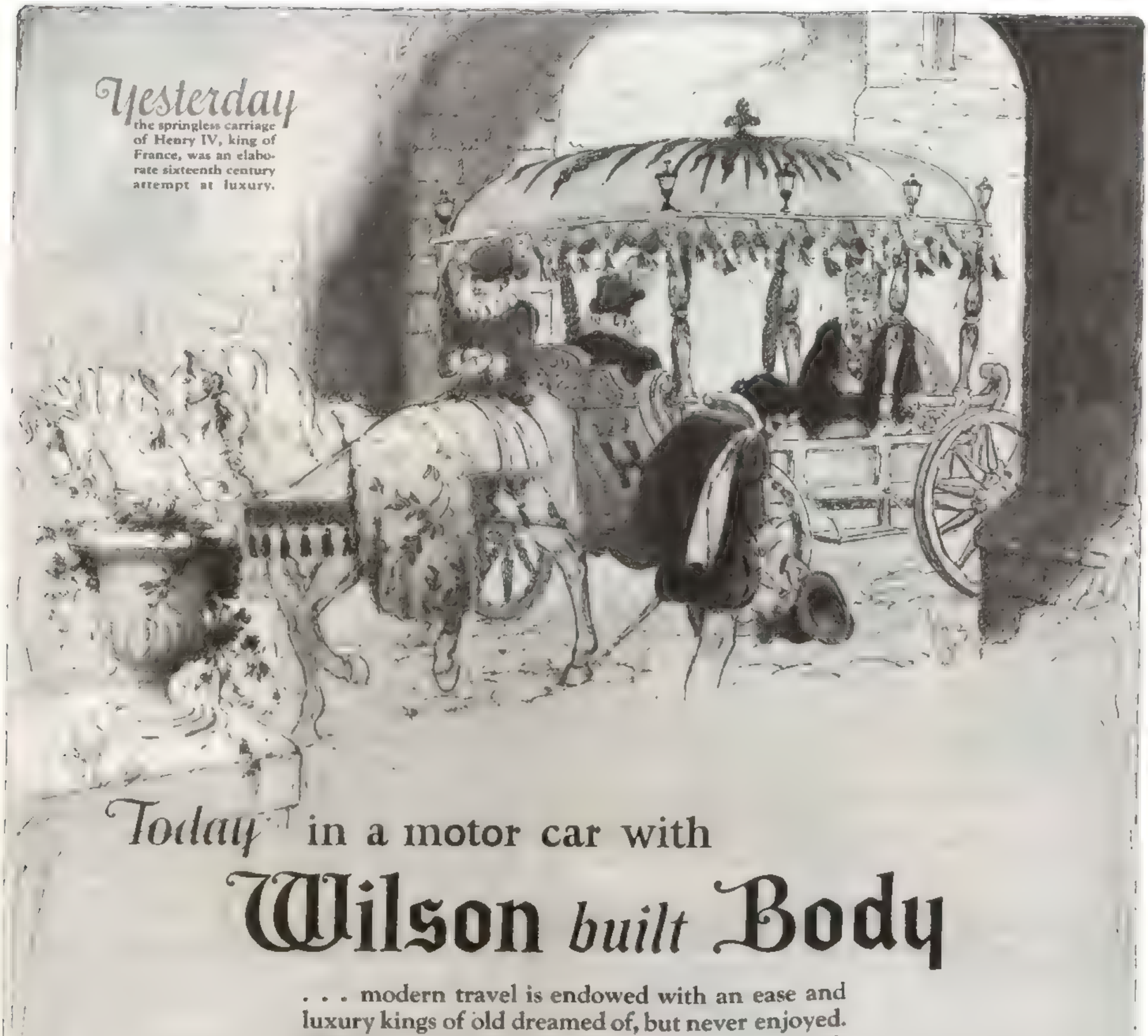

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(Continued from Page 111)

nervous breakdown; yet when Cynthia's house began to take form he went back and looked over the plans and specifications thoughtfully, and very carefully put away even the preliminary sketches.

There were the usual periods of worry, when everything was going wrong. Rains slowed up the work. Day after day passed with everything apparently at a standstill. Then the genus plasterer suddenly seemed to have become extinct in Birmingham; and again they had to wait for the special hardware from the factory.

It came with a shock to Cynthia when young Walter phoned, early one morning, "Well, the final O. K. has been passed. You've got a house now."

She went straight to Richard's office and hauled him out of a "very important conference" just as someone was sinking a niblick shot from a sand trap. His reaction was all that she could have asked.

She drove him up the long way. She knew when his eyes fell on the home. He was sitting up straighter, hoping that it would be the one.

When her foot went down on the brake his face lit with enthusiasm.

"Your home, Mr. Caldwell," she announced formally. "Will your majesty inspect our humble offering?"

"My majesty, your eye! Honey, did you build this house?"

"Even I." Cynthia would not have been human if she had failed to enjoy the unaccustomed awe in her husband's voice.

"For what we agreed?"

"Not quite. Ran a hundred and seventy-six dollars over." She tried to speak as if that were tragedy.

"Gosh!" That was all he could say. "Gosh!"

He stood around on the front lawn, with his mouth open; looking back, now and then, at Cynthia with that new pleasing respect in his eyes.

It was her hour, and she made the most of it. She knew he was going to like the den downstairs, with the leather-cushioned window seats, and a floor lamp just right for his paper. There was so much to show him; to dazzle him with; even to gloat over just a tiny bit.

Of course he couldn't properly appreciate her storage room and the clothes chute; but his eyes brightened like a little boy's at the workshop for him in the basement with a long stout bench and a good heavy lock on the door.

"We're going to give you both keys," she promised, "and we won't even come in to clean up if you don't want us to."

Cynthia had expected to enjoy showing their home to Richard. But his stupefaction and his newly acquired, sudden pleasing respect were unutterably sweet, made her linger over the showing, stretching it out and enjoying it.

"We can finish moving in when you want to," she ended. "I've even taken care of the telephone and the gas and lights."

He turned back to her with that new thrilling look in his eyes.

"But how," he demanded, "did you find out, ahead of time, about the country club?"

"Country club?" Richard had opened strange fields.

"Yes. Their old lease is going to expire, and they've bought a new place just over the mountain. Go on; you know you knew it! How else would you have picked this spot?"

"No, Richard. I didn't know." Cynthia was thoughtful. "Billy Inge may have said something like that when he was harping on buying where values would increase. But I—just built us a home."

"Honey, you could double your money today! Since the location of the new site for the country club has leaked out there have been three or four new subdivisions started. And this looks to me like the choicest location of the lot!"

Cynthia was silent. She didn't feel that way at all about their home. Both of them were very thoughtful on the way back to town.

Ensued the period of moving, when, in spite of the painfully acquired experience, she saw with groans scratches on this prized Lares and cracks in that loved Penates. Again, quite according to formula, she fiercely resolved that she would never, never see another moving truck back up to her front door.

And then ostensibly they were moved and the nerve-racking period of changes was again on. There were the cards for addresses at the post office; the interminable and well-nigh intolerable wrestling with telephone numbers, milkman, iceman; all of the paraphernalia of butcher, baker and candlestick maker, not to mention several other trades. Richard didn't seem to mind it so much as she did. He never did.

But gradually life again settled into its sweet routine. She got time to set out the rose bushes that she had wanted for years; and the kennel of Airy was one of the show sights of the neighborhood. Cynthia was right when she said she was born for a home.

Work on the new country club was progressing. Also on the real-estate subdivisions called into being by the change of location. Cynthia did not dare to hope that Richard had lost all lure from the game. But she did not realize how strong was the appeal until she gave him a poker party for his birthday; and she heard Billy Inge and the other addicts teasing him.

"Humph! Not going to sell again!" they jeered. "You're just holding out, How much do you want—the mint?"

"I'm not holding out," he attempted to protest; but the quaver in his voice told volumes. "We built this for a home. For good."

"Yes, you did! 'Gene Clark said the same thing the week before he sold his place. You've talked the same way before, yourself."

Cynthia stole quietly out of hearing. She wondered.

She wondered again, later, when several people "casually" chanced in and asked to inspect the place. Things like that had happened to Cynthia before. Richard began to look haunted; and at nights when he came home he took to figuring savagely on the backs of old envelopes.

A climax was reached when the long low green roadster that quietly bespoke much wealth was standing at the curb when she returned from a shopping trip. A young couple were just emerging. The youthful husband removed his cap.

"I trust you won't think we were hopelessly uncivil," he apologized. "We waited a long time for your return, and the maid finally told us you wouldn't mind our seeing your place."

"It's so beautiful!" broke in the girl. "I'm crazy about it!" Her clothes, one glance told Cynthia, were in keeping with the car and the expensively tailored suit of her husband.

Cynthia murmured polite nothings, assuring them of everything that she did not mean at all; and watched the costly green roadster disappear over the crest of Red Mountain. Her first impulse was to go in and telephone Richard Caldwell some of the words that mounted within her. So were her second, fifth and ninth impulses. But she waited for him to come home.

She was glad that she had waited. Richard had been in court all day; and she had learned that there is no more exhausting physical labor on earth than the hard-fought legal battle. Silently she hunted for him cool soft house slippers, and bided her time.

But the next day there was company for dinner; and the next Richard went to Montgomery to submit and argue an appeal. Several days passed before the subject came up. Then Richard broached it.

Quite according to formula he rattled his newspaper a lot and shamefacedly refused to meet her eye. "Offered a whale of a good price for the house today," he said, and hurriedly turned the page.

Cynthia did not answer.

"We could just about double what we put into it," he finally returned to the attack.

Cynthia preserved her resources for the real battle.

"I wouldn't think about it if they weren't offering an ungodly price for the place," he said. "I know that values have gone up a lot, but these people seem willing to pay anything."

Still Cynthia was silent.

"Lang & Norton represent them. And Billy Inge has some man that seems interested, he said."

"But Richard, this is our home!"

"Yes. That's what I told Lang & Norton when I turned them down." Richard's tone was reassuringly firm. Then he added, not quite as firmly: "They certainly are offering real money, though."

There, ostensibly, the matter ended. But as the weeks passed Cynthia recognized the growing signs.

The old envelopes reappeared now and then; and Richard, when the other addicts began on their "offered me twelve, but I'm going to hold for seventeen," sat around in the background with a hopeless expression on his face.

Cynthia knew that something had happened that evening when he came in. He looked around the living room as if he had never seen it before. Then he settled into the inevitable morris chair and began a pretense of reading.

She knew he was waiting for an opportunity. She, too, waited.

Finally he began without one; plunging in abruptly: "Honey, how'd you like to make a whole lot of money?"

She answered quietly, "It all depends, Richard, on the way we'd have to make it."

He pondered over that a moment. "We—we'd have to sell the house," at last he admitted.

Cynthia was silent. That spoke more than words.

"Nothing'd tempt you?" he ventured.

"I don't know of anything, Richard."

"You don't have to go through with it. The agreement's no good if the wife won't sign the deed."

"Listen, Richard. I've told you this before. I won't have you make a contract and then slide out behind my refusal. Your word is my word."

"Do you mind it that much, Cynthia?"

"Yes, Richard. I built this house. For our home. I want to stay."

It was his turn to remain silent.

"Is it final, Richard? No way out unless I refuse? Are you absolutely bound?"

"Yes. Morally as well as legally. Binding agreement executed, and I've accepted part of the consideration. I—I'm sorry—honey. I'm—sorry."

Cynthia's low voice was a little weary. "You always are, Richard," she said. "You always are sorry—afterward." The bright head bent over.

Silently Richard Caldwell cursed himself. Up till now it had all been just a game. He had enjoyed the thrill of pushing up Billy Inge for his unknown principal till even he had been shocked by the price. Now it was different.

"I don't want to move again, Richard," Cynthia's worn voice continued. "I want—a home. I'm tired of being shifted from pillar to post. I want my own rose bushes that I've planted and watched grow; and I want to be able to walk around in my own back yard, just looking and looking at every stick and stone that I know and love. I—I don't want to move again, Richard."

The last of the zest for the game died within him. "Honey," he said softly, "honey, I'm so sorry. I wouldn't have —— Isn't there anything I can do?"

Silence, broken at last by her weary voice: "I don't—know, Richard. You've made it a trading proposition; purely, cold bloodedly commercial. I suppose I must look at it that way too."

"What do you mean, honey?"

"I'm not going to build again, Richard. I—couldn't put this much into another

(Continued on Page 117)

For Once, a House Grew With Enough Closets

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After you tune in some distant station, you want to get what you get with greatest clearness—and this means a storage battery with uniform current. There is an Exide Radio Battery made for each type of tube—A batteries for 2-volt, 4-volt and 6-volt tubes, and the 12-cell B battery. Exide Radio Batteries give uniform current over a long period of discharge and enable you to get the most out of your set. You can get an Exide at any Radio Dealer's or Exide Service Station.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

Lead makes it safe to telephone even when the lightnings play

PLAIN gray lead seems a stupid, lumpish metal. Yet when thunder crashes and lightning flashes around your house, that same lead enables you to use your telephone without danger of electrocution. Even if a bolt of lightning strikes the wires while you are talking, lead protects you from harm.

Lead is the principal part of the fuse which is used in the modern telephone system as a protection against unusually heavy electric currents. When a lightning bolt reaches the fuse, it melts the lead of the fuse. This stops the current and prevents it from reaching your instrument.

There are about 76,000,000 fuses in telephone systems in the country, and lead is in them all. More than 27,000 pounds of lead are used every year in renewing burned-out fuses.

A secondary protection

Every telephone line has, in addition to a fuse, a device called a protector. Small particles of lead in these protectors, which are both in the exchange and your end of the telephone line, melt when lightning strikes the line and break the line over which the current is traveling toward you. The amount of lead used in this way is about 1,000,000 pounds. Renewals require the use of about 700,000 pounds more every year.

How lead helps you phone

Lead in fuses is only one of many uses to which this metal is put in the telephone system. Every time you telephone you summon the help of lead. In the telephone instrument and box is an average of 51 soldered connections. Lead is in all of them. Exchanges in the United States and telephone lines running out of them have billions of soldered connections, with about 322,000,000 pounds of lead in them. Changes in connections require the use of about 70,000,000 more pounds of lead every year.

Sheaths of lead

Millions of pounds of lead are necessary to provide snug coverings for telephone cables. One company uses in a year more than 53,000,000 pounds, to cover 35,300,000 feet of cable. Today there are in this country about 82,000 miles of telephone, telegraph, radio and elec-

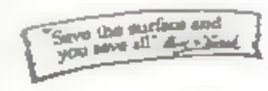
tric light cable covered with lead—327,300,000 pounds of it. Along this cable are more than 6,000,000 pounds of lead for connecting and sealing the ends of cable to keep out moisture, and for terminal boxes.

Where you see lead most

IN telephone systems, you do not see it or realize the important work lead is doing. But in paint, lead in the form of white-lead, the basic lead carbonate, and red-lead, a lead oxide, is known the world over. And after all, it is this use of lead that is most universal.

For generations painters have used white-lead on such surfaces as wood, and red-lead on metal as standard protection against the assaults of the weather. Rot cannot destroy the house whose surfaces are covered with pure white-lead and pure linseed oil. Rust cannot attack the iron and steel that are thoroughly protected with red-lead.

Property owners who jealously protect their money investments know from experience that white-lead gives the surest protection for the surfaces of their houses. These owners have learned the truth of the words, "Save the surface and you save all." They realize now that the cost of good paint is secondary to protection of the covered surface.



Producers of lead products

Dutch Boy white-lead is the name of the pure white-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. On every keg of *Dutch Boy white-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This trade-mark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write to us.

If you wish to read further about this wonder metal, we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3.00. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write the publishers or order thru us.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; [illegible]; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

(Continued from Page 113)

house. I—I think I'd like to rent, from now on."

"Rent? But, Cynthia —— Oh, all right, if you want to." He felt that no concession he could make was enough.

"Yes. When you have a lease you know how long you can stay, whether it's sold or not. I want to pick the house, myself. Just allow me what this place would rent for, and pay that rent every month. I—I'll find a place we can be satisfied."

"All right, honey."

Without objection he swallowed the distaste of living in a rented house. "Billy Inge said today when we were discussing the sale that this place would rent for two hundred a month. I'll pay that for any place you select."

"And since we've started on a business basis, let's make it that all the way through. I built this house. I want half the profit. For my own."

He stared. Cynthia had never done a thing like that before in her life. Grimly she met his eye.

"I mean it. Half the profit. I think you're getting off light."

"Oh, all right," he capitulated weakly. He did not at all like this new Cynthia he had called into being. For more than one reason he was sorry he had signed that paper. "Want me to invest it for you?"

"No-o-o. I don't think so," She paused; deliberately measured Richard with her eyes, then gave him the greatest shock of his life. "You see, Richard," she announced calmly, "you're selling this place to -me."

If she had expected an effect she got it. Richard's mouth dropped open. Richard's lips twitched helplessly. Richard gulped weakly two or three times.

"How—how's that, honey?" at last he said in a tiny voice.

"I bought the place from you, myself. I was Billy Inge's unknown principal."

"But—but you can't. You haven't got —— Where did you get the money?"

"Sold my railroad bonds. Oh, yes, I know they didn't bring enough, even though they're higher than they've been in five years. That, Richard"—and all the deviltry in the world was asparkle in Cynthia's bright eyes—"is what I'm going to do with my half of the profit!"

"But—but ——" he was totally lost.

"It's perfectly simple, Richard. The money from my bonds plus my half of our profit will more than buy the house from you. From now on we rent from me at two hundred dollars a month. I net about 7 per cent on my money instead of a little over 4. What are you kicking about? Don't you make a profit too?"

Richard's knees were wabbling, his eyes bulging.

"Honey," he confessed, "I'm just a poor ignorant lawyer. You'll have to help me figure it all out."

"All right; keep your head steady a second. See that door over yonder?"

"Sure." Richard was again mystified. "Why?"

"Look at it some more. And keep on looking at it. Because from now on you're going to see it a lot. It's the front door of what's going to stay your home."

MOPSIE DOANE

(Continued from Page 23

And me standing on the outside and ready to leave it all. Sick? I'll say I felt that way. After two minutes I couldn't stick it any longer, so I wheeled around and turned down Gorman Street. I wanted to walk and keep walking.

Well, the first thing I knew I saw somebody across the road. He looked familiar, and pretty soon I made out who it was: Bernie Rice, and walking fast. I figured that prob'ly his wife wasn't home again and he was going down to the Elite to shoot a little pool before closing time. All of a sudden I felt awful friendly to Bernie and I yelled out, "Hello, Bernie."

He looked across, slowed up, and said, "Hello, Bert."

He was in such a hurry that I didn't want to stop him none, especially being that he was married and certainly deserved to get away and shoot a little pool if he had the chance.

So when I crossed over it wasn't to keep him standing there. All I did was to shake him by the hand and ask him if he'd read in the paper that morning about the game between St. Louis and New York where the situation was the same as in that game between Hennesy's Maroons and the Kellersville Superbas and where the umpire made the same decision as I made that time.

"No," Bernie said, "I didn't see it at all. Have to look it up sometime. Sorry I can't stop and talk, but I'm in a hurry."

"Well," I said, "I hope you clean 'em up."

He stopped. "Clean who up?" he snapped.

"Why, the bunch," I said. "Ain't you going to shoot a little pool?"

Honest he pretty near screamed. "Shoot a little pool!" he said. "Listen! Do you think I'm running around this time of night to play monkey tricks like that? The baby's sick and I'm hotfooting it for the All Night Pharmacy with a prescription. Shoot pool—Holy Christopher!"

And he beat it like a shot.

Well, there I stood, and I don't know which made me feel the worst—seeing the bunch all so comfortable and happy in the Elite or seeing Bernie Rice that used to be such a good fella running around like a rooster with his head off just because some baby was sick.

Up to then I hadn't thought of trying to get out of it—anyhow not seriously. Besides, there was old Buck. My getting out would dump him back in. Ab-so-lutely. Mopsie was certainly due to marry one of us. And the bunch without Buck wouldn't seem like the same gang. The more I thought it over the harder it got to decide. But finally I just shut my eyes and said, "Whoever Mopsie marries she ain't going to marry me. In this life every man's got to look out for himself and paddle his own canoe."

But I felt mean saying it. I certainly did; because I knew it wasn't acting fair and square with old Buck.

Well, I'd decided, and there wasn't any use hanging back, so I sort of sneaked back to the Elite, where the bunch was beginning to break up.

When Buck left I followed him down Center till he turned into a dog wagon at McLean Avenue. For a minute or two I hung around and then I climbed in.

Buck was sitting down behind a mug of coffee and a dog-wagon man was frying him a hamburger-with sandwich.

"Hello, Buck," I said.

"Hello, Bert," he said.

"How's every little thing?"

"Oh, every little thing's all lovely. How about you?"

So I kidded him for a couple of minutes and told him about that time I went deer hunting with Pop Henneberry and the new dance step I invented.

"Yes," Buck said before I finished, "and speaking of dances, I certainly saw some tough dance halls out West. If I had a dollar for every time a revolver was pointed at me because some other fella's girl happened to like my looks—I'd retire and live on the interest."

Well, that last remark gave me a lead.

"Ah," I said, "and have you told Mopsie all about those tough dance halls?"

He got snappy right away. "Is it any of your business?"

Judging by his voice he was getting ready to swing on me, so I said to him in a low, friendly voice, "Now listen here, Buck. There's no use getting excited, but you want to know once for all that I'm interested in that little girl and I keep an eye on who she goes with and who she don't."

His face got all red. "What you shooting off your mouth about? You think you've got a license to tell me who I can go with and who I can't? It's a darn good thing for you that you're smaller than I am."

When he said this I knew I had him.

"All right, Buck," I said, wedging out through the door. "All right, Buck. Have it your own way. But just understand this: Nobody takes Mopsie Doane to a picnic unless I say so. I don't like the line of conversation you handed me tonight, and I'll tell you tomorrow whether I want to have Mopsie go to the picnic with you or not. That's all."

He stood up and by gosh he seemed to fill the whole dog wagon. It looked as though he ought not to have stopped with being the amateur champion heavyweight of Colorado, but ought to have gone right on and licked Dempsey. When I thought of what would happen to me the next day I felt dizzy.

"Oh, is that so?" he said. "Well, now, listen to me. If you run into me tomorrow or if I see you speaking to Miss Doane tomorrow I'll take such a punch at you that they'll have to count a hundred before you wake up. Get me?"

"All right, Buck," I told him. "All right. But you heard what I said."

And then I made a quick sneak out of the dog wagon and walked away feeling like a free man again.

Because here was the idea. It was rotten on Buck, but I couldn't figure any other way.

The next morning I was going to get out in the middle of Temporary Bridge and wait for Buck and Mopsie. I knew they'd come that way because it was the nearest from the Doanes' to the picnic grounds. Then when Buck slowed down to get on the bridge I'd raise one hand and yell, "Stop! Stop! Mopsie, what you doing with that fella? Hop out of that car now, and make it snappy."

Right away Mopsie would get disgusted with me for making such a fool of myself and Buck would jump out and lam me a couple, and if I wasn't really knocked out I'd pretend to be. Then Buck would climb back into the automobile and Mopsie would realize what a mistake she'd made about me and what a fine home protector Buck was, and it would be all over. You know how girls are.

IV

MOPSIE'D told me that old Buck was going to call for her at quarter of ten. So from 9:30 on I was waiting out in the middle of Temporary Bridge—that pontoon business torn down last year when the New South Bridge was finished.

I got all set and then I killed time by firing rocks at an old pile sticking out of the water about ten yards downstream, and when I got tired of that I picked up a piece of wood and begun to whittle.

Pretty soon an auto chugged up over the hill. Took me just one-half second to recognize Buck's car. That is, it didn't belong to Buck—he'd rented it from the Majestic Garage—but old Buck was sitting at the wheel and, beside him, Mopsie.

She certainly looked good. I don't think I ever saw Mopsie look so good before. She was all in white with a kind of gauze hat, and her dress fluffed out so that she looked like a little pink rosebud with frosted leaves. You know how girls are.

Pretty, but sort of pouty too—if you understand me what I mean.

Sure did feel bad to make such a rotten impression on Mopsie, but I knew that disgracing myself before her was my only chance of staying with the bunch.

So when Buck slowed down for the bridge I jumped out near the middle and yelled, "Stop! Stop! Mopsie, where you going with that fella? Hop out of that automobile now, and make it snappy."

Well, I never supposed that a racing driver who was the amateur heavyweight champion of Colorado could get so excited he'd start up full speed and then twist over into the drink. But that's what Buck did.

He let out a yell, and next thing—smash—splash—the old bus had shot through the light wood handrail and down two feet into the drink.

A shock? I'll say it was a shock. I'd never looked for anything like that. But you know how a fella feels when everything goes wrong. He keeps saying to himself, "Well, if I just keep going maybe something'll turn up. Maybe I'll get five good cards next time."

So now I said, "Well, after all, Buck's a crack swimmer and Mopsie can't swim at all, so after he pulls her out and she sees me standing by and doing nothing she'll think Buck is A Number One and she'll take me for a poor fish. I've got a chance yet. I've got a chance."

So I hung over the rail and waited.

The car had plunged clean out of sight because the river was deep there, but pretty soon up come Mopsie's head, and then Buck's.

"Fine," I said, not knowing any more than a rabbit about what would happen next, but hoping.

Mopsie paddled and splashed and looked white, but old Buck didn't make any move

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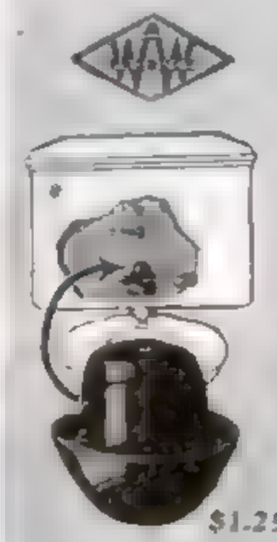
$12 at your plumber's

Ask for the EVER-WHITE Sani-Seat by name. Your plumber has it. If not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Write for illustrated folder showing toilet seats for all purposes, free on request.



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Straube
PLAYER PIANOS

toward her at all. That's what jolted me. All old Buck did was to open up his mouth and yell. Honest I never heard a yell like that before anywhere. It made his first yell seem like a peep. It was the twin brother to the whistle on the B. & M. works; it kind of went through you and left you quivering.

Buck waited until he'd finished his yell and then he lunged out to Mopsie.

At last I begun to feel better, thinking that with Buck on the job everything would come out the way I'd figured.

But no. After about a quarter of a second I could see that Buck wasn't doing any life saving that A.M.—not any at all.

He'd clapped his hands on Mopsie's shoulders all right, but it was only on his own account. Still yelling, he kept his mouth out of water and in yelling order by shoving Mopsie down under.

Mopsie didn't yell; maybe she couldn't; but I certainly saw her give Buck a look, and it wasn't a scared look either. It was mean. It was vicious. I never saw Mopsie nor anybody else look so mean and so vicious all of a sudden that way. It didn't seem possible. Then she gurgled out of sight.

Of course when Mopsie begun to sink, Buck let go, and still yelling commenced to thresh around with his arms and legs while the current carried him downstream.

Looking at Buck swim made me think for the first time that when Buck raced Johnny Weismuller maybe Johnny Weismuller was sick or something.

Mopsie's head showed again, and with that I figured I'd have to take a hand in things whether I wanted to or not.

So I shook off my shoes and coat and laid my hat where it wouldn't blow away, and after seeing old Buck grab hold of the pile, I dived in and picked up Mopsie and started for the shore.

It was a hard pull because at first she just laid back, but by the time we got to shallow water she was beginning to strike out a little for herself.

When I helped her out on dry land she was pretty weak, but after a minute or two things went better.

We'd just got up on the bank when Buck let out a terrible blare, hollering, "Help! I'll have you arrested for pointing a pistol at me. Help!"

Well, for a minute I didn't know what he meant; then I figured it out. The piece of wood I'd been whittling did look something like a pistol, and I remembered I'd been holding it in my hand when I waved to the automobile.

Then I begun to understand why Mopsie was looking at me so admiring-like, the same as if I was a celebrated criminal or something. You know how girls are. She thought I'd come out with a gun to take her away from Buck.

Well, it made me sore to see Buck getting away with it because of a little thing like that, so I yelled out to him, "What do you mean, pistol? The only thing I had in my hand was a piece of wood. You can see it now lying there on the bridge."

Buck didn't look; he was too busy yelling; but Mopsie did. And she hadn't any more than set eyes on that piece of wood than she burst into a laugh. Then I saw the mistake I'd made, because Mopsie wasn't laughing at me; she was laughing at old Buck. And it was the kind of laugh that makes everybody around feel uncomfortable, if you understand what I mean.

Well, things looked bad. I saw I had to finish up in a hurry; get Buck inshore where he could lick me and make a clean job of it. Otherwise I didn't have a chance.

Buck was hanging onto the pile and climbing, only it was so green and slippery that the farther he climbed the more he slid back to where he started. I sure felt sorry for him, but I couldn't let a little thing like sympathy stand in my way.

So I said, "Well, Mopsie, if you're all right I'll hop into this boat and take old Buck off from where he's hanging onto."

Mopsie looked at me for a couple of seconds with a peculiar look and then she said, "Yes, yes, Bert. Hurry and don't lose a single second. Hurry—hurry!"

I said, "I don't see how I can hurry, Mopsie, if you keep hanging onto my arm this way with both hands."

"Well, what do you know about that?" she said. "I must be practically walking in my sleep because I didn't know I was even touching you. Don't mind me, Bert, but hurry and save him. Hurry! Hurry!"

All the time she was saying this she was hanging so tight onto my sleeve I couldn't move either way.

Buck had stopped yelling help. His eyes were open again and he was screeching out, "What's the matter? Do you want to see me drown? Hey! Hey!"

"Old Buck is calling for hay," Mopsie said. "Just a little while ago I noticed he was looking hungry. Let's walk out into the country a ways and see if we can't buy a little hay from some good-natured farmer."

That was too strong for me, so I said in a kind of a strict voice, "Cut out the comedy, Mopsie. This is a time to act serious. Leave go of that oar."

This last I was obliged to remark because having dropped her grip off me she had grabbed up the only oar in the boat and was holding it behind her.

And all the while Buck was yelling, "I'm drowning! Help! Hurry up! Help! Hurry up!"

We had a sort of little wrestle to decide about the oar, but by this time she saw I wouldn't stand for any fooling so she let me have it.

Well, I slung the oar in the boat, yanked the painter from the willow roots and was pushing off when Mopsie grabbed the painter back out of the boat and wrapped it around a big stone.

"What do you think you're doing?" I said, because it certainly made me sore.

She said, "Bert, I'm not going to let you go until you answer me one serious question."

"What's the question?" I asked, ready to yank the painter off the rock in case she tried any more tricks.

"It's a very simple question," Mopsie said, "but important, and I'm afraid if you don't answer it truthfully I'll have a wrong impression of your character. I can't tell you how upset I've been ever since you told me about that game you umpired between Hennesy's Maroons and the Gainsville Fire Department."

"Not the Gainsville Fire Department," I said, "but the Kellersville Superbas. Listen. As soon as I get old Buck in I'll tell you all about it. I never supposed you wanted to hear the true story of the facts in the case because every time I started on those facts you always changed the subject."

Buck had shut his eyes again. He wasn't yelling words any more; he was just yelling.

"Oh, you're so mean to me," Mopsie said with a sort of sniffle. "Why, I'd rather hear you tell about that game than go to a matinée. But I want to say here and now that when you made that decision you made one big beef, and I'm surprised somebody didn't crown you. In private life, Bert, you are O. K., but as an umps you're certainly a bloomer."

Well, that made me sore. Here I'd been explaining that decision for two years, and now Mopsie was bringing her anvil into the chorus. It didn't seem to be any use living if I was going to be misunderstood all the time.

I just sunk down on the bow seat of the boat and said, "Now look here, Mopsie. If you know anything about the rules you've got to admit that you're all confused. The man had left second on a big lead. There was another on third and another on first. It was the last of the ninth with one man down. The pitcher threw a strike and the catcher fired it straight back to Henderson at short."

"Which Henderson?" Mopsie asked.

"Earl Henderson," I said, "but you don't know him."

Buck must have noticed that we were talking together because he stopped his miscellaneous yelling and begun in words again, "How long do you think I can hang on here? You think I can hang on here all night? Help! Help!"

I started to cheer him up a little and tell him I was starting right after him, but Mopsie didn't give me a chance.

"Yes, Bert," she said. "I can see now you were right. The man was out a mile and you made the decision according to the rules and not to please a lot of soreheads in the bleachers. I certainly want to apologize to you for ever thinking anything else."

It was pretty good to hear this from Mopsie, and I told her so. But Buck was still hanging out there yelling, and I knew I didn't have any business talking with Mopsie when I ought to be sculling out to save Buck. But after I'd got the painter back in the boat Mopsie caught hold of the forward seat and I couldn't shove the boat out except by dragging her in after it.

I said, "What you think you're doing, Mopsie?"

(Continued on Page 121)

Tatuko Exhibition, Tokio Japan 1914

Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Royal Sanitary Institute Hall, Bournemouth, England, 1923

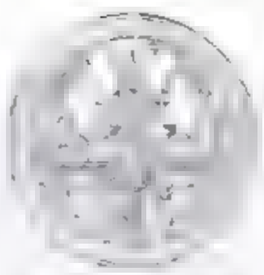
"Greater than honors are deeds"

Bristol Home Life Economy Exhibition, Bristol, England, 1919

The Royal Sanitary Institute Exhibition, Folkestone, England, 1921

The Royal Sanitary Institute Exhibition, Birmingham, England, 1920

Anglo-American Exposition, London, England, 1914



The Brighton & Hove Exhibition, Brighton, England, 1920

Panama California Exposition San Diego, 1915

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If so, you may be interested to know that *no electric cleaner ever won awards or medals over The Hoover where The Hoover competed!*

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* * *

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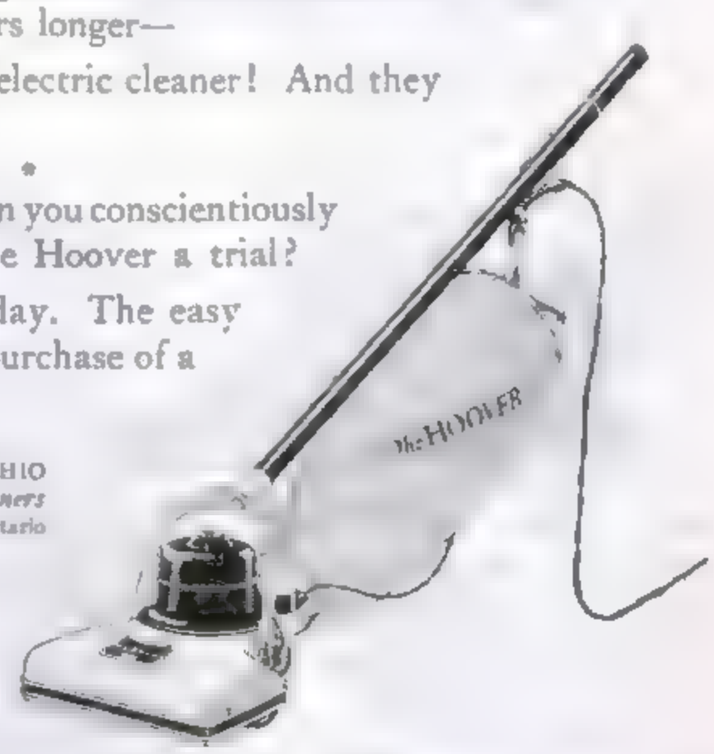

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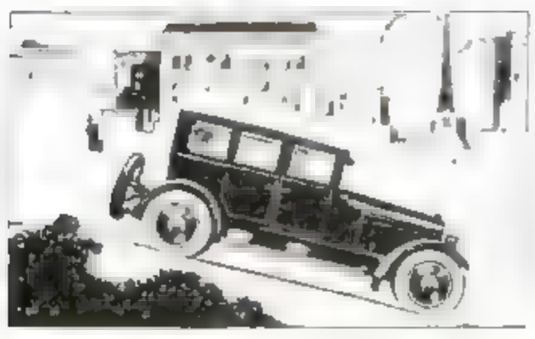
What You Can Do With The Traffic Transmission

Change speeds without clashing

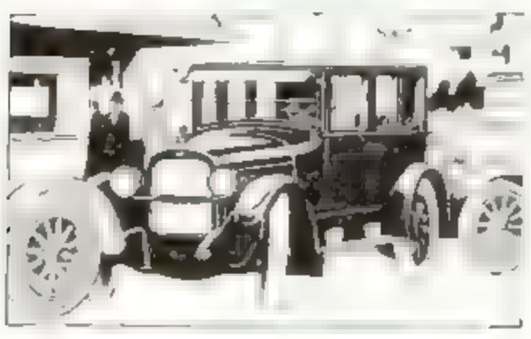
Because it eliminates all possibility of clashing gears and enables any driver to make a split-second, positive, silent change to any speed at any time under any conditions, the Traffic Transmission (Campbell patent) is generally acknowledged to be the most important automotive improvement of the decade.

There is nothing new to learn. You use the clutch and shift lever exactly as before. Only the results are different.



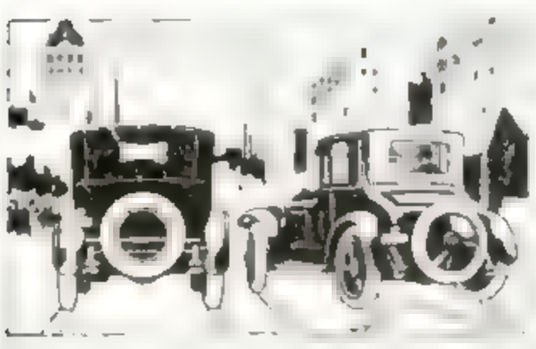
Descend steep grades in safety

With the development of this exclusive Chandler feature, the safe descent of sharp down grades becomes a certainty. Regardless of car or motor speed, a three inch movement of the lever puts you into second speed or low—brings the combined compression of six cylinders into instant braking action. No danger of failing to get into gear. No riding the brake pedal or burning out brakes. That's *real safety*—the comforting kind!



Park easily and swiftly

With the Traffic Transmission, there is no trick to parking neatly. Instead of fumbling to get from low to reverse, you simply snap into the proper gear. You change to the desired speed at will—the lever moves at a finger's touch. What used to require from three to four minutes of expert maneuvering now takes 20 seconds in a Chandler. The steering wheel is partly responsible. It turns with the weight of the hand. And women like that.



Stop short without skidding

Skidding is caused by unequalized braking—which is liable to develop in even the finest braking systems. This cannot occur in a Chandler. When a quick stop is imperative, you simply snap into a lower gear. Instantly the perfectly equalized braking power of the motor retards the car with front and back wheels tracking. If you know that helpless feeling of skidding toward the curb or ditch, such sure-footed safety must have a strong appeal.

Master any motoring situation

With the Traffic Transmission and the Pikes Peak Motor, you are assured of absolute mastery in any driving situation. This phenomenal power plant has made Chandler the national high gear performance champion. In the way it conquers hills and responds to the accelerator in traffic—in flawlessly smooth and silent operation it will delight you always.

4-Door Sedan $1895 — Touring Car $1485

Chummy Sedan $1745 — Royal Dispatch $1785

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

BODIES BY FISHER

Substantially constructed and omitting no detail that contributes to luxurious comfort, the Chandler-Fisher bodies of the new series sedans have evoked widespread commendation. No other builder of quality sixes has ever offered the highest type of closed car satisfaction at so slight an extra cost over open models.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY · CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City — Cable Address, "CHANMOTOR"

CHANDLER

THE CAR OF THE YEAR

(Continued from Page 118)

She said, "Bert, I want you to save Buck and to save him quick, because he certainly is in one dangerous situation and I don't think he can hold out much longer. Just the same, I can't let you go without telling you that I am holding something against you because of the way you acted when you went hunting that time up in Northern Wisconsin. You had no business to shoot the deer because you had fixed it up beforehand with Pop Henneberry that he was to have the first shot."

You know when I heard this I forgot all about Buck and slumped down into the boat again a hundred per cent discouraged. Why explain to people when, after you've finished explaining, they go away thinking directly the opposite?

"Mopsie," I said, "please listen to me and get this straight. In all my life I have never shot a deer and I have never even shot at a deer. Pop Henneberry has killed fifteen. That last morning in camp Pop said to me, 'Well, Bert,' he said, 'I've been up here before so if we spot anything today I'll hold back and you see what you can do with it.' And then after I spotted the deer Pop went and knocked it over himself."

Right along during the conversation Buck had been yelling, "You darn fool, what do you think you're doing? Help! I'm drowning! Help!"

Well, you know yourself the time for conversations is before or after but not during emergencies, as same may turn out fatal for lack of attention. So instead of waiting to see whether or not Mopsie understood my explanation I started once more to get out to where old Buck was holding his head out of water.

But Mopsie held onto the gunwale.

I said, "What's the matter with you, Mopsie? Why don't you let go?"

She said, "Bert, I'm just going to let go, but I wouldn't feel right if you left without knowing how sorry I am I thought you killed the deer when all the time it was Pop Henneberry, and I will solemnly swear or affirm that he gave you one dirty deal. But the real reason I'm hanging onto this boat is to notice the way you move your feet when you try to shove it into the stream. Bert, if anybody ever told you that you were a dancer they certainly enjoyed a quiet laugh after your back was turned. The idea of your inventing a dance step is very comical to me, and good for a smile any time I happen to think of it."

When she said this I sure got sore. I laid the oar in the boat and stepped out on the bank. But first I yelled to Buck.

"Buck," I yelled, "I'm right on my way just as soon as I can get something over to Mopsie."

But he kept on yelling about the same as before, so I hurried up my explaining.

"Mopsie," I said, "I'm certainly sore at you for the way you keep butting in while I'm trying to help out old Buck, but I'm going to show you I've invented a dance step and I don't care who knows it, either. I call it the Excursion Boat Roll, and in the fox trot where the music starts that draggy movement like this—tum-da-te-tum -you take the leg that is back—I'm doing this the way the man does it because for the woman you do the opposite—and bring it over and across, and the front leg you sort of twinkle like this."

So I showed it to her, humming the music while I was showing same.

"Well," Mopsie said, after I'd done it for her twice, "yes, it's all beautifully clear, and I apologize again. This is my apologetic day. Bert, it just occurs to me that as long as nobody is holding a watch on him maybe old Buck would like to come ashore."

This certainly got me indignant.

"Sure he wants to come ashore," I said. "Haven't you heard him yelling?"

Mopsie said, "Was he yelling? I knew I was hearing something, but I thought it was only the wind sighing in the reeds."

When she said this I saw she had been kidding right along, so with a sort of severe look I stopped the discussion, got into the boat, and sculled out to where Buck was.

"Listen, Buck," I said, after I'd got him on board. "You don't want to be too sore about this because it was all on account of Mopsie."

Old Buck didn't say a word till I got him on shore. Then he jumped out of the boat, straightened up, shook his fist at me and said in a yell, "I'll say it was all on account of her. Yes, you and her framed all this up between you."

I said, "What?"

He said, "You heard me. You're one big mutt, and she's another."

Well, when Buck said that, something happened to me. It wasn't so much what old Buck said—it was the way he said it.

Mopsie Doane. For a little girl she'd been an awful nice little girl, always lending me and Sliver her skates and never bawling when we dropped beetles down the back of her neck and never tattling for what happened at school.

And when I heard old Buck call her a mutt I forgot all about showing off before Mopsie and all about old Buck being the amateur champion heavyweight of Colorado, and I said to him, "You'll have to prove that."

"I'll prove it," he said, and come at me swinging with both hands.

Next thing I knew old Buck was lying on the ground and Mopsie was pulling me off him.

He lay there for quite some time and then he got up slow and feeling of his jaw.

A couple of times I said, "Listen, Buck," but all he did was to climb up on the bridge where the car had gone over and then he went back the way he'd come. It certainly made me feel rotten to see him take it that way.

"Gee, Mopsie," I said, "I'm in awful bad with old Buck." And after she'd asked me a couple of questions I explained to her all what had happened. But before I'd finished she'd snapped her head back and said in a pretty mean voice, "Well, you're not in half as bad with old Buck as you are with me."

It wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it. You know how girls are. What's more, after she'd finished saying it she turned her back on me and started walking down the road after old Buck.

There I was with both of 'em sore at me, but somehow I didn't seem to worry half as much about old Buck as I did about Mopsie. Watching her trail down the road, it just came to me that it was the first time I'd really noticed her since she come out of the water. She'd been so pretty in the automobile, and now all that was gone. Her hat had been washed away; her hair was all sort of hanging down; and her white dress hadn't any more flounce to it. A wet wash on Monday morning—that's what Mopsie looked like; and for every step she took she left a little trail of river water.

She didn't look pretty at all, and yet somehow she looked better than pretty, if you understand me what I mean.

For about thirty seconds I watched her walk, and then I ran out on the bridge, grabbed my hat and coat and shoes, and hotfooted it after Mopsie.

Pretty soon she dropped down by the side of a beech tree and put her hands over her face.

Certainly I felt mean and rotten, but I sort of slid in and sat down alongside her and said, "Say, Mopsie."

She said, "You go on and leave me be, Bert."

I said, "What are you crying for?"

She said, "Cat's fur to make kittens' britches."

I kidded her for a couple of minutes and then I said, "What do you hear from Sliver?"

She said, "Oh, darn Sliver."

I said, "What's the use of being so sore, Mopsie?"

She said, "If you ever speak to me again I'll kill you."

Well, you know how girls are.

One day about a year after we got married I was wheeling the baby buggy out to Lawndale Heights and the bunch rolled by in Pop Henneberry's car.

I got sort of homesick all of a sudden, and I said, "Listen, Mopsie, how about getting away for a little penny ante Saturday night?"

She turned around and looked at me. "You've got a home, haven't you?" she said.

Well, I had to admit it.

"And you've got a wife?"

I had to admit it a second time.

"And a baby? And three good meals a day? And money in the bank? And at the office two raises in three months? And you're meeting regular people, aren't you? Well, then, for heaven's sake why do you want to train with that bunch of tramps?"

A bunch of tramps! But I didn't say anything. You know how girls are.

No. 625
Phlexopedic
Oxford
Kenmore Model

Walking or Resting

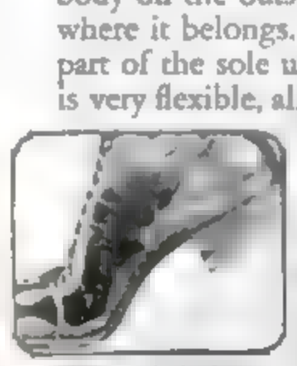
Wonderful Phlexopedic Means Comfort

It is not a *queer* shoe. No more shapely shoe ever went on your foot. Yet we honestly believe that any man whose feet tire easily—who often suffers sharp pains in feet or legs—will find that foot troubles will disappear altogether as soon as he begins to wear our Phlexopedic.

Supports the arch

The foot is the hardest-working yet the most intricate and delicate bone structure in the body. If punished with poorly fitting shoes, too tight in some places and too loose in others, bones get out of place and tendons become strained and weak.

Phlexopedic is so designed that the base of the foot arch or hinge is given perfect support. There is snug support on the inside of the instep, forcing the weight of the body on the outside of the foot where it belongs. The shank or part of the sole under the instep is very flexible, allowing muscles to work normally and thus become strong. Toes have ample room to spread naturally. This combination of scientific support and foot freedom will correct nine out of ten feet that have begun to go wrong.



Flexes with the foot

In almost every city there is a dealer who can show you exactly the style of Packard Shoe you like, in smart spring models or for sport wear. Packard Shoes retail at $8 to $10. Very few styles higher.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

THE Packard SHOE

South Sister and Elk Lake, Near Bend, Oregon

300 MILLION

Three hundred million hose have come out of our great factories at Milwaukee, more than enough to clothe the feet of every man, woman and child in America. A world achievement, done in ten short years! And it means just one thing—the buying public clearly recognizes the outranking value of Phoenix hosiery. For its good looks, and the long miles of strenuous wear it supplies at small cost, it has become the high-standard hosiery everywhere.

PHOENIX

PHOENIX

PHOENIX HOSIERY

To commemorate the making of our three hundred millionth hose, this is "Phoenix week" throughout all America. At the better stores everywhere you may today see a generous array of our finest offerings, in all the modish styles and shades—also our splendid new TIPT-TOE hosiery for women.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

will be given to the person who invents the best name for the picture of our new Phoenix girl. Other awards. No limiting conditions whatsoever. See store windows today, or your merchant, for particulars. This award will be made by the following judges:

Charles Dana Gibson, artist, publisher of "Life," New York.

Walter Dill Scott, President, Northwestern University.

Glen Buck, The Glen Buck Company, advertising, Chicago.

After getting particulars from your merchant, send your answer to Milwaukee this week. Awards will be promptly made. In event of ties full awards will be given to each winner.

PHOENIX

W D 1

Appreciation of an Elgin Gift Watch will grow as Time Passes

COMMENCEMENT DAY! One of the outstanding days in the lives of young men and young women.

A day for gifts that will be treasured through the years with all the sentiment of the occasion on which they are received.

That is why so many people consider a fine watch such an appropriate gift at graduation time.

Through three generations Elgin Watches have gladdened the hearts of graduates. To many a grown man and woman the joy of school days is recalled by the inscription engraved on the inside of his or her watch case.

Truly, the appreciation of an Elgin Gift Watch grows with the passing of the years.

Your Jeweler is ready to show you a complete assortment of Women's Wrist Watches for graduation or wedding gifts. Elgin Wrist Watches, cased in Gold, Jewel-set and Gold-filled, may be had at a wide range of prices

Here are a few points to bear in mind in selecting a gift watch.

When selecting for a woman, remember that she no longer wants to sacrifice timekeeping accuracy for beauty. She wants both.

When selecting for a man, keep before you the fact that most men wish conservative but rich patterns—and *sure time* above everything.

In all instances, don't be swayed from a watch *you know about* to the watch of an unknown maker.

The investment is too important to yield on this point.

One way to be certain about your watch is to select from the Elgins at your Jeweler's.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY · ELGIN, U. S. A.

The Elgin "Streamline"—with the famous "G. W. Wheeler" movement, 17 jewels, 6 adjustments. Cased and timed by Elgin in engraved 14-Karat Gold-filled case—$60.

Elgin Time is broadcast three times daily, at 3:12, 5:57 and 10:57 p. m., Central Standard Time, from the Elgin Time Observatory through the Chicago Board of Trade Station WDAP, Drake Hotel, Chicago.

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

Continued from Page 29

time he used the slang and solecisms of the cattle range, but every now and then he would speak with the clipped accents of the educated New Englander. The latter was especially true when he spoke of music. He was passionately fond of music and had a huge phonograph and a library of records.

"Did you by any chance hear Tetrazzini sing last winter?" he asked suddenly.

This was Smith.

In the midst of our desultory talk a door opened and a woman clad in a straight gingham gown—I don't think she had anything on underneath—her feet bare and her black hair parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears, came in. Under her arms was a yellow-backed French novel.

She stared at me for a moment and then said, "There aren't many huckleberries this year, are there?"

I admitted that there weren't, and she went out as quietly and as vacantly as she had come in.

After half an hour or so I said that I must be going and Smith volunteered to ride a mile or two with me. We went out back of the house to where my horse was grazing with loose reins; and Smith, disappearing for a moment into his kitchen, returned immediately with a black filly on the end of a forty-foot rope. I don't know whether he kept the filly in the kitchen or not, but it certainly looked as if he did.

A Store for a Hobby

He and I jogged slowly up the warm, deserted road and in all my life I have never seen anyone kinder to a nervous, untrained animal than this man, twice accused of murder, was to the black filly. When we parted he asked me if I would inquire after a foghorn he had ordered for a launch he had just acquired.

"It ought to be up in Yellowstone Park somewhere," he said. "Perhaps you could bring it down back of your saddle."

Imagine bringing a foghorn down back of your saddle! And what in the world he wanted a foghorn for, anyway, I could not fathom. At that time there were only two other boats on the whole surface of the eighteen-mile lake and they were twelve miles south.

I saw Mrs. Smith only once again after that first visit. I was coming back from Yellowstone a couple of weeks later and a man came into my camp on the Snake River about five o'clock in the morning and asked where the nearest dentist was—he had been suffering for days with a raging toothache. I told him that there was no dentist in the country, but that if he would ride twenty-eight miles south he would find a blacksmith who pulled teeth. He thanked me and departed, and he must have ridden hard, for following him, I came upon a silver-mounted spur that he had dropped without stopping to pick it up. I gave it back to him when I found him asleep that night at the cabin of the blacksmith.

But in the meantime I had passed Mrs. Smith. She was lying in the grass where the road to her ranch entered the timber, reading a newspaper, with her bare legs crossed. It was merely by chance that she had anything on at all, for she was in the habit of taking sun baths, and once when she and her husband were wintering in a small neighboring town she had tried to take her sun baths on the roof of the hotel porch which stood at the intersection of the two main streets. On this occasion, however, she was doing nothing more sensational than eating peanuts. There was a paper bag on the ground beside her, and as she read she would reach down, take a peanut, put the nut in her mouth, and flip the shell up into the air, all without taking her eyes off the print.

As I passed her she laid down her paper and asked, "How's your tooth?"

Now there was only one road, and I had come from the north and so had the man with the toothache, but, nevertheless, I answered her gently:

"It was not I who had the toothache, Mrs. Smith."

She stood up, threw the paper down indignantly, stared at me a moment, and then stalked off through the trees. What I had done was beyond me.

I had already noticed at one side of the road a newly erected shack to which were attached signs announcing that lemonade and candy and tobacco could be bought there, and as I was preparing to continue my journey a red-haired young girl, very charming, came out and spoke to me. This was Smith's youngest daughter, who that summer had left the wealthy family that had brought her up and had returned to her own kin. She had arrived, I understand, with a boarding-school education and two trunkloads of expensive finery—a boarding-school education and two trunkloads of finery in this wilderness, where her only companions were two half-insane creatures so afraid of each other that at nightfall they would steal out in opposite directions into the timber and hide themselves. Smith told me he had put up the little store to keep the girl amused.

"It's a lonely life for her," he said.

What I could learn of this girl's subsequent history makes a story in itself. But it is vague; I do not know how true are the reports I heard. She went out into Idaho and became a waitress—a biscuit shooter—in a cheap hotel. Later on she drifted to a big city, where she was arrested for theft, but was acquitted. After that I lost track of her. She was a charming girl—that one glimpse I got of her—her red head shining against the dark green of the pines.

Smith was known to a great many people, and one of his especial friends was a university professor who is probably the foremost anthropologist in America. Whenever the anthropologist came into the valley he camped at Smith's ranch. That same summer he arrived there with a party. Smith got up a dance in his honor, and the afternoon before the dance suggested a ride in the motor launch—the one for which I was to trace down the foghorn. Everybody went except the youthful member of the party who told me the story. He was left sitting on the edge of the lake with Mrs. Smith.

After a long pause, during which she stared dreamily at the diminishing launch, Mrs. Smith turned to him and said, "Got the makings? My husband," she continued, "is an insanely jealous man. He is reported to have killed two people already."

The youthful member of the party, devoting a moment to reflection, made some excuse and went away into the woods, where he stayed until the launch returned. That night at the dance, while Mrs. Smith was dancing with someone else, Smith in a fit of anger went to bed in the next room and wouldn't get up again.

The Queerness of the Smiths

But the launch party had not been without excitement of its own. Halfway to the other shore the launch had stopped, and Smith, looking puzzled, had remarked that he didn't know much about it, as this was the first time he had ever run it, and he had left his book of instructions at home. He had then proceeded to pour gasoline into every likely looking aperture and the launch had given a tremendous hiccup and had backed for a hundred yards or so.

"I hope we don't explode," said Smith. "A swimmer wouldn't have a chance in this ice-cold water."

Smith and his second wife were constantly running out of supplies, forgetting to order them; or sometimes, I am afraid, not having enough money to pay for them. Every now and then the two lived on berries. A friend of mine once met Smith driving a covered wagon to the nearest store in Yellowstone—two days distant.

"We're entirely out of grub," he announced, "and have been for three days. We haven't even flour."

The following day the same man came across Smith headed in the opposite direction.

"Did you get your supplies?" he asked in astonishment.

"No," answered Smith. "No; but I got something else. Get off your horse and look." And he lifted up the back flap of the covered wagon and there was a wagon bed heaped a foot and a half high with wild roses. "Mrs. Smith is mad about wild roses," he said.

Towards the end of Smith's life a man staying at my ranch stopped in to see him upon my recommendation. He had been there only a few minutes when Smith drew him aside.

"You have probably," he whispered, "noticed something peculiar about Mrs. Smith. Well, it is true. I am very much worried about her. I think it must be the altitude. I would like to get her down to California."

Ten minutes passed and then Mrs. Smith took the visitor aside.

"You have probably," she said, "noticed something peculiar about Mr. Smith. Well, it is true. I am very much worried about him. I think it must be the altitude. He is getting queerer and queerer," and so on.

Poor, haunted creatures. There are a score more tales about Smith, but I have told enough already. The end of it was a lonely cabin buzzing with flies and a discovering party that had to use sulphur to get in.

Perhaps it may seem that I am going fairly far afield for my next three stories; but the first is so curious, and the second and third so typical, that they appeal to me as being worth repeating; and besides, in Wyoming everyone is a neighbor no matter in what part of the state he lives.

The Tables Turned

The bishop of Wyoming gets about all over his immense diocese and by nature he is a storehouse of unusual tales. Several years ago he was down in a country to the south, an isolated country, thinly settled; and while he was in the hotel of the little town, a tall, sandy-haired man in faded well-cut riding clothes came up to him.

"Are you the bishop?" he asked, with an English accent.

The bishop admitted his calling.

"Well," said the sandy-haired man, "my name's Macfarland"—I'm not giving his right name—"and I own the Horseshoe Ranch about twenty miles south of here. I haven't been to church for years, but I used to be a churchman, so any time you get a chance drop in to see us."

The bishop promised and Macfarland departed; but it was two years before the bishop had a chance to pay his call, and when he asked for Macfarland he was met with smiles. Finally he elicited this story:

It seems that shortly after he had seen Macfarland, Macfarland's foreman—a man we shall call John—came up to the ranch house one day and said, "Mac, I want to speak to you."

"All right," said Macfarland, "come in."

When the two were seated in the living room, John, without any further preliminaries, stated his case.

"Mac," he said, "you've been running this here outfit for ten years and it's steadily getting worse. I've been doing some figuring lately and I've calculated that between what you've borrowed from me and what you owe me for wages, you just about owe me this ranch, and considerable more. However, I'll call it square if you turn the place over to me. I'll come up here and live in the ranch house and you can take your things down to the bunk house. You ain't a bit of good, but for old time's sake I'll keep you on and pay you forty a month."

"All right," said Macfarland, "that suits me. But what am I to do with Mrs. Macfarland? She can't live in the bunk house."

"I've took care of that, Mac," said John. "I've had a little talk with Mrs. Macfarland and she don't think no more of you than I do. She don't think you're any kind of a man. So, if it's satisfactory to you, she'll stay right up here in the ranch house with me."

"All right," said Macfarland for the third time, and packed his things and went down to the bunk house, where he lived very happily for a year and a half. At the end of that time he appeared one night in the sitting room of the ranch house with a long envelope in his hand.

For Business

For Dress

For Sport

Distinctions
now taken for granted

You wouldn't think of wearing the same suit of clothes on the golf-links, in the office and at a theatre party. Nor would you be comfortable on the tennis court in a dress suit, or in riding breeches at a dance. These distinctions are taken for granted.

But distinctions in spectacles and eyeglasses are quite as logical and important. Appropriate Shur-on spectacles and eyeglasses contribute immensely to good looks and comfort. There are many different styles in the complete Shur-on line—correct glasses for business, for dress and for sports. Ask your optical specialist for them. The name "Shur-on" is on the inside. Look for it.

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc.
Rochester, N. Y. *Established 1864*

Shur-on
SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES

THEIR GOOD LOOKS
ARE MORE THAN SHOWER-DEEP

YOUNG'S straws have a way of staying fresh and stylish right through the season. They "come up smiling" after showers — because they're hand-made of finest materials, and beautifully finished to the last detail.

They're comfortable hats, too—not merely light and cool, but easy on the head. They "set" just right—which is one of the reasons why they're so notably *becoming*.

This rare feature, characteristic of all Young's Hats, is chiefly responsible for their country-wide popularity which has won them their title "The Sky-Line of the Nation." They make you look your best.

A Young's hand-made straw will give you more all-around satisfaction than any hat you ever wore. From beginning to end of the season, you'll be glad you bought a Young's.

The Young hat box portrays "The Sky-Line of the Nation"—a composite picture of representative buildings of America's great style centers from coast to coast. Buy your straw hat where you see this box displayed.

THE YOUNG HAT CO., 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
FACTORY: NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS *Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style THE YEAR ROUND* STRAW HATS

"John," he said to his ex-foreman but present employer, "the governor's dead, so I guess I'll be getting back to Scotland."

His wife, or former wife, or whatever she was, looked up from her reading.

"You've come into the title, Mac?" she asked

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'd like that even better than this. Do you mind if I come along?"

"No, not in the least."

In the same country the bishop once met the local doctor driving rapidly in a buggy toward the hills with a rifle between his knees and his medicine case on the seat beside him.

"Where are you going?" asked the bishop.

"Well, you see," explained the doctor, "they've caught a couple of horse thieves up the cañon on a ranch, and they're besieging them, so I thought I'd better be prepared for anything."

That night the bishop noticed a number of young men in town celebrating earnestly. One of them had his arm in a sling and another had a big piece of sticking plaster on his cheek. Upon inquiry, the bishop discovered that these celebrants were the supposed horse thieves and their besiegers.

Apparently there had been a good deal of rustling going on recently and the country was uneasy. A description of two of the rustlers had been broadcast, and a week or so after this had been done two young men had ridden up to a ranch in the hills and inquired from the owner whether his father, who owned a horse ranch farther up the cañon, was at home.

"No," the young rancher had replied, "but he'll be back tomorrow."

"Can we go up and wait for him?" the strangers suggested. "We have important business with him."

"Sure," said the young rancher; "help yourselves."

But afterward, thinking it over, it had suddenly occurred to him that the two young men looked exceedingly like the rustlers, and he also remembered that his father's ranch was, at the moment, absolutely deserted. He at once aroused the neighborhood and a posse started in pursuit.

What Is All the Shooting For?

The posse arrived at the little ranch up the cañon after dark, and so disposing itself that no one could escape, waited for the dawn. Shortly after sunup one of the young men came out of the cabin on his way to the well with a bucket in his hand, and a nervous member of the posse fired from ambush and narrowly missed getting his mark in the leg. The mark, being a wise young man, asked no questions, but ducked back into the cabin, shut the door and began to reply to the hail of bullets that was now striking the logs. His companion joined him and the battle continued for several hours. Finally the sheriff suggested a truce and went forward waving a white handkerchief. The two young men came to the door.

"Surrender!" said the sheriff.

"What in hell for?" asked the young men. "What've we done?"

"You know what you've done," said the sheriff.

"No, we don't," they returned angrily; and they didn't. They were entirely innocent young men who had legitimate business with the father of the man who gave the alarm.

"You see, the boys," said the bishop's informant, "sorter felt they ought to do something for 'em."

Two hundred and fifty miles and more east from us there is a colony of Englishmen who have been in Wyoming many years. Two of them are the thirteenth and fourteenth sons of a Scottish baronet and the uncles of a Scottish duke, and another is the next heir to an English earldom. The thirteenth and fourteenth sons of the Scotch baronet and the next heir to the English earldom have been everything from cowpunchers and sheep herders and camp cooks to members of the state legislature. Now they have prospered, and although they are American citizens, they have built themselves in the way the British have—ranch houses that resemble as much as possible English country homes. It is strange to come out of the sagebrush and into the shadow of great shaggy hills and find copper jugs filled with hot water, and port after dinner, and, in the case of the thirteenth son who went there, an Oxford accent.

Indian Nomenclature

Seven years ago I went over to see these Englishmen—really Americans. I could have got there in a few days by motor, but I preferred a pack train eight days across two mountain ranges, and did not resort to a motor until I came to the flat country. Part of the last two days we ran through the Crow Reservation, a splendid rolling upland with the blue Absorkas away off to the west and the blue Big Horns off to the east. The Crows are a stalwart race; huge, the squaws as big as the men. The men wear immense black, pointed sombreros and their hair in plaits. In one of the agency stores we came upon a list of Dead Indian Lands—lands, that is, for sale to white men under what seems to me by no means a wise government ruling. On one side were printed the Crow—or Absorkas—names, and on the other the quaint English translation.

Here are some I remember: Mint or Peppermint, McKinley Backbone, Many Wives, Mary Wears Nothing, Takes His Enemies in a Fog, John Slides Down Well. And then, lingering and lovely, Sits with the Stars. The Indian mother, however, names her child by what she has seen or done just before its birth, so even Sits with the Stars has to do with actual fact and not with poetry.

What can be done with the Indian? He seems to be an insoluble problem. If you try, as the Government is trying, to make him into a white man, you succeed in making only a very poor white man; and yet, needing as he does a great deal of territory, and fertile territory at that, how can he be fitted into increasing settlement? Except numerically—and at that his numbers are increasing—he presents an even more difficult problem than the negro. You haven't a childlike people wanting to be like the white man, and handicapped only by a lack

(Continued on Page 128)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Siwash Indians Touring in Yellowstone Park

Never before
so much — for so little

The introduction of the Rollin makes it possible for you to now own a car possessing the most advanced engineering features without paying an exorbitant price.

For in what other moderately priced car (or high-priced car for that matter) will you find such modern refinements as:

Latest type 4-wheel brakes
Firestone Balloon Tires
European type motor
Force feed lubrication through drilled crankshaft
Advanced manifold and carburetor developments
4-bearing balanced crankshaft, with aluminum alloy pistons and connecting rods, assuring absence of vibration.

We believe the Rollin to have the most advanced chassis and body designs on the market.

It is the only car introduced this year in which are incorporated so many sound, new engineering features.

Never before has the above combination of refinements been found in one automobile.

Rollin success is as conspicuous as Rollin value. From coast to coast this car is, we believe, the most widely discussed car of the season.

Having such luxurious riding qualities—being so easy to handle and giving such astonishing mileage per gallon of gasoline this car is the talk of the country.

Now being driven in practically every State in the Union, and having covered hundreds of thousands of miles, the Rollin has more than fulfilled every claim made by its makers.

Let the Rollin dealer in your town show you what experts claim is the finest popular priced car ever produced.

Touring Car De Luxe - - - - -	$ 995
Three Seated Coupe Roadster - -	1195
Five Passenger Sedan - - - -	1295

Prices f. o. b. factory

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

ROLLIN

(Continued from Page 126)

of intelligence that may eventually to some extent be overcome; you have a people with a definite and ancient civilization of its own.

That this civilization may be crude and childlike in most of its aspects is beside the point. It is rigid and inherent in the Indian's blood. It is not so much a question of teaching him new things as it is a question of persuading him to forget what he already knows. And when you have reached that conclusion you are confronted with the further question as to whether such an attempt is wise or charitable. Personally, what little I have seen of the Indian leads me to believe that, for him, the Indian civilization is considerably better than the white man's.

My neighbors, the Northern Arapahoes, are an excellent example of what can happen to the mishandled Indian. They were once a proud people, blood brothers of the Cheyennes. When they were put on a reservation they were brigaded with the Shoshones, whom they despised and regarded as inferiors, at the suggestion of old Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, who was a friend of the Government and an extremely wise man.

"Give me the Arapahoes," he said, "and with your support I will break them."

A Vindictive Old Squaw

He succeeded by placing upon the Arapahoes their own burden of contempt and petty abuse, and today they are a broken people. Those who know tell me that it is almost impossible to find an Arapahoe who will tell the truth.

It was while we were in the Crow country that I saw an ancient squaw and a thunderstorm. We had missed the road, and late in the afternoon we turned into a little Crow ranch—the only one in sight to ask our way. Dusk was approaching, and over to the west the Absorkas were caught up in clouds and to the east the Big Horns were a wall of darkness. But in front of us, from zenith to horizon, above the rolling country whose grass trembled in the wind, the sky was blood red—red as in any painting of Remington, whose colors artists deny.

Standing before a great white tepee that had been erected to one side of the log ranch house was the old squaw wrapped in a black blanket. She did not move as we stopped our car; she continued to lean upon her cane, and her face had no expression in it. Her little eyes were like burnt-out coals and she was so old that the skin of her face was hardly visible for the wrinkles. She would not answer us, but presently a young girl came out and directed us with the beautiful straight-handed, fingers-together gesture of the Indian.

We turned about and climbed a hill, and as we did so I looked back. Outlined against the approaching storm and the blood-red sky was the old squaw, her shawl flapping, her stick raised in the air, cursing us. She looked like some dark fragment of cloud blown out before the thunder.

Two hours later we were in a modern Montana town in the bedroom of a hotel, the furniture of which was covered with cretonne.

But this is America, the squaw was America, the Absorkas and the Big Horns were America, the miles of stirring grass and the hotel with its cretonne were America.

The following day we came back to the Crow country again and the company of its big-hatted residents, and that night we found another contrast even more dramatic than the hotel with its cretonne. Our lamps picked up in the darkness clipped hedges and white fences, and pretty soon we turned in through a gate and found a lighted house and a lawn as smooth as velvet and shaded by trees exotic to Wyoming. Beside the car trotted a man in white flannels, who carried a lantern and greeted us in the accents of the Thames valley. Across eleven years and thousands of miles, at the foot of great mountains known well for only half a century, and at not such a distance from where but a like time ago Custer and his men had been massacred, I came once more into the presence of the Char and the Isis. They are a great people, the English—quietly unconquerable.

At the moment something dramatic was going on. The brother of the English earl was away, helping as best he could the England whose citizenship he had given up but to whose aid he returned when she was in trouble. But his youngest son was there, a completely American boy of eleven, who, so far as I know, had never been out of the United States and who resented the slightest implication that he wasn't an American—which, of course, he was. This boy, however—they were afraid to tell him, because he was such a thoroughgoing American—had at the time every chance of becoming, whether he wanted or not, the next Earl of So-and-So, for his eldest brother, who had been brought up at Eton in order that he might be prepared to accept the title his father would never claim, was at the front in a guard regiment. As things turned out, the elder brother came out of the war unscathed, but all that summer and the next the small boy in the heart of Wyoming stood upon the brink of a hazard that would have changed his life utterly.

They tell a story about his father—a very absent-minded man. Whenever, in the old days, he went down to the station riding a pony to see anyone off, the station agent used to take out his jackknife and stand by to cut the reins of the pony as the train pulled out, for the brother of an earl was in the habit of tying his mount to the railing of the rear car and forgetting him until it was too late.

Holliday's High Praise

I have left the young missionary—the young sin-twister whom I took out and lost on his first visit to me, and who for a while was a near and dear neighbor of mine—to the last, on the principle, now abandoned, that everything ought to start or end with a grace. He was a good missionary; a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, light-haired young missionary, who bought a horse and put on a flannel shirt and chaps, and rode up and down the country doing an immense amount of good and talking about everything but holiness. He had not a trace of the sanctified attitude that seems to be given nowadays with the diplomas at most divinity schools. In his presence you felt somehow that with all your faults you still had a fair chance of heaven.

Even old Bill Holliday, after observing him in silence for two years, said, "That fellow is pretty near as good a man as if he wasn't a parson, isn't he?"

The young parson came into the valley first in answer to an advertisement inserted in a church paper by the bishop, who was in despair of getting anybody to fill the job, but who, none the less, being an honest man, painted the situation in the blackest of colors. The young parson answered in a letter in which he said he had a large and wealthy parish on the Hudson, but that he was tired of trying to save the souls of people who were already sure they were saved, and he had only been in the valley a short time when he built two small log churches—beautiful little log churches—and a log hospital that has saved many lives, and a parish house of logs, where he had his own quarters and a men's clubroom, with a library and billiard tables.

The Outdoor Man's God

I recall snowy winter evenings when I skied down from the ranch and he greeted me with a fire and supper, and we had long talks afterward, and finally a white and cool bed for me. Also, at times, a glass of sherry—yes, heaven be praised, a glass of sherry! For although a most abstemious man, in this respect he agreed with Saint Chrysostom and all the other fathers of the church. One moonlit night in summer he christened my youngest child on the front porch of the ranch. The congregation sat about on Navajo rugs on the grass. To the west rose the black rampart of the Tetons, like the last hills of life before the wide and vacant plains of death are reached; and to the east and north and south the silver valley spread away soft and obscure with the beautiful obscurity of life. And picked out by the moonlight, and in the halo of the lamp on the table beside him, was the big missionary with the little child in his arms.

He has left the valley now, alas—the young missionary—and is over doing what he can with the Arapahoes. He has a log chapel there, too, with a huge plate-glass window back of the altar that is the most beautiful church window I have ever seen. I heard service there once in the early morning, and the rolling valley beyond and the snow-capped mountains that bounded the valley made a stained-glass window far finer than any man could contrive.

I like ministers—if they will only let me. When I was a little boy I once pinched, out of pure affection, the legs of a bishop who was staying with my grandfather. My grandfather's house was always filled with bishops and clergymen. I admire the clergyman's calling and his supposed single-mindedness. Besides, being an outdoor man, I am inclined to be religious. There is something out-of-doors mysterious and brooding. But I do not like indoor men to tell me about it, and I do not like them to tell me of a God who knows nothing of the bigness of forests and quiet places; a small and spiteful God occupied solely in what his neighbors eat or wear or drink.

In various places, and in the first article of this series, I have mentioned a theory of mine that America—all new countries, Australia, Canada—was originally settled by inarticulate poets, adventurers, and that many of the virtues of such countries and many of their vices have their origin in this fundamental fact. An inarticulate poet, twisted out of his shape, becomes frequently a strange man, although he is likely to be always a charming one. Nothing in my life in the West has caused me to change this opinion; indeed, it has been confirmed. The Far West is a distillate of a distillation: its inhabitants are inarticulate poets carried one step further. Just now I have received a letter from an old man who works on our ranch—the head roustabout, and a most excellent one—half of which is in verse, and in the second half of which an Eastern lady, who has been admiring the scenery, is mentioned.

"But then," says the old man, "we have known all about that for a long time, haven't we?"

The haughtiness and dignity and reserve of the Far Westerner are the haughtiness and dignity and reserve of the poet, increased by a misty Spanish tradition and made nervous by high altitudes and thin air; and the quick-witted although innately cold and discriminating kindliness of the Far Westerner and his clear-eyed hospitality are also characteristics of the poet. But I will carry the investigation no further; I will merely content myself with saying that in the past twenty years I have run into the most extraordinary outbursts of lyricism in both speech and action.

The Literary Grocer

There is a friend of mine who was born in a mining camp, and most of whose life has been spent as a prospector until recently he settled down to a small grocery store; a prospector all his life, that is, except for a few years when he was a professional gambler in the gold camps of Nevada and California, and for a while a depressed homesteader. But in all his life he has wanted to be one thing only, and that is a writer; and in secret, and since he was a child, he has written reams of poetry and prose. I discovered this passion five years ago.

Like most Westerners, my friend had a natural gift for story-telling, and like all Westerners, a sense of the dramatic. He had, too, an innate knowledge of paragraphs and general construction; but he had not the slightest knowledge of the ordinary rules of grammar—he was quite unable to distinguish, for instance, between a "were" and a "was." I sent him Stevenson's Advice to a Young Writer, Roget's Thesaurus and the Oxford Dictionary; and a year ago, on his fiftieth birthday, he had a series of articles accepted by perhaps the greatest magazine in the country. Think of that, a man of forty-seven starting in to learn English grammar by what is known as main strength and awkwardness! He has, however, two unconquerable traits, this friend of mine—he is the most obstinate man I have ever met, and a love of beauty burns in him like a steady fire under leaves.

"I would weigh prunes with one hand," he said, "and write a line with the other."

And in a reconstruction hospital recently a kindly writer of famous and cynical plays discovered a young cow-puncher knitting socks who had in him the making of a fine story-teller. Already his first two stories have been published, although he had some difficulty with the first, as several editors wrote that they liked it but did not think it true to the West.

Brooks Lake Mountain, Wyoming

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The next will appear in an early issue.

VAN GLOW
Medium height

VAN MEAD
Narrow front, slightly high
VAN JACK
A lower Van Mead
VAN NORD
A lower Van Jack

VAN FAME
A lower Van Kissel
VAN ESTY
A lower Van Fame

VAN GARDE
A conservative style
VAN DORT
A lower Van Garde
VAN INCE
A lower Van Dort

Announcing

VAN GLOW

a new, medium-height

Van Heusen Collar *for Spring*

MEN'S ideals of smartness, economy, and comfort have been realized in the Van Heusen. Therefore Van Glow, *a new Van Heusen*, is especially welcome. Its smart originality in design includes all the Van Heusen virtues. Woven in one curved piece, of multi-ply fabric, without bands or seams, it is the last word in comfort. Although starchless, it never wilts, wrinkles or sags. Its flexible points and smooth-as-silk edges do not wear holes in shirts or frazzle ties. In a word, Van Glow is a masterpiece . . . *and the world's most economical collar.*

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES—50c

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK CITY

26 Million Women
wash all their fine things this way
from sheer silk stockings – to big handsome blankets

Modish tuck-in—trig, mannish shirt—whichever model she chooses, if it's smart it's bound to be white this year—white that is so hard to keep from turning yellow unless it's laundered carefully. But what does she fear? She'll plop it into Lux suds the instant it is soiled and out it comes like new

Twenty-six million—yes, it's astonishing! At first you can hardly believe it.

Then you start to think about it and you realize that almost everyone you know uses Lux for her choicest things—things that used to go to the cleaner.

As one enthusiastic woman wrote: "You will never guess what I've just washed in Lux—a velvet dress! It came out perfectly—and I've saved the $5.50 it costs to have it cleaned!"

How startling Lux was even in form! Never before had there been anything like it. Just pure essence of soap in tissue-thin flakes that dissolve instantly. With Lux, of course, you never have to rub sensitive fabrics. Just squeezing this rich, cleansing lather through them is enough.

Partly because of its form—but chiefly because of its remarkable purity, makers of all kinds of fabrics urge women to use Lux for washing fine materials. Their tests prove that any fabric that is safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

So today—26,000,000 women in this country alone wash their silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens with Lux.

Tender skin of the dearest baby in the world. Keep it free from irritation and distressing rashes. Wash all his little garments with Lux. Lux won't make his diapers rough and scratchy. It won't cause the dread diaper rash, the source of such severe suffering to babies. Lux is safe for all the clothes that touch his sensitive skin

For milady's consideration Paris sends cobwebby hosiery in all the smart shades—noisette, nude, bois de rose; ravishing peach step-ins and costume slips to match the fairest gown of all. Not extravagant now to buy the lovely things! You know they'll last if you launder them with Lux. For all fine fabrics, Lux is just as safe as pure water alone

All soft and fluffy—clean and safe from moths—it's hard to believe you ever dreaded blanket washing time. You never have an anxious moment now that you use Lux for washing blankets. You know they'll tuck in with the same generous allowance as when they were brand new. Lux won't shrink woolens—won't coarsen or mat them

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS · WON'T YELLOW OR FADE SILKS

Now - they're using Lux for Washing Dishes

For when they used harsh soap in the dishpan – it was like washing their hands with kitchen soap three times a day

Choose your soap for washing dishes with the same care that you choose your toilet soap and your hands will instantly respond.

Of course Lux would bring relief to your hands!

Why, when you use kitchen soap for washing dishes your hands are exposed to its ravages an hour and a half every day! It's like washing your hands with kitchen soap an hour and a half every day.

Lux is as easy on your skin as fine toilet soap. There is no strong ingredient in Lux to give your hands that in-the-dishpan look. It keeps them soft and smooth to the touch.

Toss in a teaspoonful

That's all you need. You wouldn't expect so tiny a quantity would make such generous suds. But it's Lux—and every flake is pure essence of soap. A teaspoonful washes your breakfast or lunch dishes. For the dinner dishes you may need two if there are a lot to wash. Get Lux today. It comes in *two* sizes, now. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

He washed the whole outside of his house with it

"Our house was painted last fall and due to the soft coal used was far from looking fresh at the end of the winter. This spring my husband washed the house —all of it—with Lux and the paint looks as good as new. Sometimes I think it looks better than new. And it took surprisingly little Lux

"From silk hose to the whole outside of a house is quite a repertoire"

Mrs. F. W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

For all the laundry

"I have used Lux now for the laundry for over four years that means everything. For real soiled clothing I just put it thing and Lux in cold water and let boil. They come out white as snow. The joy of it all being that your hands are free from an ugly red appearance"

Mrs. C. F., San Jose, Cal.

Cheated the Painter

"I was disgusted when I started my spring cleaning—ceilings and walls seemed to have a coat of smoke and smear. That was because we had for some time to burn just what the coal dealer could give his customers.

So now since the old hungry furnace is closed up and not much funds on hand for a new coat of paint, French Velour' in flat finish I trusted to my Lux

"And a joy—I not only saved money, but cheated the painter out of this year's job. You would think we had freshly painted every single room in the house

Mrs. B. B., New York City

An ever growing use— Shampoo

"For about a year I have used Lux for shampoo with wonderful success. I have curly light auburn hair and I have always been very proud of it. It used to be hard to get the soap out so one day I tried Lux. I have never used anything else since that lucky day and my hair never looked better. I use it every two weeks and have no dandruff or trouble of any kind. I cannot say too much good of Lux"

Miss D. L. T., Annapolis, Md.

RIDS YOUR HANDS FOR GOOD OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN LOOK

Better for less

"Cinco is better than the average ten-cent cigar —*and I save 25 per cent*"

THAT'S the verdict of men who smoke Cinco—and they ought to know.

Thousands of smokers were asked about Cinco—in representative cities from coast to coast. In substance, their answers were always the same.

Men who smoke Cinco are the kind who are not fooled by fancy shapes or gaudy frills. They are more interested in tobacco quality than in length and bulk.

Billions of cigars have been made by the Eisenlohrs. It is this experience that makes possible the value you get in Cinco.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc., Philadelphia
Cigar Manufacturers for Seventy-three Years

[illegible] the goodness in. [illegible] at your dealer doesn't have Cinco, we'll mail a pack to you on receipt of price.

2 for 15¢

Cinco

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

A STREAK OF THE MULE

Continued from Page 25

a man lazing in the purlieus of a burnt-out world.

When Bessie joined him he asked at once, "How's your father today?" He was enormously solicitous about the health and reputation of that old man.

"He's flat on his back," the girl answered. "He went out and ran head-on into this accusation about the bright penny, and it—it simply bowled him over." She dropped her lashes over those deeply colored long blue eyes with their sudden suggestion of unshed tears back of the tender lids. "They're like a pack of ravening wolves, ready to leap on a man and tear him all to pieces, just the instant they think the fire's dying down," she said fiercely.

"I know it," Rann Hobart muttered gravely. "I have been trying to shout down that little story, but it isn't the easiest thing in the world to shout down. No, sir, there's no limit to what people will believe if only somebody will tell 'em."

"Don't you think the best plan is just to plain ignore it?" Bessie argued hopefully.

"You can't ignore it. You can't move in a man's world and ignore it. It would always crop out when you least expected, and dog you."

"I don't see how grown men can take stock in such a fairy tale," the girl said more faintly. "Why, Rann, how could just a piece of metal affect the destinies of a ship?"

"That's the conundrum," Rann let fall mysteriously. "What's a piece of metal in a high wind? Still, there is a peculiarity about that, all the same. I know, when I was running out with the mackerel men in my young days—well, I wasn't twenty then—an old bluenose undertook to buy the wind by throwing a coin over the stern works at sunrise."

"What was it he threw over?" the girl demanded, solemn eyed.

"It was a Chinese chop dollar; a luck piece, he called it. Well, that was what it was given to him as. He was in a fever to get home, and he flipped it over his shoulder into the water."

"Isn't that absurd? And now I suppose you're going to tell me that he did buy wind with it."

"Buy wind? Well, you'd have thought so, Bessie. He overdrew it, as a matter of fact. Great gunshots of it, and water with it too. I wasn't out of my oilskins for four days. That schooner wasn't any more than a pint pot in what followed. Had to be hauled out on the railway as soon as we got home, with a crack in her forward big enough to heave a dog through."

His eye twinkled mysteriously.

"You said it was a luck piece. How do you explain all that misfortune?"

"On account of its being foreign money," Rann Hobart whispered earnestly. "I tell you there's an explanation for everything in this world, every solitary thing, above board and below board, if only you go to the proper parties. Old Shadrach—your uncle—cautioned that bluenose at the time to hold back, just on the bare chance that there might be foreign devils clustered round that chop dollar still, long as he had carried it in his pocket, but the man wouldn't be ruled. Nothing would do but spit on it and heave it away. Well, it came back on him like a thousand of brick."

"It's barbarous to believe such a thing in this day and age," the girl cried. "Rann, the thing will kill my father. What can we do?"

"Unstep the mast before witnesses and let them take the gold out of the step, just as your father put it in."

The girl took one step away from him with a perceptible gasp.

"How can you? The ship's not yours."

"Your mistake," Rann uttered, coming to the heart of the matter. "She is mine, deputy. I bought her in last night of Rackby with all tackle, apparel and furniture for fifteen hundred."

"For fifteen hundred. Why, that was the money —— Why, that's just everything. That was what ——"

"Don't put it in the past tense," he cried. "You mournful thing. It is what—it is what we'll get married on, and a lot more put with it. I'll coax that ship off like a kitten out of a tree. She'll bring ten thousand at an auction."

"You'd risk it! You'd risk it! I wonder—I just wonder you didn't call for the gluepot instead," the girl flared at him.

He grinned complacently.

"Look out. Look out, where you live in a little glass house yourself," he chuckled. "Maybe we haven't been careful in the choice of ancestors, either of us. Don't you let that saving disposition run away with you, deputy. There's a miserly Corcoran for every spendthrift Hobart. Why, look here," he said affectionately, "you talk like this, and I'll begin to mistrust there's something in this story, after all, about the bright penny. Now, Bessie, don't be silly I was only fooling Why, it's for your father's sake I bought this ship in."

"I'll ask you," the girl cried at white heat, "will you just leave her where she is, at my request?"

"Well, no. It won't do for me to yield to a Corcoran on a point where money is concerned," he said affably. "I can't knuckle to that peaked Corcoran strain in you that's always afraid to part with a little money. And there's your father's predicament to be considered."

"I guess you can make your alliance with my father then," said Bessie, dropping away from him. "I'll see if you'll ride roughshod over my simplest wishes. I'll reconsider, Mr. Hobart. If I've led you to suppose—if there's anything I might have said yes to in the immediate past, or seemed to say it, I'll say no now. I'll say most emphatically no!"

The wonderful man was left to ponder woman's impulses. He wasn't frightened unduly. Here was opposition, it was true. But what was opposition of woman, where the opposition of Nature was nothing? He laughed, and moved his ears, which were flexible, and betrayed his ancestry, he always contended. Bess would come to time. She would come to time in time, if he had to pull the blue sky down on top of them like a foundered tent.

Early next morning he brought his wrecking gang in cheerful mood under the prow of the Bessie Corcoran. The ship sat on her keel aft, hard down, with an anchor out on her starboard bow to keep the south winds from sweeping her bow in. He must light her forward, he concluded, taking these bags of bone fertilizer out through the fore hatch when the tide served. He fitted steel hooks to the ends of long poles, and when the tide uncovered the fore hatch he put his gang at work hooking up the cargo. The fertilizer was in hundred-pound bags massed together against her frames. They hooked them up and sank them close against the hull on the land side to make a cushion for the Bessie Corcoran against the time when the dreaded southeast wind should grind her bones on that hard bed. Belabored by Artie Wincapaw, the fertilizer gang went groaning and grappling for fertilizer, with icy water lashing at their loins. It was like grappling for drowned men.

"He's got 'em working double tides," rasped Brother Daniels that night, noting from his inspection window at the Inner Harbor that flare of torches along the ship's rail.

"He'll get her off," Neighbor Spillet opined. "Anything that man puts out a hand to has got to go. Look at that dance hall he moved off Cider Guptill's property when Guptill would have lost it entirely if it had stayed where it was a day longer on account of the will having passed the dance hall to him without the territory underneath it."

"That's a different case, ain't it?"

"Not so plaguy different. He snaked her along that ledge like a caterpillar on them rollers of his with five horses and a gang of them know-nothings that work for him for just food and affection, and then down over a precipice where a goat would have hesitated and looked back for instructions."

"They say," muttered Brother Daniels, "that girl of his has gone out to her Uncle Parmenter's, mad as a hornet over the use he's made of that money they were to marry on. Wouldn't wonder if there wasn't something to be said in her behalf, for that matter. He can't keep that gang there any time at all. The tribe will frighten 'em off the first time his back is turned, if I know Cobe Parmenter. And they say now Fish has joined forces with him."

Brother Daniels knew whereof he spoke. The fertilizer gang was already close to mutiny. The reeking, brine-soaked, yellow bone dust affected their spirits and their understandings. At three-hour intervals they repaired to the big cabin for repasts of pork and whisky, and for consultation.

"Think she'll come to time?" Artie Wincapaw breathed hoarsely to his fellows. He was cramped into a bunk with a plate of pork in his lap and a glass of whisky in his honest hand. The bottle containing it had "One Quart" blown in the glass near its dusky neck.

"Come to time?" groaned Zinie Shadd. He wrinkled his disgusted and foreshortened nose. "If it was just a question of the woman principle in her she would, I swear. But, man dear, she is possessed by devils. She's on the nose. She cuts me off right at my windpipe. Then again, look here, suppose she does come off like he seems to think she will; what's to keep her from going down by the head, with this hole punched in her forward?"

"What's to keep her from staying afloat if her holds are empty?" retorted Wincapaw. "She's wood, man. Wood doesn't sink just because it's put together in the hollow shape. What's worrying Rann is how to tie her to the island until he's ready to let her go."

In fact Rann was even then dragging a wire warp aft and sticking it out at a stern chock. He swung off the ship's stern with a hammer and a drill and began to drill a hole in the rock. This was intended for an iron dog to which he might make fast his wire. But the keeper of the light came and waited on him with a book of governmental regulations, and a smile that showed his two remaining tushes, one at either end of it.

"You can see," said the keeper, "it says here there's to be no drilling on the island."

"No drilling on the island," Rann repeated. He stood up and looked into the book. "You're never student enough for this," he grinned. "Who put you up to it, man?"

"You got three guesses," said the keeper of the light.

And Rann guessed right the first time.

"Look here," he said, "you tell her, if you see her, you tell that lady to do everything in her power to thwart me. Then she'll be able to say her conscience was clear, and what she did in the end she couldn't help. You tell her that."

Still chuckling he found a ledge and snugged his wire around that. He shackled it there with a giant shackle, and heaved tight with tackles on deck. In the morning he looked at it, and thrummed it thoughtfully like a harp string. It had tightened as if the ship had crept ever so little toward her doom. But she was still steady on her pins.

For two days and two nights she held out, and the fertilizer gang performed its office. Then Rann went ashore to filch iron rolls out of the abandoned feldspar mill. When he came back with them near sundown, Artie Wincapaw was waiting for him, solitary, on the big wrecking scow's fore deck. The ship was empty of life, and the tide gurgled low in her holds.

"Cobe Parmenter took 'em all round into the harbor," Wincapaw said grimly. He stroked his wedge face. "He wants this ship for fuel. He told 'em it would be good policy for 'em to go, and they believed him." He pointed down the companionway at the diving suit, which had been ripped and slashed in half a dozen places. "That's the femi-nine hand," he whispered awesomely. "She crept round here in a dory while my back was turned, and stabbed that Injun to the heart. She knew there would be a call for underwater work, the little devil. Ain't that the unholy Corcoran of it?"

"Hah!"

The mulehead made a noise in his throat, and let smoke pour out of his relaxed mouth, through his nose, and scale up through his lashes. He tapped that piratical little dent in his nose which he was reputed to have got in a knock-down fight, as it was called.

"Grin and bear it," he said. "Grin and bear it, Artie."

He pulled ashore, and found Bessie Corcoran easily enough in Uncle Cobe Parmenter's place. She looked at him tensely over the red wheels of a smashed coffee mill.

"Don't you feel too bad about it," he murmured. "You did what you did in the course of duty, deputy, as you saw it."

"I'll thank you not to call me deputy, Mr. Hobart," Miss Corcoran said, with a flush of deepest dye.

"Well, deputy deputy then, in place of your father. I'm going to make a clean

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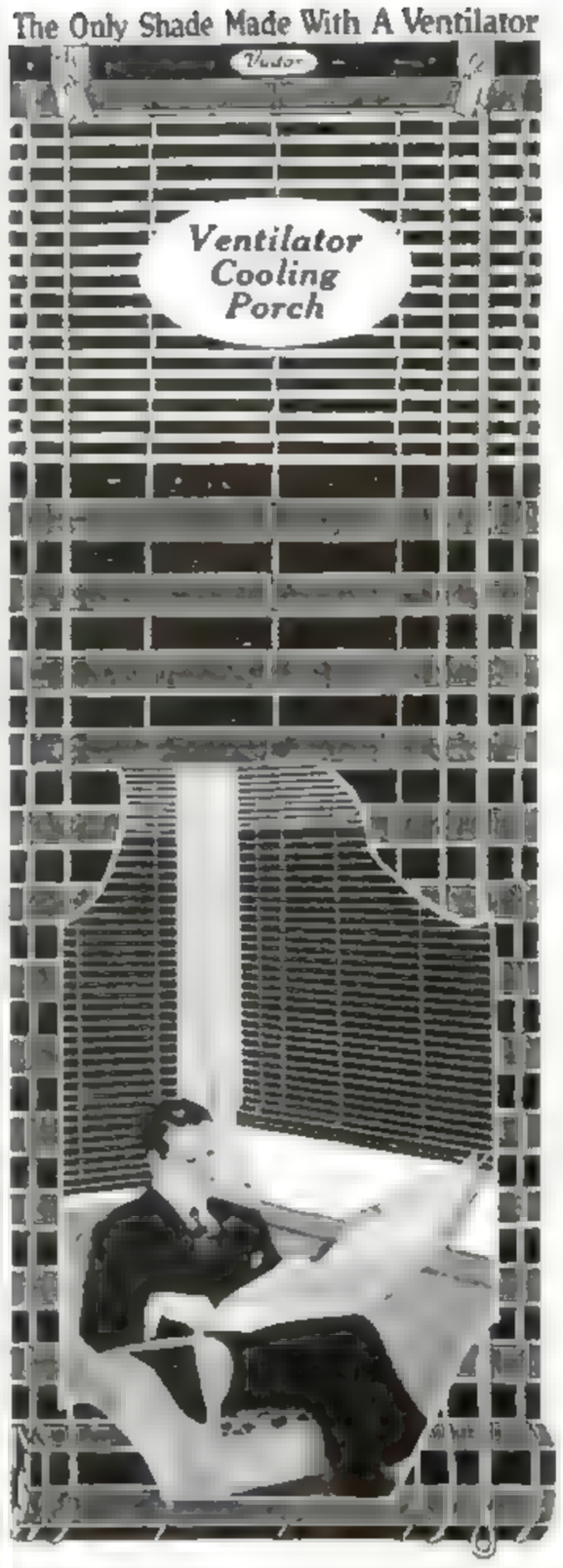

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breast of my intentions. I'll get her off now, if I league myself with the devil and all the hounds of hell."

He moved his ears whimsically, for a reminder of his quality.

"Is that so?" Miss Corcoran replied. "Then maybe you'll allow me to be just as frank with you, even if I'm not quite so profane. If you do what you say you'll have to do it quick."

"Why, please? Have you turned weather prophet, too, along with Uncle Parmenter?"

"I hope I've done something a little more effective. I've wired Washington through the harbor master, and got a wire back."

"You've wired Washington. So now they're sending troops to put down the insurrection, maybe."

"No, but as it happens they are sending powder. I've got permission to blow her up as an obstruction to navigation. It's all gone through the proper channels of course. The powder's coming in the morning, Mister Wrecker."

And she pushed back her hair very deliberately, and let him see that she could move her ears likewise. He had never known that.

He went away singing 'Tis Our Last Fair Morning at the top of his lungs. That was a song they had sung in school together and graduated by. It had poignant memories. But he had to reckon with the fact that the gulls were flying high. The barometer was dropping and the wind was hauling a point at a time into the southeast; and full southeast would be fatal.

"It's now or never," Wincapaw greeted him from the scow, "and it looks to me like never."

"It looks to me like now, low spirits," Rann shouted.

"How you going to get those rolls under her keel without that underwater suit, man?"

"So fashion," Hobart answered, and began stripping off his clothes.

"It isn't forty degrees Fahrenheit," moaned Wincapaw, drawing a thermometer out of a canvas bucket of sea water.

"That's an inducement to work fast," Rann grinned. "And I'm in competition with a fast worker. I've only got tonight to work in, actually, Artie. That's the lady's ultimatum."

They dropped the rolls over alongside the ship's hull, and buoyed them with lobster markers. Artie sank a line, weighted with heavy shackles at her prow, and dragged the bight of it under the keel, as in the process for undergirdling a rim-racked ship. Then Rann dropped after his rolls with a crowbar in his hands, and his elbow crooked round the rope that ran under the keel. This line guided him, but he was keelhauled. The barnacles at the turn of her bilge raked the flesh from his bones and had the blood streaming from his flanks as he bobbed and clawed for holds against the ethereal tendencies of his body in that blue-green murk of rockweed and paralyzing brine.

Working in two-minute spans he wedged the rolls under the keel forward at the point where the ship began to hang out over deep water. There was a black void under his heels, and the black jowl of the ship grazed the crown of his head. He slipped and wavered on that underwater precipice; the kelp stems took cunning rolling hitches on his legs; and the water was a bath of liquid fire. He could not say whether he was burnt or frozen; whether he was a man shape or a tortured water demon; but he persevered, and in the end he got the rolls forced into their proper places.

Then he crouched in the scow's cabin, quaking over a coal fire, with a cigarette between his blue lips, and goose flesh his body over.

"She'll move yet," he chattered. "I'm like that Mr. Archimedes. You give me half a leg to stand on and I'll undertake to move the earth."

Artie looked upon him as a dead man and plied him with the last of the whisky. He besought the rash man to turn into his bunk and pile the blankets on him.

"There's a night's work in prospect yet," Rann said. "She wouldn't hold her head up in deep water yet, low spirits, even if she did slide free. There's not buoyancy enough, I tell you, with this weight of fertilizer still in her."

"Lash the scows to her bows, why don't you?"

"Still not enough."

"All is, then, you'll just naturally have to let her drown."

"Maybe you don't know the sentimental feeling I've got for this ship, Artie," Hobart rasped, holding out his torn arm to be bandaged. "Maybe there's magic in a name. There can't two ladies of the same name hold out against me, I know."

"Why don't you show some judgment then, in which one you undertake to salvage?" Artie whimpered.

Rann sprang up, jumped from the scow's end to the ship's rigging, and went aft along the tormented starboard rail, already sinking in the tide. Water foamed inboard forward around the mainmast. The ship, he fancied, was more alive under his heels. He balanced from the fore shrouds to the main, and from the main to the mizzen, plucking at backstays and shrouds testingly. They were neither limp nor taut yet. The masts were safe still.

He dropped to the deck against the white wall of the after deckhouse, and with his forefinger tapped that wire which ran out to the island. The whole enterprise now hung on that wire. It looked spiritual in its thin tautness, like a mathematical line. All the kinks were agonized out of it. It was protracted like a cord, and little steel hairs stuck out on it. A ship is not a featherweight. Every dumb strand and wire of that warp was suffering the tortures of the damned.

He must find crutches for the Bessie Corcoran forward, he foresaw, and find them in jig time. He pulled himself ashore, fighting to warm his chilled body, and walked at haphazard toward that crazy whitewashed ruin of an ice house beyond the tribesmen's settlement. The ice run descended to a creek where the wharf was, and at the mouth of the creek a great iron spindle stood up with a gummy black tar barrel atop it, and a sea hawk's nest lapping down over the rusty hoops. He stared hard at that barrel, and his eye gleamed.

His dawning thought was extinguished by the crack of a gun which came from a dense little grove of firs this side of the ice house at the edge of a white stretch of snowy meadowland. Rann Hobart's left arm twitched in its sleeve. He felt hot blood running down his arm, and he put his fist in his pocket, laughing.

"That'll be a little billy-doo from Captain Fish," he said out loud.

He drew an automatic out of his left-hand pocket and retorted in kind. The reverberations of his shot had not died away when he saw Fish scrambling for shelter, dragging a shotgun at his heels. He disappeared in a clump of spruces. Rann dropped to his knees and crawled along into the shelter of the ice house. There was a fringe of hay all about it, and the snow was tramped down about the flimsy door.

Sinking down, with his back against it, Rann raised his pistol slowly against the grove of spruces into which Captain Fish had vanished. And then a hawk with ragged wing tips circled over the creek, and dropped into the black-barrel nest on the spindle. Rann's face lighted with the return of the thought which the gunshot had blown out of his head. Barrels. He must have barrels to stuff into that forward hatch. He peered at Captain Fish's retreat, raised the automatic again with an arm that shook in spite of all his concentration, and lowered it again. A pair of arms went round him softly, with a desperate little tug.

"Good evening, deputy," he said. "You can't fool a man that knows your perfume."

She dropped her arms, then reached out and touched him with a dreadful misgiving. He was like a lost man whirling down a cataract. He stared with hollow eyes at her pale finger ends.

"Rann, I yield. I give up. I take back what I said. It's—it's just out of desperation you go on as you are going, isn't it, and because you think I've turned against you? Rann, it isn't so. I've acted for our best good in everything I've done. I truly have. There may be reasons. Can't you see these men are desperate?"

"Suppose they are, who has made them so?" he rasped, plucking at her sleeve. "No, I don't believe it. Don't tell me your Uncle Parmenter is a desperate character, Bessie, where I'm marrying a Parmenter myself. And don't you—don't you undertake to spellbind me, you little devil," he murmured, throwing out an arm hazily, as if to shield himself from the ray of mischief in that mysteriously softened eye.

Snow in tiny flakes dropped straight and thin out of an unfriendly sky and powdered her hair. She looked clouded, faint, sick at

Continued on Page 137

Announcing the new KELLY SPRINGFIELD COMMERCIAL CORD

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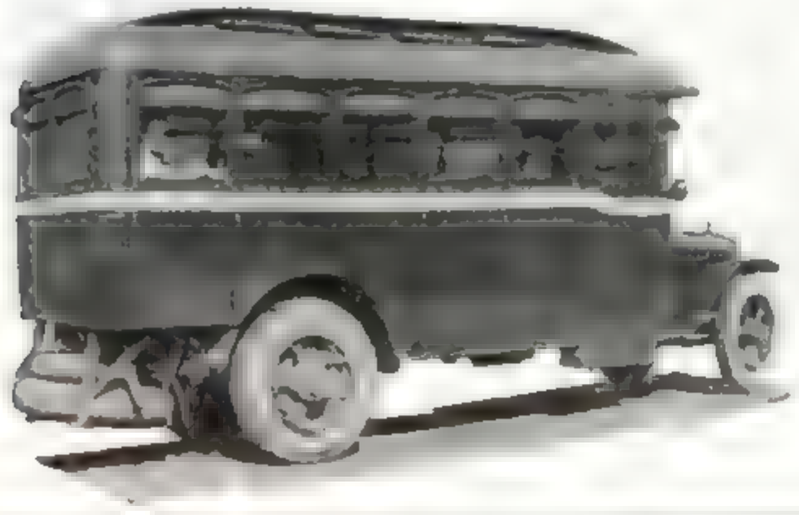

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(Continued from Page 134

heart. The fire wreaths of the kelp ledges had begun circling his midriff again, and he felt lightsome, like a man moving under water, and capable of twice his earthbound effort.

"What's left for us to do, then?" she cried woefully, fixing her eyes full on his.

"Lock horns and perish, deputy," he muttered playfully. He seized her wrists in his hot hands

"How can you take it as a joke where they have shot at you once already?" gasped the girl. "People who run rum mean business, I can tell you. And if you don't believe it—this ice house here is just full of barrels to the rafters."

Rann Hobart pushed himself from his knees to his feet unsteadily

"Of barrels?" he croaked, amazed. "Of barrels, Bessie?"

"Barrels, yes."

"Dear soul, the goose hangs high! Barrels are the alpha and omega of this little job. What luck! Why, Bess, I would sell my immortal soul for barrels, and here you come and tell me I'm leaning up against 'em. That's the finger of Providence."

He stared at the ice house, which stood gaping like a slack barrel, all its walls reeling. Then he smashed in the door. Groping in the dark, his hand struck against the unctuous round of a barrel. This barrel was equipped with hoops of iron and staves of oak; and by its position in the chocks, bung up and bilge free, it might be inferred that it had a heart of fire. It was a perfect specimen of the wet cooper's art.

Rann went stumbling and sprawling in the dark, kicking barrel heads crazily. This was, in fact, the tribesmen's cache. Most of the barrels were empty, but by good luck he found one in liquor, and dropped beside it. After an interval he rose up like a giant and pounded his chest.

"Now for it!" he roared. "Bess, my girl, I'm obsessed with a million ideas. The Lord has delivered you into my hand, deputy."

He strode toward Cobe Parmenter's place, but checked himself outside the windows. He could see old Cobe sitting throned in that ruin of a barber's chair, cleaning a shotgun. His black brows and his mighty nose and his great white benevolent dome were curiously distorted through dirty glass. He could be seen to run a dirty rag into the barrel's mouth, however, on the end of a ramrod.

One or two of his tribesmen were leaning on the counter when Rann came in. The big wrecker shut the door behind him and slid the bolt. Old Parmenter slipped a pink-papered cartridge into place and plucked it out and shoved it back lovingly. The old ruffian's brows met over the bridge of his nose.

"Evening, Mr. Hobart," he said pleasantly. "What can we do for you, I wonder?"

"Listen, Cobe," Rann said with an extraordinary friendly light in his blue eyes. "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. The jig is up, Brother Parmenter. The high sheriff has been notified that there is liquor on the premises. He's coming in the morning with a gang of men and a warrant. But he won't have a warrant to search my ship, Cobe. Give me those barrels, and let me tuck 'em away in the fore hatch of the Bessie Corcoran. You want to get rid of barrels—they're empties, most of them—and I want barrels to piecen out. They'll make a pillow for under her poor sick head, and light her forward."

"Want to kill two birds with one stone, do you?" whispered Cobe.

"Right. The sea has got as much draw back as heave up to it, any day in seven. She's pivoting on her keel there now, and I've got a wire holding her. Let me stuff enough empty barrels into that fore hatch, and I'll rise her up forward so that when the water rises her shoe will take hold of my rolls and roll her into the sea. Give her what buoyancy there is in, say, two hundred barrels, and she'll slide into deep water like nothing. I tell you, she'll float."

"Will she though? What of it if she does float?"

"If she floats, she's yours, Cobe."

"Mine?"

"I'll hand her to you on a platter. Yours, yes, sink or swim, for one night's work. Yours, with all tackle, apparel and furniture. Man alive," Rann whispered mysteriously, "I never did want this ship first or last, more than just enough to prove a point. No, I never did. Take her. Take her to the French Islands and load her up with high wine and hundred-proof. I'm sick of the sight of her, only I'm so constituted that I can't consign her to the deep without a struggle. That's the nature of the beast. I've got an appetite against her, and still and all I've got to wrestle with her. Turn these devils of yours to, Cobe, and let me have your barrels."

Bessie Corcoran looking through the window saw her uncle get out of his chair and lay the gun in a cradle of two iron hooks on the wall. He was convinced. There was a movement for the open, and the girl fled before it.

Half an hour later she saw with her own eyes that Cobe Parmenter had opened his ice house. Illicit barrels went slurring down the ice run in a thickening ribbon of snow. Scowload by scowload they were being floated over and tethered to the jib-boomless prow of the rim-racked ship. When the light flashed she saw the glitter of the cranes swinging the barrels into the fore hatch. Then her heart beat hard against her throat, because she saw Rann Hobart, a drawn and bloody imp, a human scourge, a rum runner, writhing and twisting in their midst. This was what he had meant when he had sworn to league himself with devils. She had in her fright stooped to bribe him with that great bribe of reconciliation. She had taken the first step, and it had come to nothing. He was sure of her and he postponed her. She could wait; and the Bessie Corcoran could not.

The girl felt certain that she would never yield herself to that man now, not even if he went so far away as India, and suffered torment, and had his tattoo marks pricked out with milk drawn from the udder of a sacred cow. There could be no expiation for this crime. And to make the matter worse, he had made use of that nefarious uncle of hers as a slap in the face at her. It was like accusing her of her own lawless tendencies. It was like saying without words that after all she was a Parmenter; and that in her heart of hearts she loved him for taking this dark course.

She ran and pushed open the door to Uncle Cobe's abandoned store. The light in the hanging lamp was turned down low and glittered on all those coal hods and ship's buckets hanging from the ceiling hooks. She took down the shotgun from its cradle, broke it at the breech to make sure the cartridge was still there which she had seen her uncle slip in and out so lovingly, and went out again.

She found a dory and pulled across the strait separating the point from Conlin's Island. Then she walked slowly toward the grounded ship. The long southeast sea was pounding the island in good earnest now. It was beginning to climb over the ship's rail and pour through the deck openings. The masts trembled and the casings of snow began to be dislodged. That solid white beam of light from the lighthouse kept turning and dusting the darkness away from the sea's threshold; invincible and persistent, like the beat of a heart or the stroke of a piston, it returned at forty-second intervals to lay its benediction on this wild scene, touching first the tortured strand which still held the ship to the ledge, flicking then from mast to mast, mizzen to main, main to fore, and vanishing like a moth in the outer dark.

Then she saw Rann Hobart swinging off the ship's stern at a rope's end, hanging his weight from his uninjured arm, and feeling about with the tips of his rubber boots for safe footing. When the water ran back for a second he dropped ashore. He reeled along the wet rocks toward the place where the big wire was shackled, and stooped to examine it more closely. When he stood up Bessie Corcoran was in his path. She looked strangely haggard.

"What's wrong, deputy?" he croaked.

"It seems I was right all along to be mistrustful of a tattooed man," she cried at him. "You rum runner! And all the time you let on to me that it was out of consideration for my father. You think I didn't know in the beginning what you wanted of this ship. If I didn't, it wasn't for want of people to warn me. But I was just silly enough to believe. I did have faith in you."

"Listen," whispered Rann, dashing spray out of his eyes. "Listen to reason. Listen to a man's argument that is only thinking of your own good. Deputy, come closer and let me steady you a bit while I talk."

She lifted the gun barrel to his breast.

"I'd blow you to bits before I'd let you touch me with the tip of your little finger," she cried.

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"Hah, that's a woman's privilege. Woman's privilege," Rann Hobart said weakly. "Well, we'll talk it over later then. Just now I can't stop to argue pros and cons. She's hanging by a hair. By a hair, I tell you. I'm wanted back on board."

"You're wanted here," said Bessie Corcoran. "You're wanted by the high sheriff for aiding and abetting men who've broken the law, and who have got to suffer for it. Just come with me, please, Mr. Hobart. You've called me deputy once too often. You wouldn't come in one capacity; come in another. I'll just take you into custody right here and now. I'll thank you to just march ahead of this gun barrel and step into my dory."

Rann flailed his big arms humorously.

"What if I take it into my head to disobey you, Mrs. Lady?" he cackled.

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to take the consequences," the girl answered.

Rann Hobart peered close at that slim dark shape. What original unabashed audacity the woman had! She represented opposition. Opposition from a woman to a man who, like Archimedes, could move the earth if he had half a leg to stand on.

"You'll shoot me down in my tracks, that is," he cried, and he achieved a twisted grin in appreciation of this stretch of her imagination. It was a Parmenter speaking to him at last.

"Try me," Bessie said, shutting her lips hard.

"Blamed if I don't!" Hobart yelled, bringing down his hand across his thigh. "Blamed if I don't try you, deputy! And blamed if I don't think you will be as good as your word! Well, go ahead. Blow me into kingdom come."

"You don't leave me any alternative," the girl whispered with a shudder.

"Why, look here, I haven't got any alternative myself," the man said soberly. "I never saw but one way to do a thing after I had made up my mind. No, I never did."

He laughed like a madman and waggled his snow-rifted ears. Then he called, "Shoot if you must this old gray head," over his shoulder, and began walking back toward the ship. The girl raised her gun.

In that very second the light returned from the sea and ran along the snow-covered wire. Instantly the gun flashed fire.

"Never touched me, deputy," Rann croaked, but he had pitched forward a little in spite of himself.

In fact, it was not at Rann the girl had aimed. The light had shown a better target. Shifting the barrel with lightning precision, she had pointed it for the wire. The impact of the charge, thrown from a distance of only a dozen feet or so, was enough to part the wire, already nearly at the breaking strain. It whirled aloft and writhed inboard viciously. A wicked sea foamed in around the schooner's stern and jounced the rudder post up and down in its ruined port. There was a shriek in the rigging. The tribesmen clustered at her bow, sprang for the shrouds. The Bessie Corcoran swayed from side to side with elephantine lethargy; there came a rumble from her holds, a gush of white water at her freeing ports, and a prolonged sound forward where the livid seas tormented her.

"It was like Old Hopeless breathing out through his nose the way he sometimes will," Artie Wincapaw described it later. "Kind of a sad snoring wheeze."

She was a long time making up her mind, he testified. She went at it so deliberately that even when she did ultimately sink for good and all in ninety feet of water, they knew of it only by the crackling jar through all her members when the two bottoms came together—the bottom of the ship and the bottom of the sea, that is.

"You've drowned her; drowned her to the eyes, you little devil!" Hobart rasped. The light flashed and showed the wrecking gang clustered in the eyes of the rigging, with the waters of the North Atlantic mousing at their heels. "You've drowned her when thirty barrels more would have floated her. There's fifteen hundred dollars at the bottom of the sea. By Godfrey, when I have more money in the till, hanged if I don't call for the gluepot and start papering the parlor walls. Looks to me like there was method in my father's madness."

"Rann, you don't know what you're saying. You're half out of your head. Come and let me get you in and get hot blankets on you," the girl pleaded. "Don't let's think any more about that silly ship."

His hands slipped from her shoulders. He toppled like his ship and sank half fainting into those slender arms which had outwitted and defeated him.

"I may be out of my head, but don't think you can lead me by the nose, all the same," he murmured. "And will you kindly tell me, deputy, what there was to gain by consigning that schooner to the deep? Who's the gainer? She's a worse menace to navigation where she is than where she was before."

"Suppose we put it down to mulishness," the girl said, holding rigid under his increasing weight.

"Mulishness. No, but give me a reason. Give me a reasonable reason why you haven't been pulling against the will of God, first and last."

The girl's eyes flashed all their fire in the blinding glow of the light.

"You think I can't?" she whispered close in his ear. "Well, it so happens that I can. I should think that instinct, if nothing else, would have told you by this time which one of us was pulling against the will of God. You get an idea into your head, and nothing under heaven can dislodge it. You have that fixed idea, and you put your head down and go at it headlong. Here you've worked yourself into a sickbed, and sunk all the money you had in the world, in order to get that ship up on a railway and prove it to witnesses that there is gold under the mainmast. You wouldn't listen to me. You brushed me out of the way like a feather. Maybe you'll listen to me now, Rann. There isn't any gold there, it so happens."

"No gold? I saw your father toss it into the step with my own eyes, I tell you, before they dropped the mast into her. I can see him now taking it out of that old tobacco pouch he uses for a purse, and thumbing it, and spitting on it, and then chucking it into the step after he breathed the benediction."

"You see so much," the girl retorted with her little steely strain of satire, "maybe you can see me taking that coin out of the pouch before he left the house, and substituting a bright penny. Because that's just what I did. Call it the peaked Corcoran if you want to. I couldn't countenance throwing away five good dollars on a mere dumb ship. I couldn't. I couldn't see how that piece of metal was going to hoist the sails on that ship or stow cargo or keep her off the rocks, but it might go some way toward buying me a winter hat, where my own father was so peaked that he wouldn't consider it in any circumstances. And that's—that's exactly what it did. Oh, Rann, now you know what a bl-black, ignorant and dishonest woman I am, I guess you'll be justified in just leaving me to my own devices. But—wasn't I practically forced into antagonizing you where you were bound and determined to bring that bright penny to the surface? Rann, can't you—can't you give the devil his due?"

Rann laughed weakly but consumedly.

"Your winter hat," he muttered. "Your winter hat. Well, look here, leaving the devil out of the question, put him on one side entirely, Bessie; hereafter when you want a winter hat you come to me. I can get you a hat for less than the purchase price of a three-master schooner any day."

They clung together for the period of the light's eclipse; and fell apart guiltily at the prod of its accusing spearhead.

"But, Rann," whispered the deputy, "do you think we ought to count the cost where principles are at stake? Isn't it worth a three-masted schooner for us to learn that we never ought to have secrets from each other in any particular? Shouldn't you say?"

Rann Hobart brushed the hair out of his eyes and pushed her a little from him, holding by her for support.

"You do put the thing so beautifully," he exulted. "I wouldn't knuckle to opposition, but I'm not ashamed to knuckle to an argument so well feathered out as that is. What's a ship between lovers? Put it down to profit and loss, and you'll find that I'm agreeable. As a matter of fact, I see now where I was lame. There I was going round making my brags that I could stand toe to toe with Archimedes, looking for a standing place to stand on and move the earth, where all the time, by the Eternal, I might have known. I say almost anybody could have told me, who had been through the mill, that if the right woman came and stood on that standing place, she would move heaven and earth without its even breathing her. And, deputy, you're standing on that standing place this blessed minute."

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THE BLACK GOLCONDA

Continued from Page 13

I have been able to learn, it established a precedent for the elaborate statistical department which is now almost a matter of course in every well-organized business.

It goes without saying that Bemis soon graduated from the office-boy class. When the Standard Oil Company of New York was organized he was drafted into its personnel. This company led the vanguard in planting the Standard flag overseas. It was Bemis who introduced American methods of marketing kerosene into China and subsequently fought the bitter trade war there and elsewhere in the Far East with Henri—now Sir Henri—Deterding, the European oil colossus, who was then winning his spurs with the Royal Dutch. When Bemis died he was a vice president of the Standard of New York.

The second piece of pioneering was the establishment of a lunch room for officers and directors, now almost as familiar an adjunct of the large corporation as the statistical bureau. This idea undoubtedly grew out of Mr. Rockefeller's instinct for economy. He argued, and not unwisely, that since his principal associates had to eat in the middle of the day, they might spend the time profitably engaged in discussing the company's affairs.

The first Standard private restaurant was established in New York in 1876, shortly after William Rockefeller established the Standard offices there. The original Standard offices of any consequence were at 140 Pearl Street. There was no space there for the lunch room, so it was set up a few doors away. Here gathered the men who made oil history. As you may well imagine, there was a fixed seating arrangement—nothing ever went by chance in the Standard –and no one ever departed from it.

I have seen that table diagram. John D. Rockefeller, although the founder and in many respects the compelling personal force in the organization until he retired in the late '90's, did not sit at the head of the table. That place was reserved for Charles Pratt. At his right, and extending toward the foot in this order, came H. M. Flagler, John D. Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, J. A. Bostwick, E. J. Pouch, John Bushnell and Paul Babcock. Extending from Pratt's left were Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, Thomas Bushnell, Benjamin Brewster, F. Q. Barstow, J. Crowell, J. H. Alexander. At the foot sat James McGee. Of this group of sixteen men who formulated and carried out the original Standard policies, the only survivor is John D. Rockefeller.

The Directors' Long Table

It was not until 1882, when the company moved to 44 Broadway, that the lunch room came to be in the same building as the offices. By the time 26 Broadway was occupied, in 1885—it is worth remarking that this is the best-known business address in the world –the Standard lunch room had become an institution. Here came Chauncey Depew with his latest jokes. If ever a humorist had a hard-boiled audience he did in that Standard crowd. Another frequent guest was Mark Twain, who was the close friend of Henry H. Rogers.

The Standard lunch room has outgrown its original idea. Today it is not only attended by the directors but by the heads of all the various departments. Although it is running a little ahead of the story, it might be well to say here that just as dissolution played many pranks with the various agencies attached to the old order, it also caused a readjustment in the lunch room.

In the old days the directors sat at a long table. This was possible because the ownership of the thirty-three subsidiary companies was vested in the Standard of New Jersey, of which John D. Rockefeller was president. New Jersey was the king pin. "As New Jersey goes, so go all the rest," was the slogan.

With the break-up came a new deal. Each company occupying office space at 26 Broadway—and only two major companies do—took its own group of tables. The two principal tables now are for the directors of the New Jersey and the New York companies. Subordinate executives of New Jersey or New York sit at tables reserved for their respective companies.

The famous structure at 26 Broadway has always been owned by the Standard of New York. Prior to dissolution, however, the arbiter was the New Jersey company. Control then went back to the New York, to which the New Jersey and other companies pay rent and also a fixed price for lunch whether it is eaten or not. The one way that the New Jersey company gets even is to bring in guests, for whom no charge is ever made.

The psychology, or rather physiology, of this matter of communal corporate eating is not to be despised. It is based on the old theory that the road to human amiability and to concession is by way of the stomach. Perhaps this was also back of Mr. Rockefeller's mind when he launched the idea. In any event, he established a precedent that has been widely followed.

The third Standard innovation—it is really twins—remains a distinctive feature in the organization of all existing Standard companies. It lay first in the creation of a working board of directors—that is, a board composed of heads of departments; second in having this board meet every day.

As most people know, the prevailing idea in directorates is to have meetings at stated periods. Then, too, most corporation boards are made up of a few company officers and others recruited from the outside. The latter may be bankers, capitalists or corporation lawyers. Board meetings are usually held to approve action already decided on. One of the principal anxieties of the members is to get the gold pieces handed out as fees for serving as directors who do not really direct. Before the Equitable scandal in New York it was no infrequent matter for a Wall Street banker to be a member of fifty boards. Obviously he could not do his full duty by all of them. This led to the interlocking system which built up the so-called money trust.

A Contribution of Efficiency

John D. Rockefeller got action out of everything he touched. Hence his idea of a directorate was one whose meetings would be a daily interchange of ideas among men charged with carrying them out. Moreover, it enabled him to maintain an intimate contact with everything that was going on in his ramified affairs.

As I have already intimated, that idea is still a fetish in all the Standard Oil companies. Whether it is the New Jersey, Indiana, New York or California organization, the board of directors today includes, in addition to the president, the one or more heads of the producing, refining, marketing and transportation departments. There are no outsiders.

In the case of the Standard of New Jersey you have an innovation upon an innovation. There are two heads for every one of the four major departments. Each is a member of the board. The senior is also a vice president of the company. The idea behind this is that in the absence of one head the other can be on the job, and there is no break in the constituency of the board or the executive direction of the specific work.

Thus the old Standard, though conspicuously lacking in philanthropic attitude toward competition, not only put the oil business on its feet but made a very definite contribution to the efficiency of the whole modern business institution.

We now arrive at the crossroads in the destiny of the Standard Oil Company, which means that we have reached the decree of dissolution.

This momentous mandate was the culmination of years of agitation over Standard monopolistic practices. It began in 1888, when the General Laws Committee of the New York State Senate began an investigation of the general subject of trusts, and Standard Oil in particular. The scene shifted to Ohio, where there was active litigation, and finally brought up in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri. Here the Federal Government brought suit against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and seven directors, alleging violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law. The thirty-three subsidiary companies also were named.

The seven directors cited as conspirators were John D. Rockefeller, who had started in the refinery business with Maurice Clark and Samuel Andrews in 1862; William Rockefeller, who had joined the partnership in 1865; Henry M. Flagler, who expanded it to Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler in 1867; Oliver H. Payne, who had participated in the formation of the first Standard Oil Company of Ohio in 1869; Charles Pratt and H. H. Rogers, who had thrown in their fortunes when Charles Pratt & Co. merged with the Standard Oil of Ohio in 1874; and John D. Archbold, who became a Standard executive in 1876, when Porter, Moreland & Co. was made a unit of the Standard Oil enterprise. These men were the master minds of the Standard that was

The fact that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was made the principal corporate defendant requires an explanation, not only for the purpose of elucidating the decree but as a guide to subsequent events. The old Standard trust was composed of thirty-three companies, including the Standard of California, Indiana, New York, Kansas, Kentucky, Nebraska, and Ohio, the Vacuum Oil Company, the Galena-Signal Company, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, the Ohio Oil Company, the National Transit Company, the Union Tank Line Company, the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company and various others.

The total capitalization of these subsidiaries aggregated $153,040,450. Of this capitalization, $151,153,430 was owned by the Standard of New Jersey, in which the big seven were the principal directors, and of which John D. Rockefeller was president. The New Jersey company therefore was the holding organization whose stockholders owned all the rest. What the New Jersey company decreed was the law of the group. Now you can see why this company and its directors were the chief objectives of the government suit.

An illuminating and little known fact concerning the New Jersey company prior to dissolution was the allocation of stock among the powers that were. Heading the list was John D. Rockefeller, with 244,345 shares. The next largest shareholder was the Harkness estate, with 100,000 shares. S. V. Harkness had been one of the associates of John D. in the organization of the original Standard unit. Third came Charles M. Pratt, with 58,250 shares; fourth, Oliver H. Payne, with 48,000 shares; fifth, Henry M. Flagler, with 36,020 to his credit; sixth, Henry H. Rogers, with 20,190 shares; seventh, William Rockefeller, with 8000 shares; eighth, John D. Archbold, with 6000 shares. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., then held only 720 shares.

When Standard Went Begging

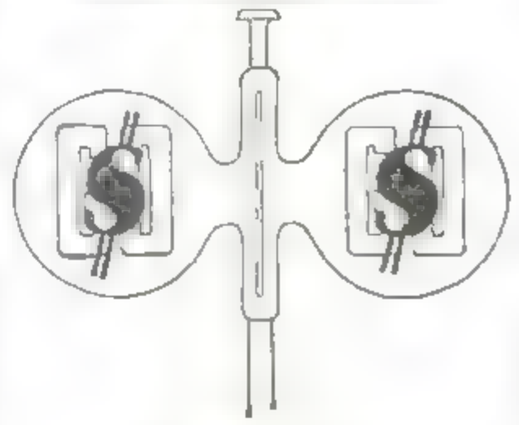
These holdings constituted a majority ownership, although there were then 6078 stockholders in the New Jersey company. Most of the other stock was held by capitalists or estates. The old New Jersey security was a curb stock—that is, it was not listed in the New York Stock Exchange.

The total number of outstanding shares was 983,383, of a par value of $100 each. At that time—1911 –each share of Standard of New Jersey stock was worth approximately $650. This price, of course, included the rights in the subsidiary companies. These rights, as you will soon see, were 100 per cent nuggets.

Since the old Standard stock was a real gold mine, it may be well to take a glance at its movements prior to dissolution. Amazing as it seems in the light of its marvelous enhancement since 1911, there were times when it literally went begging. In 1882 it sold as low as 75. It reached its highest in 1901, when it brought $842 a share. That year it paid a dividend of $48 a share. The Standard of New Jersey dividend in the '80's ranged from $6 to $12 a share, while in the decree year, when it averaged $650 a share, it paid $37.

You may wonder why William Rockefeller had such a small New Jersey holding at the time of dissolution. The reason is interesting. Some time previously he had got cold feet on the Standard enterprise. In the late '80's he had a large block. When the old New Jersey company shares went down to 80 he sold a big portion to John D. I do not know whether Brother John cautioned him about parting with a good thing or not, but the net result was that John D. Rockefeller bought whenever he had the chance, and William gave him a good many opportunities. John D.'s faith in oil was unfaltering. William Rockefeller of course had other large interests, especially in copper, steel and railroads, and in spite of his defection as Standard stockholder he died a very

GO AHEAD



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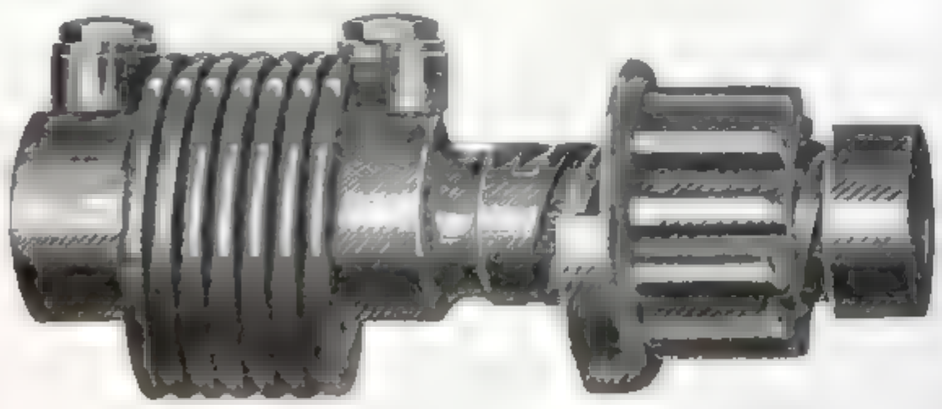

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rich man. He would have been much richer had he held onto his original Standard stock.

Such was the line-up in 1911, when the United States Circuit Court found the Standard Oil trust guilty as charged, on the broad ground that the consolidation in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey of the ownership of and the power of control over a large number of potentially competitive corporations constituted a combination in restraint of trade and an unlawful monopoly in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law. This was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, and the reign of the old Standard was over. The trust was given six months in which to adjust itself to the new order.

Stripped down to the simplest language, the purpose of the decree was to cause the distribution among the stockholders of the holding company -that is, the Standard of New Jersey -of the stocks it owned in the subordinate corporations, "to the end that each corporate member of the combination should in the future have and exercise corporate independence, with its own particular set of stockholders not united with, or tied to, those of its competitors, either actual or potential, under a single or common control." It meant that no longer could the New Jersey company from its directors' room at 26 Broadway control, vote or operate the thirty-three subsidiaries. The effect therefore was to destroy the combination which had exercised an 85 per cent control of the oil business in the United States and launch the constituent parts in independent business life under the law of the land.

Now began -and it is the first real phase of the evolution of the Standard—the finest little piece of omelet unscrambling in the history of American business. Under the court mandate the specific job was the transfer by the New Jersey company back to the stockholders of the various subsidiary companies of the stock that had been turned over to the New Jersey corporation in exchange for its stock. The distribution was made pro rata among the New Jersey stockholders of record on September 1, 1911.

You will recall that there were outstanding 983,383 shares in the New Jersey company. Therefore 983,383 became the unit of distribution. If a person held one share of stock in the New Jersey company he received extra interest in the subsidiaries. For the purpose of popular explanation, let us see what happened to an individual who was lucky enough to hold 100 shares in the holding, or mother, company.

The Golden Cycle

The list is too long to print, but he would have received a total of 267 full shares distributed in twenty-four companies, with a fractional interest in each of the nine remaining corporations. His new holdings would have included five shares in the Atlantic Refining Company, twenty in the Buckeye Pipe Line Company, ten in the Indiana Pipe Line Company, fifty-one in the National Transit Company, sixty-one in the Ohio Oil Company, eighteen in the Prairie Oil & Gas Co., twenty-five in the Standard of California, and so on.

For a moment every subsidiary company had an identical list of stockholders. Almost the next moment the natural processes of change began. People began to buy and others sold. Individuals died and their estates were distributed. What was once, in some respects, the most closely held of all stocks, flowed into a wider field, and it has been flowing ever since

The real romance of Standard evolution lies in what might well be called the golden cycle wrought by the increase in stock values and returns, made possible by the multiplication of the consumption of petroleum products and the consequent expansion of earnings of the various companies.

Since everyone is interested in the Rockefeller millions, let us take them up first. At dissolution Mr. Rockefeller's 244,345 shares of New Jersey common stock, at $650 a share, which was the prevailing price, would have yielded $158,824,250. It is estimated that if the owner of one share of that stock had held it until the present time, and taken advantage of all stock rights, his single share would be worth $3500. This means that Mr. Rockefeller's original holdings today would represent a value of about $858,000,000. The cash dividends on those original shares would have paid for all new issues since 1911.

There is a wide impression that all the Rockefeller fortune is bound up in oil. This is not true. Mr. Rockefeller held a huge interest in the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, in the Union Pacific, in northwestern iron-ore properties, and in a great many other enterprises. This would bring his total wealth to more than $1,000,000,000 at the high tide.

I say high tide because some years ago he began to distribute his money. To the Rockefeller Foundation he has already given $183,000,000; to the General Education Board $129,000,000; to the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Laura Spelman Rockefeller was his wife—$74,000,000, and to the University of Chicago $35,000,000. In addition he also gave an immense sum to increase teachers' salaries throughout the United States.

It is also no secret that Mr. Rockefeller has turned over approximately $500,000,000 to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose principal occupation these days is the custodianship of his vast holdings. Among other things, John D., Jr., owns 2,268,000 shares of common and 39,130 of preferred shares in the Standard of New Jersey, or 11.4 per cent. The elder Rockefeller, by the way, does not own a single share in the New Jersey company.

Despite his large ownership of stock, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is neither a director nor has he a voice in the control or management of the New Jersey company, or for that matter in any of the so-called Standard group of companies. In fact he is not even a shareholder in many of them. Even if he were a New Jersey director -he once served a few months in that capacity—he could wield no authority.

Gifts That Grew

This resulted from a stipulation in the dissolution decree prohibiting New Jersey directors, officers, agents or employes from voting any of the stock in any subsidiary company or, as the phrase went, "exercising or attempting to exercise any control, direction, supervision or influence over the acts of these subsidiary companies by virtue of its holding of their stock." Young Mr. Rockefeller comes into direct touch with the companies in which he is financially interested only when fresh capital is necessary. He is always a considerable subscriber to any new stock issue by the oil companies in which he has retained a stock interest. These number less than fifteen.

One feature of the elder Rockefeller's benefactions is worth pointing out because it bears directly on Standard evolution. Mr. Rockefeller never gives any actual money. His gifts are in the form of blocks of stock, which are held by the boards of the various foundations and institutions he has endowed. John D., Jr., is chairman of the finance committee of each of these boards.

The query naturally arises, Can the Rockefeller family still exercise a corporate control through the stock bestowed on the benefactions and the personal holdings? I asked John D., Jr., this question point-blank. His reply was:

"No strings are tied to my father's stock gifts. When he gives a large block of securities to any one of the foundations or institutions the gift is outright. He has every confidence in the gentlemen who constitute the executive boards of the organizations. From time to time, as funds are needed for the philanthropies, some of these oil stocks are sold. This shows that there is no desire to have or to hold control of the companies. Though I am a member of the finance committee of these philanthropies, I am in the minority.

"This expression of confidence in the boards on my father's part is merely an evidence of a characteristic that marked his whole business life. He has always had faith in what he called the other man. When people ask him to reveal the secret of his success he invariably says, 'It was due to my associates.'"

Since the Rockefeller benefactions are in the form of huge blocks of stock, most of them oil, the endowments have naturally increased greatly in value. Some of them have aided in big company reorganizations, thereby becoming part of the Standard evolution, as this story will show:

Among the Rockefeller gifts to the Rockefeller Foundation was a large block of stock in the Galena-Signal Oil Company, one of the old Standard subsidiaries. Some time

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

afterward this company, in search for crude with a large lubricating content, made a deal with J. S. Cullinan, founder of the Texas Company, who, upon his retirement from that organization, went into production and refining on his own. In exchange for his properties, Cullinan received shares in the Galena-Signal Oil Company. Subsequently he felt that the state of affairs in the corporation was not entirely to his satisfaction and he threatened to bring suit. Instead, however, he pooled his stock with the Rockefeller Foundation holdings, obtained control and reorganized the company with a new management. He is now chairman of the board. Thus the endowment stock still continues to play a part in the evolution of the old Standard.

Far more diverting than these incidents is the tale of the enrichment of the old Standard stocks since dissolution. What happened to John D. Rockefeller's holdings had been duplicated in a lesser way all down the line.

Let me begin with an illustration that antedates dissolution because it shows a miracle of increase probably unmatched in the history of American securities. Let us assume that in 1893 a certain individual invested $50,000 in the old Standard of New Jersey stock, which was then selling at $125 a share. In consequence he got 400 shares. If he had held these shares up to October, 1923, and taken advantage of all stock rights accruing to him, he would have had a principal of $1,149,000 in stocks. He would have received in cash dividends $722,000. His only cash outlay to take advantage of stock rights would have been $116,000, leaving him a net cash return of $606,000. I doubt if any simular transaction in stocks would have yielded such a return. Though I am dealing with a hypothetical case in order to show the increase of values, there is no doubt that this performance has actually happened in more than one instance.

California Melons

Now for the specific stocks since dissolution. In December, 1911, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana stocks sold for $3000 a share, under $1,000,000 capitalization, with a par value of $100 a share. In May, 1912, the company increased its capital stock to $30,000,000 and distributed what came to be a famous stock dividend of 2900 per cent. This increased the holding of one share to 30 shares. In December, 1920, a stock dividend of 150 per cent was paid, increasing these 30 shares to 75. At the same time the company reduced the par value of the stock from $100 to $25 a share. Our 75 shares now expanded to 300 shares. Two years later a stock dividend of 100 per cent increased the number to 600 shares. Yet this began with one original share.

At the time I write, Standard of Indiana stock is selling around $62 a share, giving the 600 shares a value of $37,200, or a profit on the original cost of exactly $34,200 during a period of twelve years. This would be the equivalent of an average annual appreciation of 95 per cent on the investment. During these twelve years a holder of one original share, had he retained it, would have received a total in cash dividends of $10,920, which would be an average of $910 a year, or 30 per cent per annum on the initial $3000 investment.

Now turn to the Standard of California. In December, 1911, the stock could have been purchased for about $125 a share, the capitalization being $25,000,000, with par value at $100. In this illustration we will take a unit of ten shares, which could have been purchased at dissolution at $1250.

Unlike the Standard of Indiana, the California Company, in addition to distributing stock dividends, has also given its stockholders the privilege of subscribing to additional capital stock at par. There is no need of going into the various steps, because results are what we want to know. Had the holder of the original 10 shares, purchased at $125 a share, held them until the end of 1922, retained his stock dividends and taken advantage of all stock rights, he would have had a total of 356.4 shares of a par value of $25 each, because the par value was reduced from $100 to $25 in 1921. His stock would have been worth about $60 a share, or a total of approximately $19,000, equal to an average annual appreciation over a ten years on the amount invested of more than 68 per cent. He would have received in cash dividends $4091.40, or a return of about 17 per cent.

Following dissolution, Standard of New Jersey common could have been purchased around $350 a share. This was, of course, after the distribution of stock of the various subsidiary companies. During the following twelve years the company distributed a 400 per cent stock dividend and a $40 special cash dividend, representing the repayment of a loan by former subsidiaries. The par value also was reduced from $100 to $25 a share. Summed up, the relation of the present New Jersey share to the original is on the basis of twenty to one. If John Jones, for example, had one share of New Jersey stock in 1911 he would have twenty shares today, with a total value of $720 as compared with the 1911 price of $350 for one share.

I could continue this list of Standard stock enhancement almost indefinitely. The point to be made, however, is that every share of original stock, whether in the parent New Jersey company or in the subsidiaries, has increased tremendously in value. Hence one of the principal results of dissolution has been the writing of a really gilded legend in our larger security narrative.

This stock-value enhancement was made possible because the various companies comprising the original trust have expanded to a degree undreamed of by the original promoters and those who brought about disintegration. The beginning was not easy.

When the dissolution mandate landed like a thunderbolt, and the unscrambling started, the most extraordinary economic monstrosity that American business has ever known was temporarily revealed. Under the old trust order the whole country had been parceled out among the various subsidiaries so that those who marketed products had a certain area all their own. The Standard of New York, for example, was the master of New England; the Standard of Indiana dictated to the Middle West; the Standard of California ruled the Pacific Coast. The Ohio Oil & Gas Co. was solely a producer. The Prairie Oil & Gas Co. was both producer and transporter. The Galena-Signal and the Vacuum Oil Company specialized in lubricants.

Although the thirty-three companies had their various and individual activities, they functioned together. The Ohio Oil Company and the Prairie Oil & Gas Co. provided the New Jersey refineries with oil; New York bought its kerosene and gasoline from New Jersey; the various pipe-line companies transported crude for many of their sister corporations. In short, you had a vast and coördinated institution that was self-sufficient save in production. It was characteristic of the canniness of those early Standard organizers that they left the hazard of finding and financing the oil well largely to the other fellow.

Dissolution Problems

On the financial side there was the same cohesion. The Standard of New York was the banker of the trust. When a subsidiary company needed money it appealed to the New Jersey board, which authorized New York to find the funds.

Moreover, although the New Jersey board was not identical with the directorates of the thirty-three subsidiaries, the president of every important corporation in the group was a member of the New Jersey board. Thus H. C. Folger, Jr., who headed the Atlantic Refining Company; J. A. Moffett, president of the Standard of California and of Indiana; and John D. Archbold, who was chief executive of the Ohio Oil Company, sat in the holy of holies, otherwise the board room at 26 Broadway.

The dissolution decree, though not prohibiting the subsidiaries from doing business with one another, rent this happy family asunder. The Standard of New Jersey found itself with a big refining capacity, but with little production. New York had a close-knit marketing system here and in the Far East, but with very limited refining facilities. Indiana was absolutely without production, but had refining and marketing machinery. Ohio Oil was producing oil, but without any outlet. So it went. As someone remarked, "The Standard subsidiaries were all dressed up, but did not know what to do or where to go."

Let us look at the big facts first. On the day prior to dissolution the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had net assets of $660,000,000. Its daily production in the United States was 87,000 barrels, or 16.67 per cent of the total output of the country. Its refinery runs every twenty-four hours were 265,000 barrels, or 44.25 per cent of the total refining capacity of the United States. These figures, it will be well to keep in mind, represented the activities of the whole Standard group.

On the day following dissolution the Standard of New Jersey, as a detached company, had a daily production of only 8000 barrels, or 1.53 per cent of the total of all the American fields.

Its daily refinery runs were 92,488 barrels, or 13.21 per cent of the total United States refining capacity.

The immediate task of New Jersey, as well as every one of the former subsidiaries, was to reorganize. The first step was the retirement of John D. Rockefeller, who had continued as nominal president of the New Jersey company up to dissolution. He was succeeded by John D. Archbold. In passing, it may be interesting to note that throughout its long history the New Jersey company has had only four presidents. A. C. Bedford succeeded Archbold. When Bedford became chairman of the board in 1917 his place was taken by Walter C. Teagle.

Each former subsidiary had to establish a complete new group of officers and name a new board. J. C. Donnell, who, by the way, has produced more high-grade oil and drilled more wells than any other American individual, and is the only man who calls John D. Rockefeller by his first name, became president of Ohio Oil. D. G. Scofield was elevated to the presidency of the California company, W. P. Cowan to the headship of the Indiana company and J. W. Van Dyke to be chief executive of the Atlantic Refining Company. I have only enumerated a few changes.

The Absentee Landlord

These men, however, were members of the old guard and had been identified with the trust era. One of the really notable results of dissolution has been the opportunity afforded first for the stockholders to become rich; second, and far more important, for young men to rise in the service.

The case of Walter Teagle will illustrate. Although he was a director in the old Standard of New Jersey at the age of thirty, and the youngest man to hold that post, he might possibly not have had the chance to become the commanding figure that he is in American Oil under the former régime, which was not strong on youth. He was made president of the New Jersey company in 1917, when he was only thirty-nine.

In the same way K. R. Kingsbury, who once stoked a furnace at a pipe-line pumping station, rose to be president of the Standard of California at forty-three; while Robert Stewart went from member of the legal staff to the chairmanship of the board of the Standard of Indiana at fifty.

There is another interesting phase. The one-time trust was practically administered by its owners. Now it is a case of the absentee landlord, because the men in the Standard saddle today are, with few exceptions, salaried officers and not capitalists with large stock interests in their business.

With dissolution, the word "independent" came into being to indicate any individual or corporation not a part of the old Standard combine. All former subsidiaries are still designated as members of the so-called Standard group, although in effect they are separate entities.

Once the evolution began, no time was lost. The net result of dissolution is that today the total stock capitalization of the Standard of New Jersey and all the former subsidiaries amounts to $1,941,013,469. This includes preferred as well as common issues. If to this sum is added the capitalization of the various corporations such as the Humble Oil and Refining Company, Imperial Oil, Ltd., and other subsidiaries of the present New Jersey company, and that of the Magnolia Company, which is owned by the Standard of New York, you have a grand capitalization of $2,346,113,999, or twenty times the capital of the old New Jersey company.

This reference to subsidiaries discloses still another interesting feature of Standard evolution. Where formerly the old New Jersey had its thirty-three subsidiaries, many of the big companies, and especially the former parent one, now have their own string of adjunct organizations. New Jersey, for instance, has exactly forty-six subordinate companies, most of them in foreign countries. The Vacuum Oil Company has twenty-one, all of them in alien

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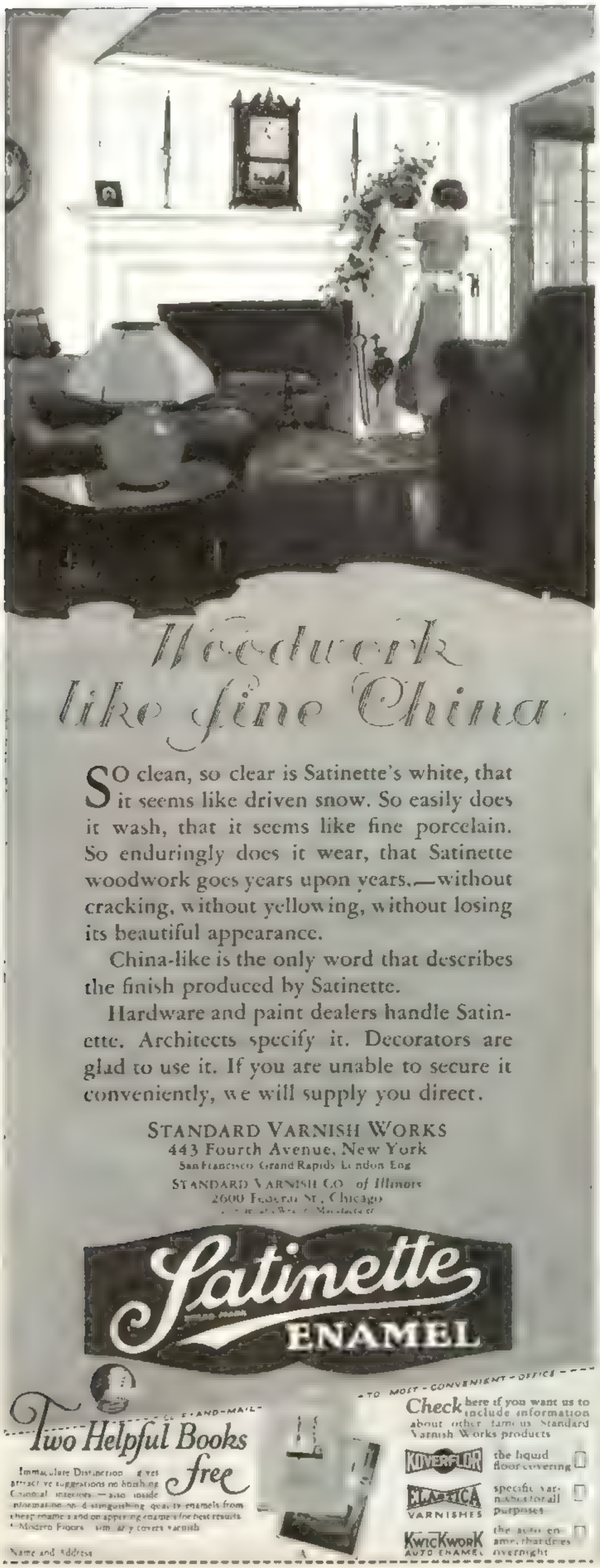

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fields. Although the Standard of New York operates abroad, largely in the Near and the Far East, the activities are all under the New York name.

What was once the tail of the Standard trust kite—and by this I mean the production end—has evolved into a tremendous factor. During 1923 it is estimated that the old subsidiaries produced 310,000 barrels a day, or about 15 per cent of the whole United States production. Add to this the New Jersey home production of 109,379 barrels and you find that New Jersey and all its mates of the former combine produced 20 per cent of all the oil garnered in this country last year.

To enumerate the development of the major Standard companies since 1911 would be to chronicle a considerable portion of American petroleum expansion. Since the New Jersey company was the storm center of that departed trust day, we will use it as a concrete illustration to show the Standard advance. Its growth is one of the miracles of that succession of marvelous transformations which make the oil record so remarkable.

Does Real Competition Exist?

From 8000 barrels a day, its production, including the foreign output, has grown to 194,000 barrels. The capitalization at dissolution of $100,000,000 has increased to $698,560,025. The estimated net assets are $925,000,000. Its tankers—and with those of the subsidiaries they number ninety vessels, totaling 897,000 dead-weight tons comprise the largest privately owned fleet flying the American flag. It is therefore the largest single unit in the oil business anywhere in the world. The only contender for this distinction is the Royal Dutch-Shell combination, whose total assets aggregate only a little less than $750,000,000.

The Royal Dutch-Shell group benefited materially by the dissolution decree. By following the Standard's former method of combination they have effected mergers of practically all the foreign oil interests. Thus they are able to present a united front against the efforts of the American companies, which must fight singly for a share of the petroleum fields of the future.

We have now briefly run the range of Standard evolution. We have seen how the dissolution decree converted the octopus, for the time being at least, into an economic monstrosity; and also how those dismembered parts, through intensive management and the marvelous development of automotive transportation, have expanded into lusty giants on their own. The final query therefore is, Do these separate units really compete with one another? There is a wide impression that they do not. What are the facts?

The principal basis of the belief that there is a close understanding between the Standard companies is the fact that each Standard marketing company still occupies and supplies a distinct and more or less arbitrarily bounded territory. The Standard contention in justification is that the founders of the trust, not contemplating that the subsidiaries would ever compete with one another, divided the country so that each Standard Oil plant was situated so as to serve its contiguous territory to the best economic advantage. It was the strategic location of these plants in respect to transportation that gave the corporation its dominating position in the industry then and is the barrier to general competition among the separated units now.

Once more let me use the Standard of New Jersey to illustrate. The point is frequently raised as to why this company has not created marketing facilities of its own in the states supplied by the Standard Oil Company of New York, to say nothing of those served by the Atlantic Refining Company and the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky.

Since there is no other procedure open, let me present the explanation of the relation with the New York company as given to me by the New Jersey company. Here it is:

The dissolution left the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with refining facilities on New York Harbor in excess of the requirements of its domestic or export markets. These excess refining facilities had been created by the former organization to supply in part the domestic marketing business of the Standard Oil Company of New York in Eastern New York and New England, and were ideally located for this purpose.

The Standard Oil Company of New York, at the time of the dissolution, was not a large manufacturing unit, and its refining capacity on New York Harbor was limited. The Standard Oil Company of New York, however, had a very large investment in distributing and marketing facilities in the states above referred to, and it was the natural and logical sequence of events that the Standard Oil Company of New York, in these circumstances, should seek to buy a part at least of its requirements from the New Jersey company. To have duplicated the Standard Oil Company of New York's marketing facilities would have necessitated a very large expenditure by the Standard of New Jersey. The conclusion of its directors was that the supply of capital available to them being insufficient for both, it was the part of wisdom to proceed with the creation of an adequate and certain crude production, and to keep pace with its own expanding domestic and foreign markets, rather than to embark upon a marketing campaign in a field which the company was already, as a wholesaler, supplying in part.

This is what happened after the dissolution, and the method has been continued to the present. Under a yearly contract we obligate ourselves to sell to the Standard Oil Company of New York definite and fixed quantities of gasoline and refined oil, and the price basis of the contract is that it must not be higher than the current price at which we invoice the same products to our foreign subsidiaries and our domestic-trade department. We also sell the Standard Oil Company of New York, when from time to time it is in the market, other petroleum products, such as lubricating oil, fuel and gas oil, at fixed and competitive prices. Our sales to the Standard Oil Company of New York for the year 1923 amounted to more than $46,000,000.

Other than these sales contracts and certain minor transactions, such as lighterage facilities in New York Harbor and rent of certain offices, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has no contract, agreement or understanding with the Standard Oil Company of New York. The same conditions exist with the Standard of Kentucky and the Atlantic Refining Company.

When I asked Walter Teagle if he were in competition, so far as refined products were concerned, with other members of the so-called Standard group, his reply was:

"During the first six months of 1923 the Standard of New Jersey's total domestic sales, not including the export trade, aggregated 21,155,820 barrels. Of this amount 44.7 per cent was in the various states in which the company maintains local distributing facilities; 20.9 per cent were sales to former subsidiaries such as the Standard of New York, the Standard of Kentucky and others, while 34.4 per cent represented sales outside the districts in which the company maintains local marketing stations and in direct competition with the former subsidiaries."

The Old Oil Trust

There is no doubt, however, that the lesser Standard companies, in common with other petroleum corporations, take their cue from men of the type of Bedford, Teagle, Kingsbury, Stewart, and J. C. Donnell, in very much the same way that the trade policies of the leaders of any other industry are generally followed by the lesser lights in it. The procedure of these outstanding Standard administrators is adopted not as a matter of duty but of commercial expediency.

Finally, whatever attitude you may have toward the Standard that was, and regardless of how you feel concerning the Standard units that are, one thing is certain: As organized and operated, the old oil trust was not compatible with the letter or the spirit of economic democracy. The dissolution decree was the final expression of the public will on the subject of monopolistic control. In a larger sense, it was the ill wind that blew good to every agency concerned, not excepting the Standard itself.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with American oil. The next will be devoted to the fake-oil-stock bubble.

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"NEVER WERE CARS SO FINE PRICED SO LOW"

THE HERO OF THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 17)

it make if they were his own men or the others? Why didn't they shoot? He felt himself plucked from the sand bags. He opened his eyes and saw that an American major was holding him.

"Are you O.K.?" The major's voice was gruff.

"Yes, sir," Stevie faltered. What difference did it make?

"Good," the major grunted. Stevie stared at him. Which of them was mad?

"Your name?"

"Private Glenn, K Company."

"All right. Report to your captain."

Stevie managed to raise his hand in salute, to raise it stiffly, like a rusty railroad signal. He never knew how he found his way back to his company in a billet back of the lines.

Two days later the Armistice was signed. A week later Private Glenn was marched out before Company K one morning. He was haggard from suspense. His eyes looked round wildly for a wall. He saw a major general, a solid chunk of dignity, advancing toward him, and he closed his eyes and braced himself for a volley. He heard the major general's solemn voice.

"Private Stephen Glenn, K Company. For extraordinary valor in the Devil's Kitchen, near Ronssoy, France. This gallant soldier when attacked by a strong enemy raiding party stuck to his very dangerous post although his own comrades were driven back. His example was an inspiration to the entire regiment. I have received authority by cable to confer on him the highest award for courage given by his proud country—the Congressional Medal of Honor."

Stevie felt a hand fumbling at the breast of his coat. His eyes flew open. His racked nerves made him cry out.

"Don't give me this! It isn't right. I didn't do anything brave. I wanted to run ——"

The major general laid a paternal hand on Stevie's shoulder.

"I'm glad," said the officer, "to find that you are not only a brave man but a modest one."

"But I'm not brave!" Stevie was almost in tears. The major general smiled broadly. "I'm not brave, I tell you!" Stevie was hysterical. "I'd have run if I could. I don't know what happened out there. I was too scared to know anything."

The major general's smile grew still broader.

"Tut, tut," he said, and for a major general addressing a private his manner was very benevolent. "Modesty is a virtue, but too much modesty is a nuisance."

Six weeks later Company K paraded triumphantly up Main Street in Clinton City. All alone, a parade in himself, at the head of his company marched Sergeant Stevie Glenn. On the khaki breast of his uniform hung his medal.

A dinner was given next day by the Clinton City Chamber of Commerce in honor of Sergeant Glenn and his Medal of Honor. As he sat staring at his coffee cup Stevie was told how proud of him were his country, Uncle Sam, the church, the Y. M. C. A., the Butterworth Bottle Company, Inc., and Clinton City generally, by the mayor, a man who wished to be mayor, a clergyman, a secretary, Mr. J. P. Butterworth, president of the bottle company, and by a considerable number of lesser citizens, oratorically inclined. They told the story of his feat with variations and additions. He had, single-handed, dispatched twenty of the enemy, was the mayor's version. The candidate for mayor rejoiced that by valiant use of bomb and bayonet Clinton City's distinguished son had hurled to the nether depths no less than twenty-five of his country's foemen. It was the Y. M. C. A. secretary's impression that the figure was nearer thirty, for had not Sergeant Glenn manned a machine gun when his supply of bombs gave out, and his bayonet was bent on a particularly tough foe?

At last they called on Stevie himself.

"Tell us in your own way, Sergeant Glenn, just what you did that day in the Devil's Kitchen," said the toastmaster.

Stevie Glenn, looking trapped, stood twisting the tablecloth with both hands. Huskily he got out, "I didn't do anything. I wanted to run, but I couldn't."

They wouldn't let him say any more. They cheered him, clustered about him. Leading citizens pumped his hand.

Mr. J. P. Butterworth, himself, millionaire though he was, clapped Stevie on the back with a loud, "Glenn, my boy, you'll come back to us, I hope. The bottle industry needs men of your caliber. There's a new desk waiting at the works for you."

The Rev. Harvey Emerson Wastervelt, D.D., of Clinton City's most fashionable church, pressed Stevie's hand, saying, "My dear, brave young man, I shall preach a sermon using your words as my text: 'I wanted to run, but I couldn't.' Ah, how perfectly you have summed up the true meaning of courage! And now you must promise me you will come to the get-together supper at my Men's Club, next Wednesday. Will you?"

"And you're to be the guest of honor at the Friday luncheon of the Rotary Club," put in a leading citizen.

"And at the Kiwanis Club smoker Saturday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall," said another leading citizen.

"Of course he will," said Mr. J. P. Butterworth, expansive and fatherly. "Won't you, Glenn, my boy?"

Stevie was too frightened to refuse.

At the get-together supper given by the Men's Club in the church basement, Stevie Glenn was introduced as the hero of the Devil's Kitchen. The handclapping lasted fully two minutes. During the supper the horrid suspicion that he would be expected to speak had become a certainty, and his brain had groped around frantically to catch some words to say. He had done a little public debating in high school, largely because he was afraid if he did not it would be thought he was afraid to. Speaking in public had never ceased to be an ordeal, but he was glad of his early training at that moment. Enough fragments of it had stuck to give him a certain desperate assurance.

"I'm not much of a speech maker," he began, "and anyhow what I did is nothing to make a speech about. I didn't do anything to win a medal. I guess I really ought to have been shot."

They appeared to regard this statement as a piece of conscious humor, for their laughter filled the room.

"Tell us just what you did do in the Devil's Kitchen," boomed one of them.

"Yes, tell us all about it," others called.

Stevie's eyes searched the ceiling as if looking for words written there. He felt angry. He wanted to call them fools.

"Tell us about the bombs you threw," suggested someone.

"Well, you see," said Stevie, "I don't know what happened myself. My mind was all sort of confused. I didn't know whether I was coming or going. I do know I wanted to go. They were coming toward me with bayonets. I felt sick and covered my eyes. I don't know what happened then. I guess I must have fainted or something. When I came to, it was all over."

The men around the table exchanged amused glances.

"But you did man a machine gun, didn't you?" asked the president of the club.

"I don't think I did."

"They say you threw bombs with both hands."

"I don't remember doing that, sir."

"Come now, tell us. Just how many of the enemy did you knock out?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't have your adding machine along, eh?" suggested the president. They all laughed except Stevie. "Come now," the president persisted. "Was it thirty?"

Stevie shook his head.

"More than thirty?"

Stevie shook his head.

"Ah, less than thirty?"

Stevie shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," beamed the president, "we'll call your score twenty-nine. Fellows" the president turned to the others, his pink face red with inspiration—"let's all count to twenty-nine in honor of Sergeant Glenn. All together now. One, two three ——"

"But," began Stevie, "I ——"

The swelling chorus of voices drowned his words, "four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven ——"

"I didn't kill anybody."

They did not hear him.

"—— twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen ——"

"Stop! I didn't kill anybody, I tell you."

But with each number their voices grew louder, and for all they could hear, he was counting too.

"—— twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine!"

Stevie Glenn walked home, hating himself.

When he reported at the bottle works next day Stevie's fit of gloom was still on him. He knew he should have been pleased by the cordial reception that was given him. J. P. Butterworth himself greeted Stevie with a handshake. Stevie knew himself to be the same man who had left his high stool two years before. And yet there was a world of difference between Glenn, bookkeeper, $28 a week, and Sergeant Glenn, Medal of Honor man, assistant to the sales manager, $60 a week. Now he was in one of the upper classes, industrially—an executive entitled to eat with other executives in a restaurant, without undue haste, instead of a clerk doomed to devouring sandwiches, pie and coffee in a clattering lunch room with other clerks. Now he was permitted to attend minor conferences and initial lesser memorandums. The new work was rather easier than the old. In his seven years as bookkeeper with the company Stevie Glenn had absorbed quite a bit of knowledge about the bottle business. He had even dared think that he could have handled bigger work, but he had never had the nerve to put this notion into words, and so, at twenty-eight, before the war, he had decided that he was in a blind alley. Now, at thirty, the blind alley had miraculously become an open road. He had but to walk it steadily to come within sight of high place. Yet he was far from being happy. He knew on what keystone the edifice of his success was erected.

He thought about it in his room that night. It wasn't honest to go along like this. He must make them all understand that they were making a hero of him in spite of himself, and in spite of the facts. That rot about manning a machine gun —— Should he send the medal back to Congress? He was to speak at the Rotary Club luncheon Friday. He'd tell them then, make them listen, believe. Meantime, he thought, lying there in his bed, the sensible thing for him to do was to make the most of the chance a drunken fate had thrust at him, so that when they did realize that against his will he had been sailing under false colors, they would let him keep the new job on his own merits. So he plunged next day into his work with a ferocious energy.

At the Rotary Club luncheon he was given an ovation when he rose to speak.

"I don't deserve all this," said Stevie in as firm a voice as he could command. "I want you to know the truth. I tried to run away from the Devil's Kitchen ——"

"But you didn't!" cried a Rotarian. A penetrating tenor suggested, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and a rumbling bass added, "which nobody can deny." The room took up the song.

"I tell you I didn't deserve the medal," Stevie began again. "I didn't man a machine gun or kill any thirty ——"

A round-faced song leader leaped on his chair.

"Not thirty, only twenty-nine!" he cried. "Come on, fellows. We'll sing the new song." He led them in a round, sweet voice:

"Twenty-nine Jerries, singing Hymns of Hate,
Glenn pulled the trigger, that left twenty-eight.

Loudly and joyfully they sang from printed slips.

"Twenty-eight Jerries, charging at our hero,
Stevie threw a bomb and made one of them a zero.

"Twenty-seven Jerries very much alive,
Bang bang went Stevie, that left twenty-five."

Stevie Glenn went back to his office, and although it was his own, with "Mr. Glenn" in neat gold letters on the door, he felt something hurting him with an almost physical pain. To deaden it he worked feverishly. The treasurer of the company, Mr. Vance, asked Stevie to tea at his home that afternoon. Mr. Vance had a number of daughters, and one of them, Madge, was small and dark, like Stevie's mother, and she parted her hair in the middle and wore a red velvet dress, just as Stevie remembered

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The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

And for the mid control that sends them dead to the pin you can't beat

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

She's a pretty performer on the green, too. That putt [illegible] when you're shooting

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

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his mother had done when he was a very small boy.

"We've all heard how brave you were in the Devil's Kitchen," Madge Vance said, and her voice was low and gentle, as his mother's had been. "I think 'courage' is the finest word in our language."

"Yes, I guess maybe it is," he answered. "But you see, I wasn't courageous."

"I like you for saying that," she said with a smile.

"But I didn't do anything," he said. "My mind was a blank."

"Perhaps what you did was all so horrible your mind refuses to remember it," she suggested; then added, "Of course it was your duty to do it."

He left the Vance home reluctantly. Before he left Madge Vance had invited him to call again, and he had promised that he would do so.

As he walked slowly home he thought of Madge Vance's words. Everything at the Front had been unreal. Was it possible that his mind had played some crazy trick on him? Just what had happened in the Devil's Kitchen?

It was indeed an open road on which the feet of Stevie Glenn had been set. He was the only Medal of Honor man in the state, and other cities paid homage to him. In Clinton City he was the man of the hour for months. He was invited everywhere—to dinners, teas, balls, banquets. Mr. J. P. Butterworth openly referred to him as one of the coming men of the bottle industry, and advanced him to a higher place in the organization at a salary that meant a sedan and a country club. His engagement to Madge Vance was announced. He was offered the nomination for mayor of Clinton City.

"Take it, Glenn," urged Mr. J. P. Butterworth. "It means prestige for all of us, and it won't interfere with your work much."

"But," said Stevie, "who'd vote for me?"

"Who'd dare vote against you," said Mr. J. P. Butterworth, "with your war record?"

As he drove his sedan homeward that evening Stevie Glenn was so deep in thought he ran past a traffic signal.

The officer halted him sharply, then seeing who it was, changed a glower to a friendly grin.

"Oh," said the policeman genially, "it's you, Sergeant Glenn. I guess you was thinking about that day in the Devil's Kitchen. All right. Drive on."

The policeman was right. Stevie was thinking "Can I be sure what did happen there?"

Two days later, when his candidacy for mayor had been announced, and even the opposition papers had conceded that he was sure of election, the leading citizens of Clinton City gave a Victory Loan banquet in the biggest banquet hall of the biggest hotel. Stevie Glenn, in his first dinner coat, sat at the raised table reserved for guests of honor, between a brigadier general and a visiting United States senator. He was tranquil as the toastmaster rapped importantly with his gavel. There were no signs of inner strife on the brow of Stevie Glenn as he listened to the toastmaster's smooth-voiced introduction, "I have the honor to introduce to you a man of whom his country, Uncle Sam, and Clinton City are proud, a man soon to be elevated to the highest place in your municipality, the hero of the Devil's Kitchen, Stephen Glenn." Once, on such occasions, there had been a hunted helpless look in Stevie's face. That look was not there now.

"I'm glad to be with you," Stevie began easily.

"Tell us the story of the Devil's Kitchen," a voice called.

Stevie looked down modestly at his glass of water.

"Really," he said, "it hardly seems right for me to talk about it. What I did, did not amount to much. Still, if you insist ——"

"May I have the floor just long enough to ask a question?" inquired the visiting United States senator.

Stevie nodded.

"I've heard so many conflicting stories about your brave deed, Sergeant Glenn," said the senator, "that I'd like to hear the real facts from your own lips, so I can tell the other senators. Is it true that you commandeered a tank and, single-handed, charged an enemy regiment?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Stevie.

"But you did man a machine gun?"

Stevie looked modestly at his water glass.

"And exactly how many of the enemy did you kill? Was it forty-two or thirty-one?" asked the senator.

Stevie smiled.

"Oh, not as many as that, senator," he said. "Only twenty-five."

FOOLISH, WE FLIES!

(Continued from Page 44)

"Don't be —— See here, if you think there's any joke about this ——"

"Then I take it for granted that you didn't. I can say positively that Lynette and I were not the only persons besides you and Sashka lunching at Vicary's that afternoon, because I had some trouble in getting a table. It follows that among the other hundred or so of the revelers there might have been somebody who knew you, besides me, doesn't it? I ask you as man to man; and, by the way, you might hand me the matches."

Mechanically Bobby complied with the request and Owen lit his pipe. There was a moment's silence, which Bobby broke.

"Then you didn't tell Lynette?"

Owen's reply was a look accompanied by a stream of tobacco smoke.

"I beg your pardon," said Bobby. "I ought to have known. Owen—say, Owen ——"

Owen leaned forward and took his extended hand.

"All right," he said. "But don't forget the next time something happens that I'm a friend of yours, and that Lynette is your sister and is fond of you, even if she does like to rag you and brushes your fur the wrong way once in a while."

"I won't," Bobby told him with some emotion.

"You've certainly hung up a record for the broad and high jump to a conclusion," remarked Owen presently. "It might be interesting to know who spread the glad tidings of your crime, but I guess it won't be long before you find out. When you and Cathy make up ——"

"That's all off," said Bobby, "definitely and finally all off. She wants a fellow that won't have any friends except those she picks for him. She doesn't seem to understand that a man wants to have a little freedom, and I tell you, Owen, I'm fed up with being bossed. I don't care how wonderful a girl may be."

"Lord high admiral of your own soul," Owen suggested.

"You know it," Bobby assented. "So perhaps it's just as well." In his relief, finding old Owen guiltless of treachery and sympathetic as ever, he began to think it might be just as well. Better, perhaps. Soon he would be exulting. "She's got another fellow on the string," he informed his brother-in-law. "Maybe he'll let her pick his friends for him—maybe. I doubt it though."

"Have you seen him?"

"Seen him and felt him. Notice this eye of mine?"

Owen peered shortsightedly.

"Why, yes. Some sort of an infection, isn't it?"

"I guess he didn't sterilize his fist," Bobby said grimly. "We mixed it a little, and if the decision had been on points he'd have got it. I'd have licked him eventually, but we didn't get a chance to finish. I say I would, but maybe I wouldn't. It's just a hunch I've got that I'd have finally knocked him out if his name had been Dempsey instead of Burke."

Bobby laughed boisterously, excessively.

"Well, anyway, I'm free now and footloose," he said when he had controlled his mirth. "I'm going to move up into the big city, and when I get tired of the big city I'm going somewhere else. No strings on me of any shape, sort or description. I'll come as I please and go as I please; eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry; sleep when I can't stay awake and get up when I feel like it, and get my feet wet and sit in my damp clothes if I take a notion to; I'll loaf when I don't want to work and work when I've got anything that interests me enough. Declaration of independence by Robert Walmsley Peters, pledging his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to maintain it. What do you think of it, you

(Continued on Page 153

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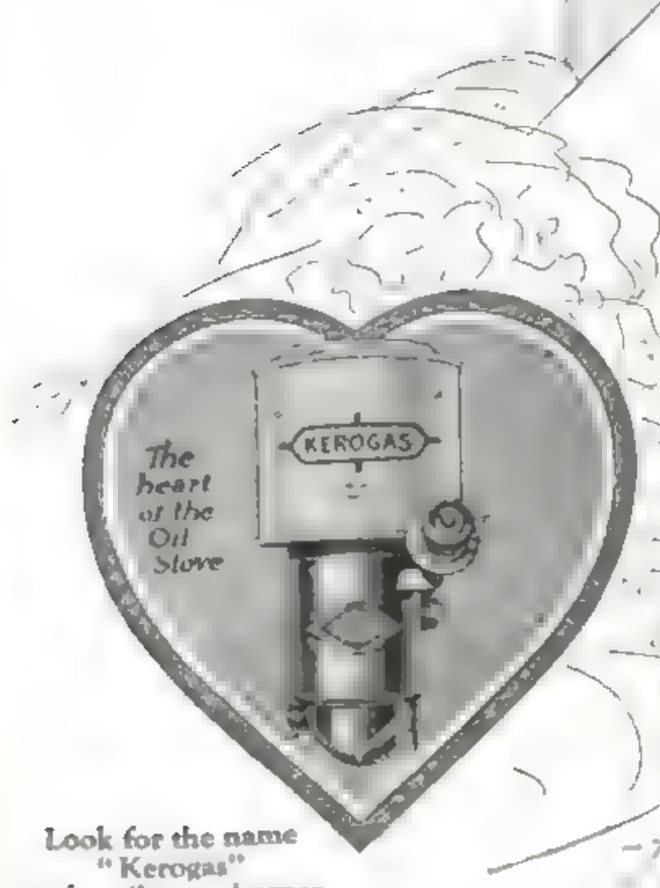

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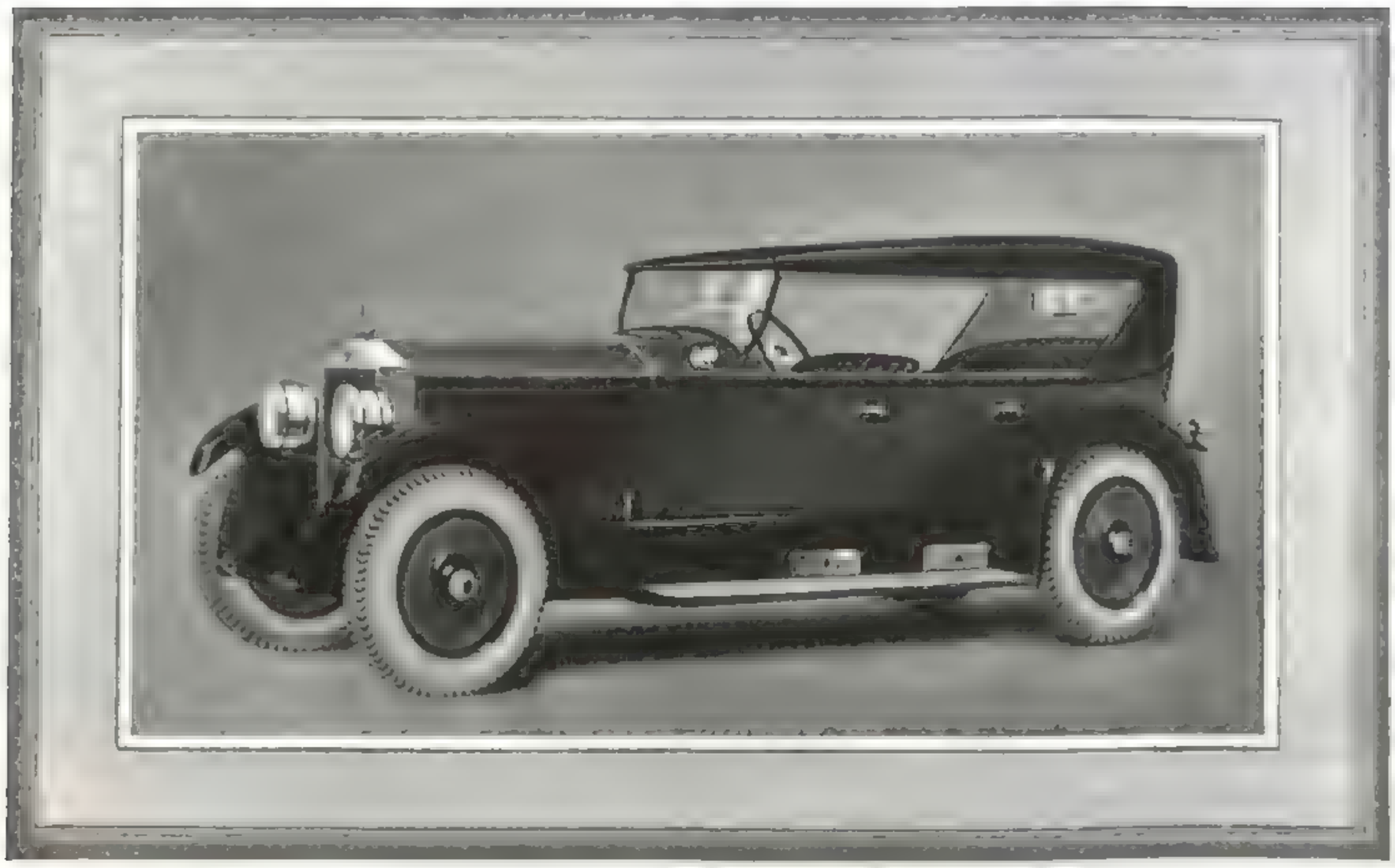

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(Continued from Page 150)

sober old stiff, eh?" Again he was seized with a prolonged fit of laughter.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," said Owen musingly; "to wake to the merry carol of the little birds and prepare a simple meal of steaming mulligan left over in the tomato can from the night before and the coffee that you swiped from the last village grocery; to lie back with a full belly and smoke one of the cigar butts that you providently picked up in the pool room, and then roll over and take another snooze! Then, ho for the open road and ho for the quivering brake rods again!"

"That isn't exactly what I mean," said Bobby. "I'm fairly practical."

"Going to abandon our fair suburb then?"

"I'm sick of the place. Yes, I'm going down tomorrow to tell the folks and pack. I'm through with Holmhurst. I guess there will be some rumpus, but I can't help it. By heck, I'm through and that's all there is of it!" His voice rose and cracked on the last words.

"Well, I don't know but it's a wise decision," Owen drawled. "Awkward, with the Leach family living so near; and then, as you say, the people are a cackling lot of boneheads for the most part; and they watch every move you make, and they've got their narrow bourgeois standards that they judge you by. No liberty! No liberty! And, as Bill says, 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.' A young man has too many restraints under the family rooftree. He can't be himself. Got to be everlastingly considering other people."

"I'm willing to consider other people," Bobby began. "Still ——"

"—— a man owes something to himself," Owen supplied. "You're right. But isn't it getting about time for us to think of dinner?"

"Aren't you going home?" inquired Bobby, surprised.

"Home? What's the matter with you? What do you suppose I'm here for? I thought you'd invited me to go to Sashka's with you tonight?"

"Gosh! I forgot that," Bobby exclaimed. "But ——"

"But me no buts," said Owen. "This is my night off. While you're putting on your coat and collar I'll step out and get some cigars. Get busy, kid."

He was gone before Bobby could voice the objection that he very strongly felt. He descended to the vestibule and entered a telephone booth, where he talked earnestly for some minutes. After that he bought cigars.

By the time they arrived at the studio with their caviar and olives, the party was going good. Outside the door they heard sounds as of some creature in mortal anguish; and Bobby, opening it, saw a group including some new faces clustering around an olive-skinned young man with tumbling, raven-black locks and a silky curled mustache. This exotic individual, who wore a nineteenth-century black satin stock, was, so they afterward learned, demonstrating the Hindu scales on a Chinese fiddle. He stopped as the door opened, and at the general shout of welcome Sashka appeared and came gliding swiftly to them with her hands outstretched.

She was wonderful, no question about it! Bobby felt a thrill of pride at the sight of his friend—if only she had put a shade less crimson on her lips. Still, that didn't matter; and at the warm, clinging pressure of her hands he thrilled again—differently. She was wearing the dull green with its beautiful lines and the girdle of silver and emeralds, just as she appeared when they first met. Her eyes, virescent, wide with gladness, seemed for an instant to draw him into their jade depths. Then she narrowed them on Owen, and Bobby presented his brother-in-law.

Sashka was cordiality itself, and it was easily seen that Owen was mightily taken with her.

"Bobby," she said, "you're at home and consequently you're going to be neglected. I've a million things to say to you, but you'll have to wait for them."

And she carried Owen away and began to introduce him—with a trifle more formality in her introductions than usual, yet not formally. Bobby picked up his provisions and took them behind the screen, where Violet was busying herself. Sashka's head appeared at the edge of the screen.

"Bobby, come here. There's a man here you've got to know." She took his hand and led him away. Again that soft, clinging pressure. "I'm crazy to get you to myself, but I can't," she whispered. "Something has happened to you. I know it. What have you done to your poor face? Tell me tomorrow. Come tomorrow morning—oh, but you can't!"

"Oh, but I can," said Bobby, "and oh, but I will! But why ——"

Sashka beckoned, and a round-faced, burly person with scanty straw-colored hair strolled up with his hands in his pockets and nodded to Bobby.

"This is Mr. Peters, Mr. Gorby," said Sashka. "Bobby, Mr. Gorby wants to know something about real estate here. I thought you could tell him, perhaps. Excuse me, I've got to rescue your brother-in-law from Marta."

Following her with his eyes, Bobby saw old Owen and Marta sitting together in a remote corner of the room. They seemed to be engaged in a particularly interesting conversation, and Owen had anything but the look and attitude of a man in dire need of rescue.

"That's one smart little lady, and some sculptress, too," observed Mr. Gorby, obviously referring to their hostess. "She can have me."

Bobby took a good look at the speaker and decided that he wouldn't do. Mr. Gorby's next remarks confirmed the unfavorable impression.

"I'm hugs on this sort of thing," said Mr. Gorby, waving at the room. "Bohemian. Soap and bohemians ain't supposed to mix, but that's me. Pitchers now—I'd like to show you some pitchers I've got. I pick the comers None of the old-master sucker stuff for me. Art's like any other business. Unless you're on the inside and wise to the game, play safe and buy good low-priced stock. If you get stung you won't lose much; and if you can afford to hold on and wait for the raise you stand to make a killing. I can afford to wait, and I've got pitchers I bought as low as twenty dollars that I could sell for a thousand today—and given the artist his start, mind you. I might have bought for five dollars what I paid twenty for, but I'm no hog. Now this sculping: Sashka's a comer, I figure. Smart as a whip, too, and got ideas; but her stock's low. That wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about, though. There's a tract of forty acres —— Know Austin and Maywood, out that way?"

That, ordinarily, would have been music in Bobby's ear. "Factory site! Know it like the back of my hand. Let me bring my car around to your hotel in the morning ——" But the question now struck him as ill-timed.

"Never heard of them," he answered. "Don't want to. Excuse me a moment. Hello, Eric!"

He turned his back on Mr. Gorby and accosted the little painter, whose usually good-natured expression had given place to a frowning regard of Marta—who at the moment had impulsively clasped Owen's arm. Sashka had now joined a little circle surrounding an attenuated, rather leathery lady who wore a band of bright-blue ribbon around her forehead, perhaps to reënforce her *os frontale* against the pressure of teeming thoughts. From this interested group floated such cryptic words as "libido," "activation," "indicia," "motivate" and "imago," with occasional driftings of "complex."

"I didn't know you with the disguised spectacles you wear," said Eric, smiling again. "Yes, I did, and I have met your broder. He is a nice fallow, and—and Marta, she thinks so too."

"You should worry," said Bobby. "He's a married man."

"What has that to do with it?" queried Eric, with perfect naïveté.

Marta's voice arose, clear and loud in proclamation.

"A new poet!" she cried. "I've got a new poet and he's got a new poem. He's going to read it to us. Yes, you are! Sashka, come over here and help me to make him read it. Oh, it's wonderful!"

Sashka, Bobby noticed, was sitting on a divan with the unspeakable Gorby, so engrossed that Marta had to call a second time for aid. Bobby swore softly and looked for the new poet; but there was nobody near Marta but old Owen. Sashka rose quickly and hastened to the corner, her eyes virescent and wide open, her crimson lips parted in a smile, and

Old Owen got up and bowed with a graceful exaggeration. What in heck —— Yes, Sashka was leading him by the hand to the middle of the floor under the swinging lantern to a rhythmic chorus of "Po-et, po-et, po-et, po-et," with a heel-and-toe accompaniment that the tenants of the flat below must have enjoyed.

"Comrades," said Owen solemnly, "I am come here in your midst on sufferance; no poet, but a simple sugar broker. But there are moments when there is a lull in sugar broking, when the thoughts of New Orleans C Brown and Grade A Refined Loaf and Granulated give place to even sweeter speculation and musings. It was at such a moment today, as I sat idling at my desk, that the germ of what I am about to read expanded and cried for expression. It had fallen into—shall I say into my brain or soul?—the moonlit night before. A little thing, but you shall judge it."

"Now he's kidding again," Bobby murmured anxiously.

Big Brute leaned forward, scowling savagely, and a paper crackled in the breast pocket of his coat. It was a poem of his own that he had counted on being persuaded to read. His act was crabbed.

Owen produced a typewritten sheet. His melancholy gaze swept the room as if to assure himself of attention and interest. A more attentive and interested-looking audience could hardly have been desired. He continued, "I call it Introspection.

"The moon's disk shines opaline
tonight,
penetrating my thoughts,
exacerbating the tumultuous
egohood of me—
that hæmotobious essence
I find so tiresome
at times.

"Moodily I think of it,
examine it
curiously.

"It is massy, it is thick
and casehardened—
tyrian purple—
yet it is gelid, gossamery and delicate,
[moods! moods!]
delicate as the thread
entangling flies,
flies that buzz, buzz,
buzz.

"Foolish of them!
We are foolish, we flies,
but that's better than
the tenacity of
molasses paper
or
sweetened formaldehyde and water.
you don't buzz then;
you stagger,
fluttering feeble wings,
and die.

"And now, as I look,
it is opalescent.
it's the moon
has done that!"

This was read with deep feeling, and at its conclusion there was an impressive moment of silence succeeded by murmurs and exclamations of delight. At once Owen was hemmed in and overwhelmed by admirers of his genius. "Genius" was the word. Had he ever published? Such subtlety and at the same time such force! A real gem! The veiled irony was lovely. An instinctive sense of *le mot juste!* The gem was taken from him and examined eagerly; copies were requested. Bobby was simply amazed. But honest, you know, there might be something in it. Owen couldn't have read it like that—sounded like piffle, and yet—gosh, you'd think Marta had written it herself the way she was acting!

Sashka and Gorby were off together again. All right! Here was the food, and better still, the drinks. The planks on Sashka's trestles were covered with Japanese tablecloths. Pitchers of lemonade. Lemonade? Why, certainly! Only don't drink too much of it if you're not used to it. Ham sandwiches—not the silly, wafery sandwiches of convention, but big buns from Papa Lipschnitz's, and ham from elsewhere—naturally. Plenty of spiced mustard, Wieners, Bologna, Swiss cheese and Vienna bread. Paper plates, and you drink out of anything that you see that won't leak. Some spread! Where was the caviar, though?

On crackers, in a lordly dish, and Gorby wolfing it. Sashka, looking up, caught Bobby's outraged expression. She smiled at him and then passed the plate to Poet Owen. A minute or two later she was at Bobby's side. All very well to stroke his arm—to go farther and pat his cheek! Her own cheeks seemed unusually hollow tonight.

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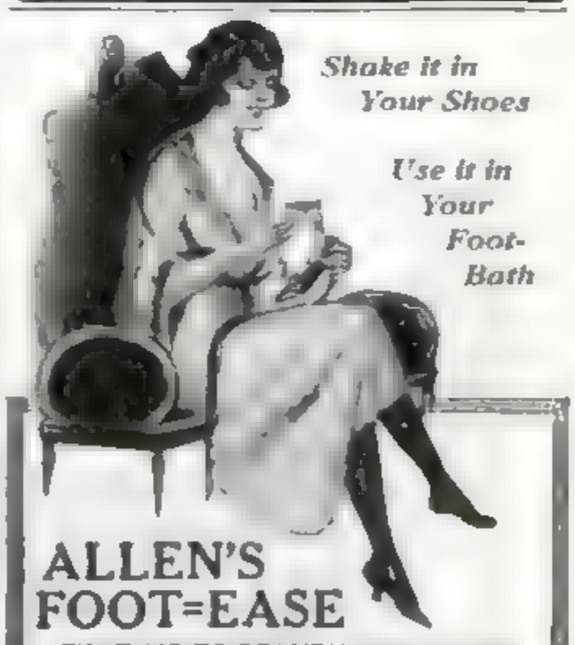

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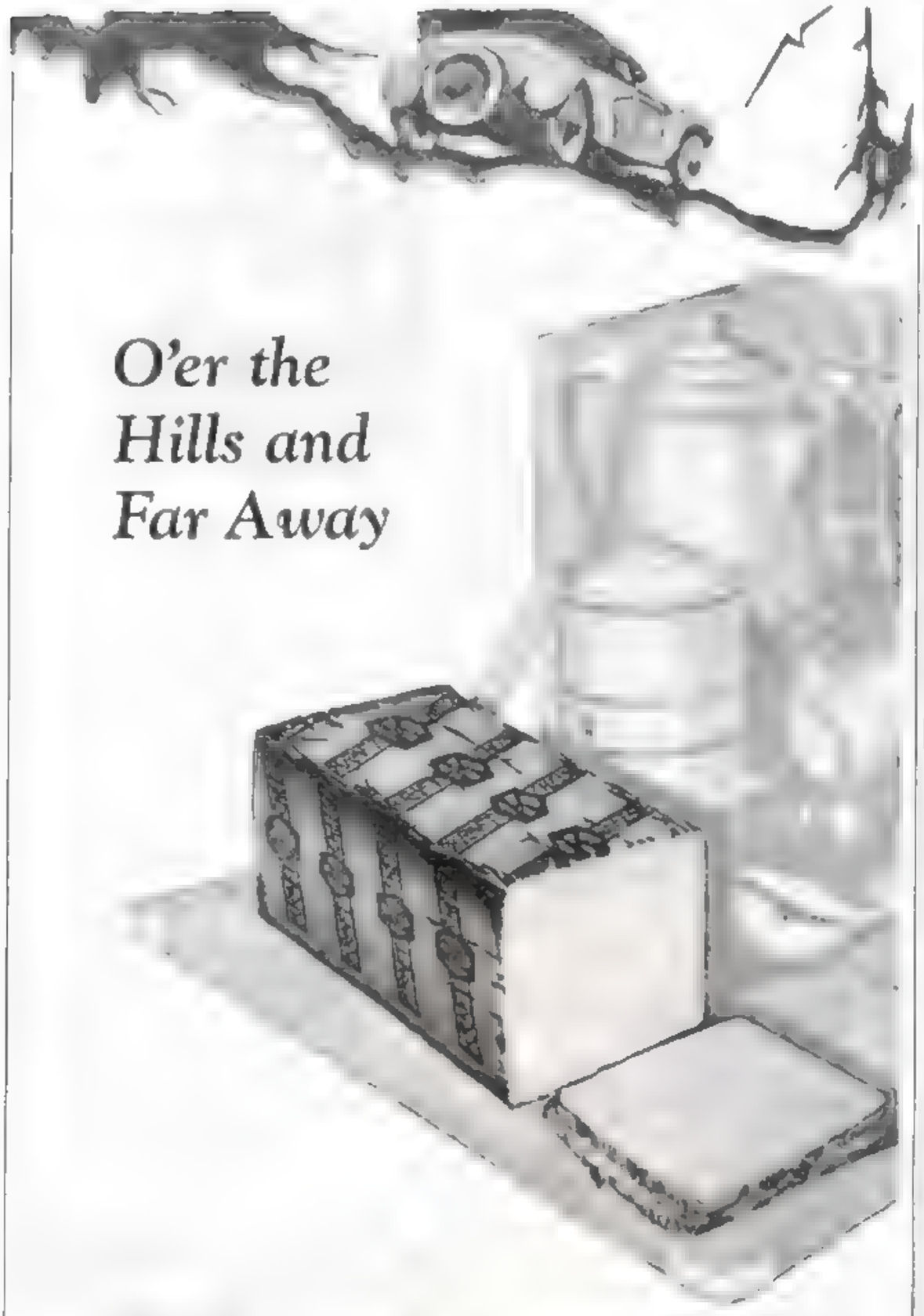

O'er the Hills and Far Away

Up with the lark, and when the first rays of the morning sun are changing the drops of dew to radiant pearls, you're on the way; dull care you cast to the four winds that bring a glow to your cheek.

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Perhaps it was the way the light struck them from above.

"Don't you know this is business?" she murmured. "And you might have sold him something, too; but you choose to be rude, little idiot."

"Commercialism, eh?" Bobby sneered.

"Of course. Be good now—and come early tomorrow."

Karl was talking about the latest strike with a conscientious member of the Ethical Society who did not seem sympathetic. The ethical gentleman had evidently started something. Milligan had taken a brutal whack or two at him, and a sweet-faced, lisping young girl who looked as gentle and placid as a May morn jabbed him cruelly with stiletto statistics and expressed herself in favor of the direct action of bombs in certain circumstances.

"Forthe mutht be oppothed to forthe and terror to terror," she said. "Innothent bythtanderth are killed and injured when you capitaliths call out your troopths, aren't they? Well, then!"

"You can't have an omelet without breaking a few eggs," Karl chimed in. "If a skyscraper goes up or a dam is built, so many lives must be lost on an average. But then lives are nothing—if they're only common laborers' lives. There are plenty more of those animals. So capital reasons. That is American progress. The dollar first; but if the proletariat, starved and exploited ——"

"Oh, cut it out!"

Mr. Robert Walmsley Peters speaking. Young Comrade Peters, flushed, excited, angry. Poet Owen, hearing him, becomes attentive; and then leaving his admiring group with a brief apology, saunters over to the sociologists and stands at Bobby's elbow.

"You make me sick with that bunk about the proletariat," Bobby continued. "Capital! Capital doesn't exploit the proletariat. The proletarian is nothing but a slackjawed, pin-headed loafer with nothing about him to exploit but hot air and a noisy mouth. It's the man who works that capital exploits—works hard, puts his back into his job and saves his money; and the first thing you know the proletariat is howling at him and calling him a capitalist. That's American progress."

Owen grinned. Milligan was opening his mouth and seemed about to speak, but Karl silenced him with a gesture.

"That's a perfect example of the stupid and brutal bourgeois attitude of mind," Karl said venomously. "Here is a rich man's son, young and ignorant of conditions ——"

"Not so darned ignorant, by heck'" Bobby broke in hotly. "I've got your number anyway. Listen! If conditions are so rotten in America what are you here for? Why didn't you stay in Deutschland, where they've got the right idea? And if they haven't got it, why didn't you stay there and teh 'em what it was—or move over into Russia, where everything's lovely, and live happy ever after? I'll tell you why. They'd slam you into the hoosgow or use you for rifle practice if you tried to push any of Comrade Lenine's crowd out of their comfy jobs. Worse than that, they'd make you work. Orators are a drug on the market there. But because we're easy and let you in here ——"

He was shouted down. Who were "we"? How did "we" get to own this country? What did the original Rise-and-Smite-Them-With-the-Edge-of-the-Sword Peters do to the American aborigines who let him in? Was there any part of the earth rightfully forbidden to earth-born human beings? What were boundaries? And wasn't it a sacred duty to strive to overthrow any social order that was proved detrimental to society at large? Did old Rise-and-Smite obey the Indian tribal laws? Was Bobby an agent of the Manufacturers' Association?

Not one but a dozen were shouting at him, including the ethical gentleman. Bobby was an apostate, a traitor to the cause of the people with whom he had heretofore expressed sympathy.

"I'm for the people all right," said Bobby. "It's the proletariat that gets my goat; and listen, Karl, you make any more dirty cracks about America and you'll sure think that my name is Rise-and-Smite. Get me?"

Owen took him firmly by the arm and drew him back. At the same time Sashka clapped her hands and announced that Joan Maxwell was going to dance an interpretation of Owen's Introspection for them. Space was needed. And so the riotous assemblage was dispersed, while a square of linen was spread and fastened on the floor. Joan had run splinters into her bare feet too often to take chances.

It was a wonderful interpretation. Shrill strains blown from an exotic, gaudily painted Arcadian pipe by the olive-skinned young man, thumps in changing rhythms on a quite sonorous hatbox, and Joan, partly draped in cheesecloth, floated from behind the ever-useful screen and, as Diana, proceeded in a series of statuesque poses and fawnlike bounds to penetrate thought and exacerbate egohood. Wonderful how she brought out the meaning! It was a tremendous success! Bobby seemed to have forgotten all about his discussion with Karl and was laughing at Big Brute, whose criticism of Joan's dance was frank and free, but not favorable. He was in a bad temper.

"I got Liebmann to give her an act at the Bijou Palace last year," he grumbled. "Liebmann did it as a favor to me—and she was a flop. But that wasn't my fault. I did my best for her. Yet, you see, when some sugar broker comes along with a lot of sickly hogwash she's got to dance it for him. I could have given her something, but I'd want a decent musical setting. That yellow faker —— That's the worst of Sashka. She picks up a lot of nitwits, bum painters and dancers and crazy, half-baked musickers who can't do anything but yap at the live ones. You've heard my stuff, and you know it's good stuff. So do I. If I wanted to ——"

"Sure," agreed Bobby. "If you wanted to commercialize yourself ——"

He broke off to nod at Sashka. She was sitting with Owen now, and she had smiled and waved her hand. Well, he wasn't going to butt in on them. She could wave all she wanted to. She had plenty of time for Gorby. Marta had Gorby now. Maybe he'd pick her for a comer and buy one of her puzzle pictures. If he could afford to wait a few hundred years until the world caught up to it he might make something.

"Know where they keep it, Big Brute?"

"You've had all you need," replied Big Brute considerately. "Who blacked your eye?"

"Stick flew up when I was splitting the kindling this morning," Bobby laughed. The humor of the retort affected him keenly. "How come you haven't asked me before? Everybody else has."

"Trying to get the other one fixed to match it just now, weren't you? How much of that juniper lemonade did you drink?"

The question amused Bobby tremendously.

"A fellow would have to drink a barrel of that catlap to get any kick out of it."

It was just his natural gayety and high spirits that made him laugh so much; still, he felt a little drowsy too. Gorby going? Yes, sure enough, and Sashka seeing him to the door. Hope you have had an elegant time, Mr. Gorby. Hope you'll choke, Mr. Gorby.

Big Brute was looking after them too. His great chest heaved and his face twitched oddly as he saw Sashka follow her guest and close the door behind her. Then he turned and caught Bobby's eye. The two stared at each other.

"I've about got a bellyful," said Big Brute hoarsely. "There's just two things you can do with a woman like that—quit her or wring her neck. I've been as easy-going as a husband up to now, but I quit. Me for the coast. You ——" He continued to stare, but rather through and beyond Bobby than at him. "You break away from her," he said suddenly, his gaze becoming direct. "She'll put you on a grid and keep you there squirming if you give her a good hold once. She doesn't mean to, at that. Temperamental." He grinned. "Break away, you young fool!"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Bobby, blazing up. "If it's Sashka, I'm a friend of hers, and by heck ——"

"You remind me of myself when Tolbert tried to tip me off," Big Brute interrupted. "Poor old Tolly! And I took him by the neck and shook him to a rag and slapped half the skin off his face! Still, that wasn't anything to what Sashka did to him. She couldn't help it either. She's that way. I sometimes think she believes herself when she lies; but you're just a boy that she takes a great interest in. I know that, because she told me so."

He brushed Bobby aside, irresistible in his sheer bulk, and strode toward the door, which at that moment opened to Sashka.

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

He stopped for a moment as they met, and spoke. Sashka shrugged and smiled disdainfully and he went on. She looked after him, and there was a gleam in her eyes that made Bobby think of the knife that once dropped from the doorcasing at the big man's exit. But the door closed quietly this time.

Bobby stood hesitating and surprised at his own inaction. Why did he not seize this opportunity to draw Sashka aside and at once relieve himself of his burden of news so pregnant of import to them both, so surcharged with consequence? The prospect of doing this had set his heart to thumping when Sashka had welcomed him and Owen not so long ago. Now he hesitated to approach her. What Big Brute had said ——

It was getting too much for Bobby. One darned thing after another and no time to think. Free as a soaring eagle—and no place to light. He had been trying to put up a debonair front—to mix as usual; but as he babbled to this one or that there would come a doubt, a perplexity, a stab of recollection, so many obstructions to derail and ditch his train of thought; so that whoever he was talking to looked at him as though he had gone crazy. Perhaps he was a trifle off his base. When things come thick and fast—one after another—Tolbert! Why, that was the name of Sashka's loathsome worm of a husband!

Now Sashka was in the thick of 'em and the time of speaking to her was gone. And she had given no questing look, although, now that Gorby had gone, she might have given her friend a minute or two. Business, you little idiot, business! Where had little Eunice got to?

They were sitting together on the divan, he and Eunice. She had dropped her light manner and was talking to him seriously about her work among the neighbors. Very interesting! Mighty interesting! Hah! Sashka had joined Owen and Marta now. But he, Bobby, was too comfortable to move. Eunice was telling him about that darling little Jewish child Isadore. It made him laugh and laughing hurt his eyes. He could close them behind his goggles and rest them.

"Last call for breakfast in the dining car, suh!"

"Eh, whassat?" Bobby started to semi-wakefulness. Owen was massaging his shoulder and Sashka was smiling down at him.

"Sorry to dispel any beautiful dreams you may be having, but it's time we made a sneak," said Owen. "Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate."

"You're tired out, poor boy, aren't you?" said Sashka, with a tender inflection in her rich, husky voice. Ah, this was Sashka, his friend, speaking. And he had something to tell her—something for her understanding ear alone—something important. What was it?

"Here's your hat; what's your hurry?" said Owen. "Tell the nice lady that you thank her for a most delightful evening."

"I must have dozed off," Bobby guessed correctly. The crowd had certainly thinned down. Not more than five or six left. He took the hat Owen had tendered. "'By, Sashka."

Sashka accompanied them to the foot of the stairs, holding Bobby by the hand. No soft, clinging pressure this time, but a hard, tense grip

"I'm not saying good-by to you, Bobby, because I'm going to see you so soon again You won't forget?"

"Not likely to."

"I'm going to see you very soon again, too," she said to Owen. "Come often."

"Lady," said Owen suavely, "if forty men with forty clubs tried to keep me away they would be foredoomed to failure. Many thanks. Take my arm, Bobs."

"What for?" demanded Bobby.

"In case I stumble."

They had almost descended the first flight of stairs when Sashka called, "Bobby, come back here just for a moment!"

"You go on; I'll overtake you," said Bobby to Owen, and stumblingly reascended.

There was just enough light diffused from the well of the staircase to make Sashka's face and arms dimly visible against a background of gloom. She was bending over the banister rail.

"Bobby dear!" she whispered.

One of those white arms embraced Bobby's neck. He trembled at the touch of it against his cheek. It burned! Was this real, her hand on his breast, her face bending and still bending to him? Their lips met —— Her lips were burning too; they crushed his, moving as they pressed. Her arm tightened with an almost suffocating constriction and he raised his hand to loosen it, straining away from her, not only unresponsive to the avid, vehement passion of that kiss but—yes, horrified, disgusted, shamed!

Well, if he must make it plainer ——

The handle of the door behind Sashka squeaked in turning. It was over. The smear of her infernal cosmetic was greasily on his mouth. Her breath, with the exotic tang he had once before remarked, was still offensive in his nostrils. But she had released him, and before he had —— Would he have slapped her? He hoped not, even as he shuddered.

"Then I'll expect you," said Sashka as light streamed from the open door. Her voice was even and cool. "Ni-night!"

Bobby mumbled something. He didn't know what he said any more than he knew how he arrived without disaster at the foot of the stairs, where Owen awaited him, but his handkerchief was in his hand and he was rubbing his mouth.

It was long past midnight and the streets were silent. There was a crisp coolness in the air, and Bobby stopped, after a few paces, and began to take deep breathing exercises.

"Gosh, that tastes good!" he exclaimed. "Wait and let me get some of that filthy atmosphere out of my lungs."

"Come on," said Owen. "You can do that as you walk. I thought atmosphere was what we came for. I enjoyed it."

"Enjoyed that rotten cigarette smoke and overworked air flavored with punk sticks and garlic? It's yours. And gosh, what a mob!" Bobby spoke almost passionately.

"Bobby," said Owen gravely, "I make allowances for a man waked out of his first sleep, but you talk suspiciously like a bourgeois. I, myself, was struck with admiration for what you call the mob, individually and collectively. I have seldom or never heard so many daringly original ideas on every known subject expressed with such freshness and vigor as tonight. Nor have I hitherto met with such sympathetic and generous appreciation of my own work. Bobs, I wouldn't have missed it for a farm!"

They were by this time on the Avenue and he signaled a prowling cab drawn by a horse in the last stages of decrepitude.

"Drive to Merriman's garage on Clark as if demons pursued you," he said to the disreputable relic on the box. "Ten thousand kopecks at current exchange if you make it inside of an hour."

"Yes, cap," answered the relic, chuckling hoarsely. "I'll make it or I'll bust a breeching. Merriman's? Sure!"

Bobby found himself thrust into the cab and Owen seated beside him, and before he could utter a protest the cab was rattling off at an almost unbelievable rate of speed.

"What's the big idea now?" Bobby demanded.

"I'll explain," said Owen. "At Merriman's garage the Coleman family bus is awaiting us. I am a man of forethought and I considered it not unlikely that we'd miss the train, and Lynette doesn't like staying alone in the house, so we drive to Holmhurst. Do I make myself clear?"

"You drive," corrected Bobby. "I'm going to the hotel."

"In that event I'd have a long, lonesome trip and you'd be throwing away free transportation," said Owen. "Why? You've got to tell the folks that you're going to move into town, and you've got to pack, haven't you? Why not slip in with your latchkey, sneak up to bed and get a good rest for the business of the morning?"

Bobby considered that as far as he was able to consider anything, and then agreed. A few minutes brought them to the garage, where they changed into Owen's car and drove northward for a short distance and then westward. It was straight going, the streets being almost deserted; but Owen drove carefully under twenty, slowing up at all intersections. Bobby had seemed to be asleep, but presently he started up.

"Oh, for the cat's sake, hit her up a little! We're not following any hearse. Put some weight on your toes." He leaned forward and opened the windshield. "Afraid of a draft? I want some air."

"You're awake, are you?" said Owen. "Right-o!" He increased his speed a little. "You'll want to close that pretty soon and put the top up. It's going to rain. I felt one or two spots. . . . What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," Bobby replied. "But I'll tell you in that crowd you don't want to take all the bunk you hear too seriously."

"What do you mean—bunk?" demanded Owen with some indignation. "I don't understand you. Is friendship bunk? Is a beautiful soul bunk?"

"Watch where you're driving," said Bobby. Owen had turned his head and taken one hand from the wheel to gesture.

"And the way you jumped onto that young man about the proletariat!" Owen continued. "What do you know about the sufferings and oppressions of the workingman anyway? If you'd read a real newspaper devoted to the interests of the masses instead of your kept capitalistic press you'd get a surprise or two, young-feller-me-lad."

"That was something dad sprung on me one day," Bobby explained. "It just happened to come into my head when Karl was shooting off his mouth. I don't say that dad's right; but, at that, he's not all wrong; but what in heck do I care? Or you either? I haven't noticed you going around yelping for a social revolution. A partnership's good enough for you."

Owen sighed and stopped the car.

"Help me up with the top," he requested. "You'd better put on your coat first; it's beginning to come down pretty hard."

Bobby helped him, but disregarded his advice concerning the coat. Swung out on the running board, he invited the rain. The cool drops spatted fast on his bare head and on his shoulders and arms; they beat pleasantly against his hot face. Owen, occupied with the curtains at his side, did not at once notice him. When he did there was a squabble.

"Listen!" said Bobby. "I like this. I enjoy getting wet and I'm not going to be smothered to please you. I'm free, white and over twenty-one, and if I want to walk home ahead of you I'll do it."

Owen dropped the remaining curtains.

"All right. I suppose you object to my putting the chains on. Very good then. Sit down and we'll go on."

After a little while Owen sighed again.

"'Free, white and twenty-one!' Lucky lad! I guess I can lay claim to being white."

"I said over twenty-one."

"That's so, you are. And so am I. White and over twenty-one. If I were free ——" He sighed for the third time. "Imagine the companionship of a woman who understands one perfectly! A woman who intuitively divines what is passing in your mind without a word spoken, who can enter into your emotions sympathetically, whose tastes are akin to your own, who can, as Marta says, soar with you to the heights or descend with you to the utter depths, one with you at all times, one and indivisible—an *alter ego!* Now if I had read that poem of mine to Lynette she'd have simply howled. I don't blame her, mind you."

"I don't see why you should," said Bobby gruffly. "Listen, Owen About Marta ——"

"What about her?" demanded Owen sharply.

"Oh, nothing, if you're going to get sore."

"Well, I don't like your tone. Just to begin with, you might as well understand that she's a friend of mine. I thought that she was a friend of yours too."

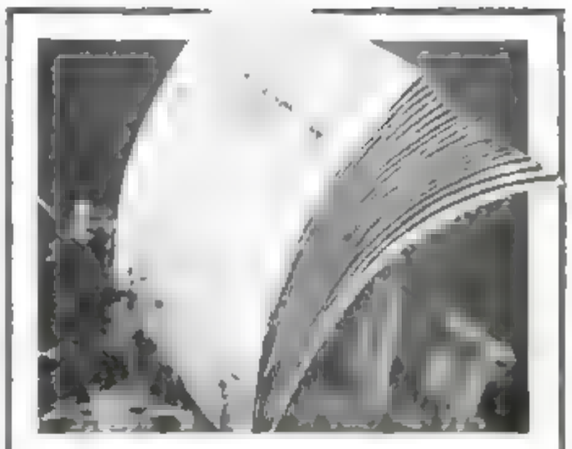
"I never held hands with her," said Bobby. In his mental haze a new fear was forming and taking definite shape.

"You're pretty narrow, after all," Owen told him contemptuously. "I thought that sort of puritanical bourgeois ——"

"Oh, cut out that 'bourgeois'!" exclaimed Bobby angrily. "It's as bad as 'proletariat.' It makes me sick every time I hear that—that bunk."

Owen said nothing, but drove steadily on, peering through the rain-blurred windshield and now and then reaching hastily out to wipe the outside with his handkerchief. Bobby's fear was now quite well defined. A friend of his! What rot! What had come over this brother-in-law of his? Owen was talking like a silly kid. Bobby felt himself grown old—old and wise, old and tired. He had always believed that Owen had some sense, and here he was falling for that sawed-off little crazy jane of a Marta and talking a lot of piffle about friendship.

"I'm going to see her pictures on Wednesday," said Owen presently, in his ordinary friendly tone—"Wednesday afternoon. That's one of the advantages of being a boss. A man can take a little time off when he wants to. Have you seen any of her work?"



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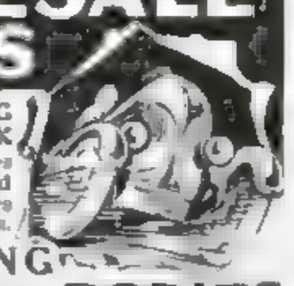

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The corner of Bobby's brain that was clear—the part that wasn't either stupefied or struggling against maddening recollections—took this in and turned it over rapidly.

"Yes, I've seen them," Bobby replied. "They're all like the one that you reacted to tonight. They're interesting."

"I was tremendously interested in the one I saw," said Owen. "There's something baffling about it too; something of Marta—the thing you see in her eyes—you almost get it and then it eludes you. It's something that she holds back within herself, that yet contains a promise of revelation when you are proved worthy. Here's the brick; now we can make a little time."

"You'll take Lynette along, won't you?"

"I will not," Owen declared with energy. "Why should I? You know Lynette wouldn't understand the pictures and wouldn't understand Marta. Can't I have any freedom at all? If I find a congenial spirit —— Why, you certainly know in your own case how it is. Haven't you broken away from all this humbug and hypocrisy and deadly dullness? You know what a real friendship with an understanding woman means."

"Sure I do," replied Bobby, and shouted with laughter. Then he leaned from the car and spat two or three times. "I haven't got any wife and child, though," he resumed. "You've got responsibility—duties—by heck! Listen, Owen, the best time to quit anything like this is before you begin. Take it from me. You think of Lynette and Boy."

"A man's got a duty to himself," Owen answered stubbornly. "He's got to think of himself."

"All right then, think of yourself," cried Bobby -"just as long as you think; but don't put it off too long."

No use talking to the old fool! Hopeless, just about! If the poor fish didn't know when he was well off with a splendid woman like Lynette and a cunning kid like Boy, it looked pretty bad. Trouble ahead—more trouble! One thing after another, as if a fellow didn't already have enough to send him crazy!

And Lynette was one of the best, if she did get a little smarty once in a while and talk as if a fellow was still a kid. She and Owen had always got along first rate too. They both liked bridge and the same people. Generally seemed to agree about things, and she let him smoke his pipe anywhere he wanted to in the house.

Something would have to be done about it. But what and when and where? Tomorrow was this rotten business of telling the folks and then packing in time to keep his appointment with Sashka. He had told Sashka that he would see her in the morning and he would have to keep his word. Face the music, by jinks! He shuddered. Gosh, how he dreaded it—telling her what he would have to tell her! But it couldn't be done if he packed. No telling how long it would take to make the folks see things in the right light.

He turned his head at what sounded like a chuckle from Owen. The road was now dimly lighted and he could not see Owen's face very distinctly.

"I've a notion to get those chains out now," Owen said. "That's twice she's skidded, but we're getting pretty near home."

Home! Bobby wondered if it would be possible to steal upstairs without awakening anybody; but muds might shuffle out in robe and slippers to make sure that he had enough cover or that his bed was turned back or that the maid had not forgotten towels. She had been known to do that, and there was no hope that she would fail to notice that eye. He would not put it past her to prepare a linseed poultice. The tyranny of love!

The car gave another sudden lurch and Owen muttered something more about chains. It had stopped raining and the waning moon now shone through the breaking clouds on pools in the road; a rubescent dot glowed in the distance.

"I don't think you get Marta right, Bobs," said Owen mildly. "Our friendship ——"

"Red light ahead," Bobby interrupted "That means danger, Owen. Maybe a smash-up. Owen, I'd give a million dollars—or my chance of a million, anyway—if —— Well, never mind, I can't talk to you now. I can't think straight, but I've got something to tell you before you see Marta again—before —— Was it Wednesday you said?"

"Right-o," said Owen quite cheerfully. "We'll have a heart-to-heart. And now here's a white light coming."

It came on rapidly, broadening and brightening. Owen swore.

"Damned road hog!"

A dazzling glare and Owen threw the wheel over to avoid the onrushing bulk, but the wheel turned loosely, without resistance under his hand. The car whirled like a top, end for end. Shouta, screams ,and a crash.

Owen struggled through a tangle of torn curtains, twisted top standards and board fence and brushed from his eyes a warm trickle of blood that blinded him. A few feet away the other car stood, one of its headlights still blazing on the road. A woman was wailing, "Oh, my wrist, my wrist! Oh, my wrist, my wrist!"

A man's voice, "To hell with your wrist! Look at the car! You all right, Larry?"

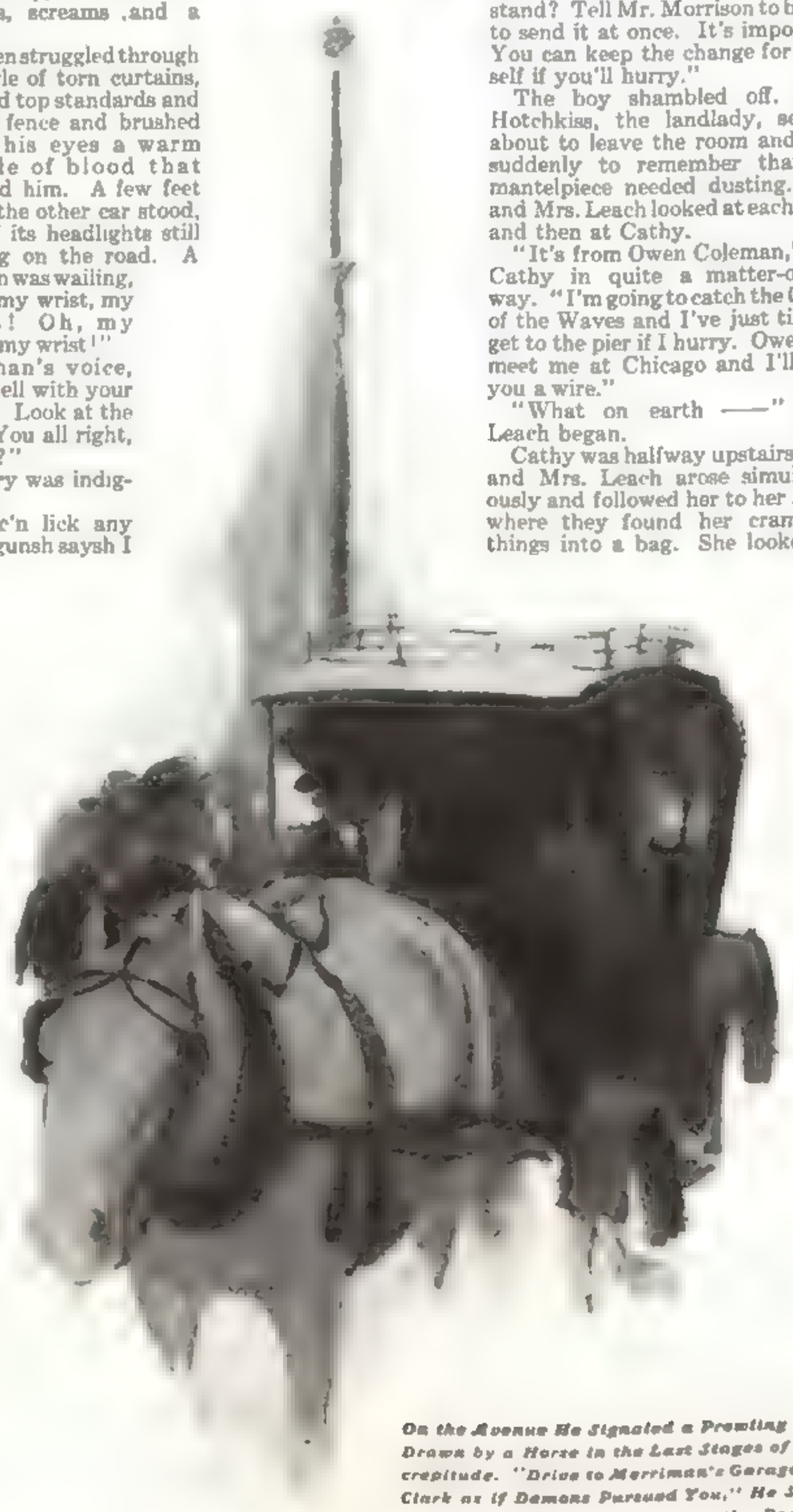
Larry was indignant.

"I c'n lick any sonvagunsh saysh I a.n't all right," he answered quickly. "Whassha stopping for?"

"My wrist, my wrist!" cried the woman. "Oh, my God, my wrist!"

Owen suddenly realized what had happened. His car had been overturned halfway up the bank by the side of the road, where it had encountered the fence. Where was Bobby? He called again and again. There was no answer. He ran to the other side of the car and nearly trod on an extended hand and arm.

The rest of Bobby was underneath the wreckage.



On the Avenue He Signaled a Prowling Cab Drawn by a Horse in the Last Stages of Decrepitude. "Drive to Merriman's Garage on Clark as if Demons Pursued You," He Said to the Disreputable Relic on the Box

At Cheepahassac Catherine Leach read the twenty-three words of her telegram twice over, being acutely conscious of four pairs of eyes bent inquisitively on her. Without any visible sign of emotion she turned to the lumpish youth in the bandaged cap who had brought the fateful yellow envelope.

"Are you going straight back to the office?" she asked. "Then wait a minute and I'll give you a message to take back with you."

She glanced at her wrist watch and went to the writing desk, followed by the eyes. Mrs. Leach tried to make her voice sound casual.

"Who is it from, Cathy?" she inquired.

"Just a moment, dear," said Cathy. She scribbled a few words, frowned at them, tore up the paper and again wrote. Her mother's handbag lay on the desk. She opened it and took out a bill. "I'll pay you back when I go upstairs," she said to the bag's owner. Then to the boy, "I want that sent off at once, do you understand? Tell Mr. Morrison to be sure to send it at once. It's important. You can keep the change for yourself if you'll hurry."

The boy shambled off. Mrs. Hotchkiss, the landlady, seemed about to leave the room and then suddenly to remember that the mantelpiece needed dusting. Mr. and Mrs. Leach looked at each other and then at Cathy.

"It's from Owen Coleman," said Cathy in quite a matter-of-fact way. "I'm going to catch the Queen of the Waves and I've just time to get to the pier if I hurry. Owen will meet me at Chicago and I'll send you a wire."

"What on earth ——" Mrs. Leach began.

Cathy was halfway upstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Leach arose simultaneously and followed her to her room, where they found her cramming things into a bag. She looked up as they entered and her blue eyes flashed at them defiantly.

"Don't dare to try to stop me!" she cried. "And don't talk! There's been an accident—Bobby. I'm going to him. The telegram's there on the table."

She stuffed something more into her bag. Mrs. Leach was reading the message, Mr. Leach looking over her shoulder.

"The deuce!" ejaculated Mr. Leach, and vanished.

"But, my dear," Mrs. Leach remonstrated, "you can't, surely, after what Mrs. Aintree said in her letter, dream ——"

"That old cat!" cried Cathy wildly. "What do I care what she said or what anybody says? Don't you understand? Bobby wants me—my Bobby. I'm going to him—now! Mother, you're distracting me. I've got to keep my head, and you ——" She bent and snatched off one of her canvas shoes. "Oh, why won't you go away?"

She recovered the shoe and put it on again, plucked a hat from a peg and put that on with shaking fingers. Her composure had altogether deserted her.

"Well, if you are bound to be foolish I suppose I shall have to go with you," said Mrs. Leach, suppressing her own emotions and adopting her bland but brisk and incisive Madam Chairman tone. "It is, of course, impossible for you to go alone."

Cathy came from the closet with a tweed coat on her arm. She snapped the bag shut, caught it up and then dropped it to dart to a drawer and take out a *portemonnaie*. She picked the bag up again and sped down the stairs. A door below jarred as it was flung open and there was a smashing and tinkling sound as of a cherished Hotchkiss flower vase fallen from the hall table.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Leach. She hastened to an adjoining room, calling "Geoffrey!"

There was no reply. She ran to a window and looked out. Her daughter was running along the road leading to the boat landing, making remarkably good time in spite of her encumbrances. But who was this running after her—and fast gaining on her? It was Geoffrey Leach, her husband. Good! He was going to bring the silly girl back After all, husbands had their uses. But why was Geoffrey wearing an ulster? There, he had overtaken her; he had taken her bag away from her. Good. But

He hadn't stopped her. They were running together now and faster than ever

Owen Coleman and Lynette, his wife, drove the Peters car to the station at Holmhurst a little before midnight and met the Cheepahassac runaways, which, as Owen remarked, was a great improvement on Cathy's original idea of dragging him out of bed at five o'clock in the morning to meet a boat.

Bobby? Oh, yes, a little bunged up, but he was doing nicely. Have to keep him in bed a little while longer, of course. The fact was he and Owen were out together and some woozy joy riders had bumped into Owen's car—about a week ago. Bobby had a little fracture of one arm and a few cuts from the broken windshield and—well, he would be fixed up better than new; but of course ——

Lynette took Cathy to her arms and heart. A pity Bobby couldn't have seen how tender, how kind and understanding Lynette was with her.

"It's true, dear. We're not trying to keep anything from you. He was really rather badly hurt; but, as Owen says, he is soon going to be all right again. If you only—but there's no if about it or you wouldn't be here. He doesn't know yet that he is to see you. We thought it better not to excite him; but in the morning —— Come, get in with me. Mr. Leach, you sit in front with Owen, please. Mother phoned over just before we started to give you her love and tell you that Bobby was sleeping nicely. You must be dead tired, you poor darling. Well, I'm going to tuck you comfy in bed just as soon as you get something to eat. All right, Owen."

So Cathy knew the worst. There was more that she must know, but at least Bobby was in no danger, and she was near him and would see him soon. So she let Lynette pet and baby her, ate and drank the food Lynette had prepared and was generally wax in Lynette's capable hands to the moment that she knelt by the side of the pretty bed and prayed to God for Bobby and for forgiveness for herself for willfulness and unfilial behavior, promising amendment with His help.

Then, greatly comforted, she rose and slipped into bed, and when Lynette looked in a half hour later she was sound asleep.

Meanwhile, Owen had been explaining the situation to Mr. Leach in the library.

"He lost a devil of a lot of blood, you know," Owen concluded; "and that crack on the head wasn't any love tap, not to speak of the arm and the leg; but the boy's got a good constitution and clean blood—what there is left—from clean living. The trouble is he's lost his grip on things and doesn't seem to want to grab a new hold But I know Cathy can put that right."

"Do you think I ought to be glad, Coleman?" asked Mr. Leach.

Owen met his searching eye unflinchingly.

"He's been a good deal of a young fool, but I think you should be glad if he gets well and marries Cathy," he answered firmly. "I'll guarantee him."

"Then I'm tickled to death," said Mr. Leach; "and now I think it's about time we took a little sleep."

And Bobby:

"Bobby!"

Bobby opened his eyes and hastily averted them. *(Continued on Page 163)*

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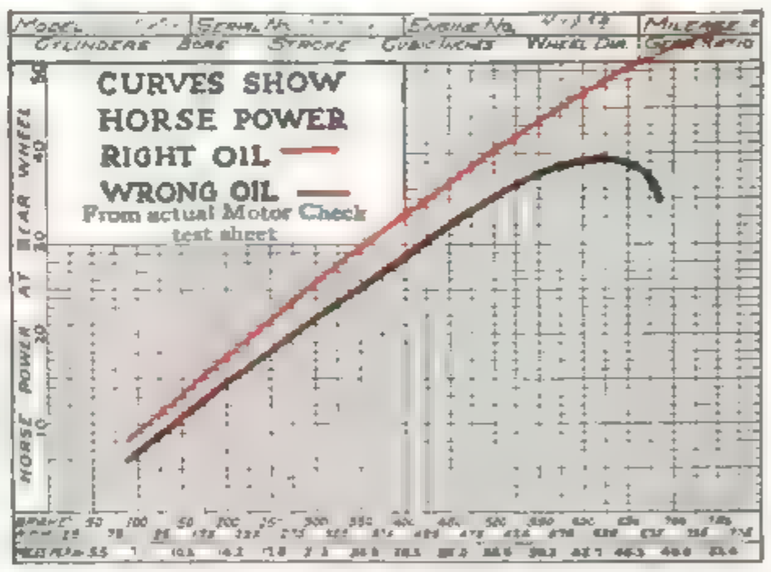

wheels are driving a great pulley, throttle wide open, engine roaring.

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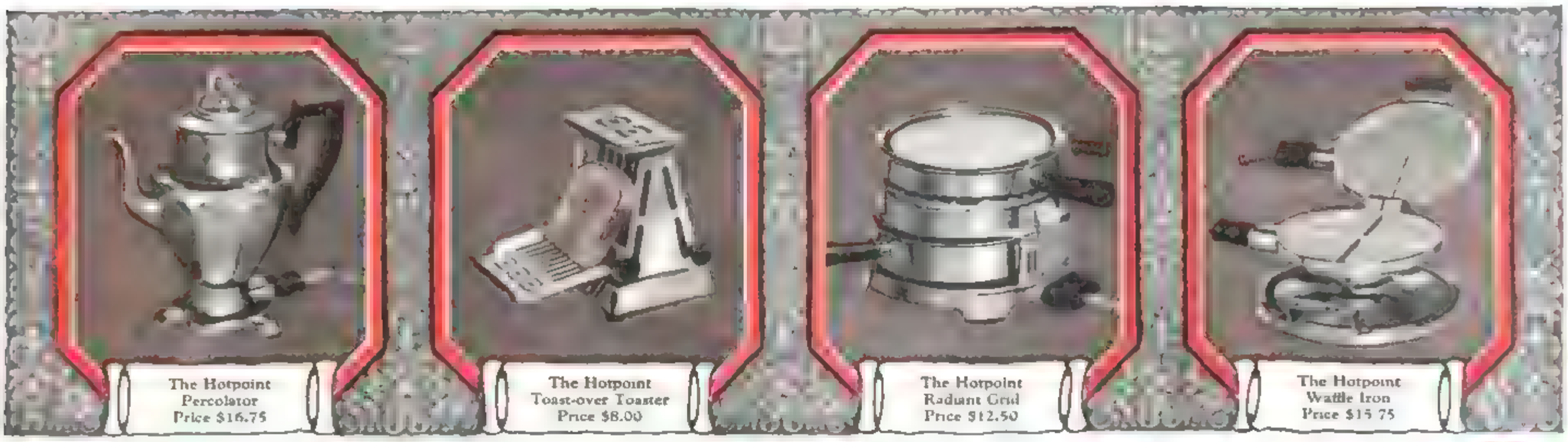
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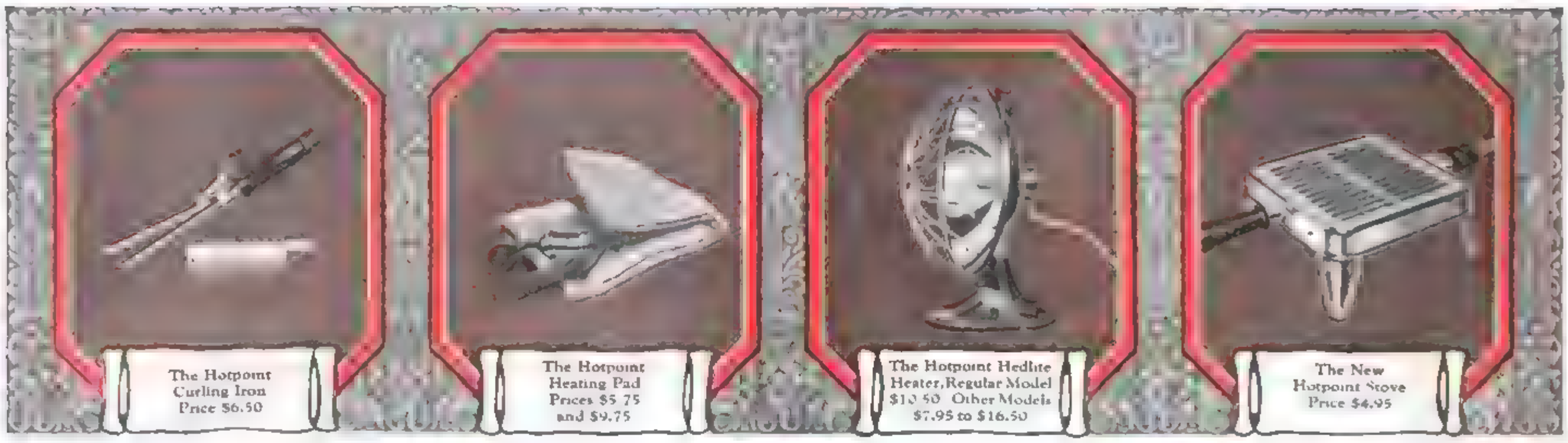
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A HERBERT BRENON Production. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. With Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, Matt Moore and George Fawcett. Adapted by Julie Herne and Edfrid Bingham.

(Continued from Page 158)

"Now she is going to say, 'Never, never dare to speak to me again!'"

Can you imagine what Cathy did say or what she would most likely have said, taking into consideration what has already been narrated concerning her? Of course you can, little as was said at that interview; short as it was. It was some time—days and weeks—before all of the most important things had been discussed by these two, and even then they were not discussed exhaustively. But within, say, the first half minute, Bobby knew what was essential and vital—the sum and substance of happiness, the paramount and material requirement of hope. Quite enough for a beginning. Mr. and Mrs. Peters, Mr. Leach, Owen, Lynette, the doctor and the nurse, Polly the cook, Ottilie the maid and Dan the handy man, who were variously disposed outside the door, in the adjoining room, on the stairs and—sensing the momentous—in the passage from the hall to the kitchen, all these were of the one opinion that the time had been long enough.

Mrs. Peters then, as her right was, first reëntered the sick room. Her face was set like marble as she opened the door, which closed quietly behind her. But Mr. Peters almost immediately followed.

Then Mrs. Peters reappeared with Cathy, both smiling radiantly but tremulously, and Cathy ran to her father's embrace. Mrs. Peters, after first closing the door softly, nodded reassurance all around and then threw herself bodily on Owen and Lynette, tearfully hugging them; but only for a moment.

"You'd better go in, doctor, if you will," she said, "and you, too, Miss Locke." Miss Locke was the nurse. "And send Mr. Peters out, please. Lynette, you're not going in now; nor you, Owen—nor anybody but me for an hour or two anyway. You can wait downstairs to hear what Doctor Smithers says, and after that well, there won't be much visiting."

Out came Mr. Peters, beaming. He was the least demonstrative man in the world, but he took one after another of the women into his arms, beginning with Cathy, and kissed them with a perfectly Gallic enthusiasm. Mr. Leach and Owen he merely shook and thumped severely.

"What has she done to him?" he cried, in a ludicrously suppressed voice. "He's alive—alive! 'For this my son was dead ——'"

His voice broke and he charged through them across the landing and into a back room, where nobody followed him.

Mr. Robert Walmsley Peters, attired with a care and attention to detail that he had somewhat neglected of late, got out of his car, and walking stiffly, with the aid of a cane, crossed the rustic bridge that spanned the ravine and slowly began the ascent of the sloping path that led to the wooded upper ground. Halfway up he stopped to rest, and at that moment a call came to him from above; and looking up, he saw a figure that his heart leaped to meet. He threw up a hand.

"Stay where you are!" he cried in response. "Don't come down!"

He was below her, still in the shadow and the chill of the ravine. She was standing full in the late autumn sunlight, which shone upon her gayly smiling face and made a burnished glory of her golden hair. It came to Bobby, in accordance with a lately formed resolution, that he must climb to her; and this he did, still slowly, but with a good heart, so that soon he reached the top of the slope where she awaited him.

Cathy raised her face to his and he bent and kissed her warm, fresh young lips. That was something well worth the toilsome ascent of the highest peak of the Himalayas, the steepest Alpine heights, with all their dangers of crevasse and avalanche. He realized that perfectly, and it was with a certain diffidence and gravity that he looked at her, dissevered from her gentle embrace.

"You know, Bobs dear, I'm half afraid to touch you for fear of hurting you."

"No danger. See how strong the arm is." He demonstrated.

"Goodness! But be careful, dear. Let's sit down somewhere. Over there's a nice soft log that may be dry too. Why wouldn't you let me come down and help you up? Too proud and haughty?"

"Not that exactly."

They walked over to the log and sat down after she had satisfied herself that it was dry enough for him. She drew his loose overcoat tighter about him, buttoned it and then took one of his hands between her own.

"Now we're nice and comfy. I love this place. We ought always to love it and come to it all our lives."

Bobby surveyed his surroundings with a professionally appraising eye.

"Too good residential to stay like this long," he said. "They'll fill in and extend the road by another year. In five years from now there won't be a vacant acre. That slope could be graded back and a concrete bridge thrown across ——"

"Don't, Bobs! Couldn't we buy this part and keep it for ourselves?"

"I've been thinking of that. I love the place, too, but the Watrous estate owns the tract and they're in no hurry to put it on the market; but perhaps ——"

He looked through the trees over to the distant lake. Autumn had withdrawn the wood's leafy curtain and revealed a long strip of exquisite turquoise, at the edge of which was set a dot of sail, snow-white in the now declining sun. Cathy sighed, noting the thinness of the face turned from her in profile, the scarred cheek and that other scar on the neck disappearing below the collar; but the face showed a new strength and purpose in its lines. Some of the boyishness had gone from it and an unwonted thoughtfulness marked it. He turned quickly and smiled at her.

"I may swing it," he said.

"You haven't told me yet why you wouldn't let me come down and help you up."

"Just a thought I had. I've been helped too much and I hadn't sense to see it and be decently grateful. Things came too easy. I was just this moment remembering how I bragged to you the last time we were here together. Remember? Robert Cocksure Peters!"

"You didn't brag. I won't have you running yourself down. You're getting a habit of it."

"I don't want to do that either. I've got to keep a little self-confidence if I'm to prove that I'm worth a rap; but it gives me a laugh to think I ever bragged. No, you're not going to come down to me, Cathy darling."

"I know what you're hinting at," she said. "The same old thing. You mean you won't marry me after I've begged and implored ——"

"I mean that I won't let you marry me now, dear; not until I've made good. Not good intentions; I've got them all right. But you've got to have some reason for thinking that the man you marry has a backbone and a brain, and you haven't any reason to think so now. I love you and I want you to believe it, but I've got to show you—get me?"

"I suppose you've torn up our marriage license and sold the furniture we got when you nearly persuaded me to elope," said Cathy musingly. "If you haven't it seems a pity to waste them, doesn't it? There may be a time limit on the license and you never know what moths will do to upholstery. Rather hard on a girl to be turned down in this way, too, don't you think, Bobs? And Myrtle and Jim Riley married less than a week ago. Don't you see how awkward it's going to be?"

Bobby looked reproachfully into the blue eyes that were so mischievous and yet so tender.

"You do understand me just the same," he said. "Somehow I -you—everybody's so good to me. Riley today—my first day's work for him since I've been getting around. He gives me a lot of guff about the man he wants me to see—what a tough bird he is and how hard to handle and how important the deal is and what confidence he has in me—and, Cathy, I believe he had me framed. I'd be willing to bet that the deal was already closed and Riley wanted to make me think I closed it—to encourage me. Sounds wild, but everybody seems conspiring to make me think I'm some feller. There's your folks, not to mention mine, and all the old crowd. Say, instead of the kicks I deserve ——"

Cathy put the rosy palm of her hand over his mouth. He took it away to kiss it more conveniently.

"But let's get this straight, darling," he begged. "It's always been big I and little u with me from the time I was a kid. Rotten conceit and selfishness. I was selfish with you, always, and yet I loved you. Funny, isn't it?—with everybody the same way. I've been thinking things over all the things I saw in the ghetto—the people there—poverty and filth—and you needn't say it's their fault, either, and if they'd get busy they'd get rich. Easy for us to talk that way. Then these big-mouthed guys like Karl come in. At that, Karl and his lot may not be all snide; they may believe a good part of their yawp just as dad believes it's a man's own fault if he doesn't prosper. You can't settle things so simply. They're too mixed. We haven't all got good, hard, horse sense. Look at me! But if we could think a little less of ourselves and our own gang, and quit pulling and hauling against each other sixty different ways —— Oh, well"—Bobby laughed, embarrassed by his own warmth, and color showed in his cheeks—"too big for me, but maybe I'll learn. I'll try. But I mean to say it's up to me first to think of you and to try to deserve what you've given me before I take any more."

"You darling boy!" said Cathy. "But I don't want you to deserve me, Bobby. How could you? Still, I'm willing to wait for any length of time you think necessary. Would four or five years do, do you think, Bobs?"

"If it takes as long as that—yes." He tried to speak firmly.

She turned the diamond and sapphire on her engaged finger this way and that, admiring it.

"See how it sparkles! Pauline Hart and May Golding think it's the loveliest they've ever seen. Clarice Bowman asked me when the wedding was going to be. I told them it was going to be on New Year's Day, so that we could start even with the world and you wouldn't be so likely to forget our anniversary. I'm afraid they'll be taking it for granted that I meant this next New Year's. Mother and I will have to go round and explain that it's 1930. . . . What's the matter, Bobs?"

He had taken her by her slim shoulders and was scowling terrifically into her wide-open childishly innocent eyes.

"Cathy!"

"Will you really mind much, Bobs dear?"

Hopeless!

Struggle as a man will, from the cradle to the grave, he will never be free for long. Chains and fetters!

Bobby did the only sensible thing under the circumstances—hugged his chains.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two stories about Bobby Peters.

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By Robert E. Pinkerton

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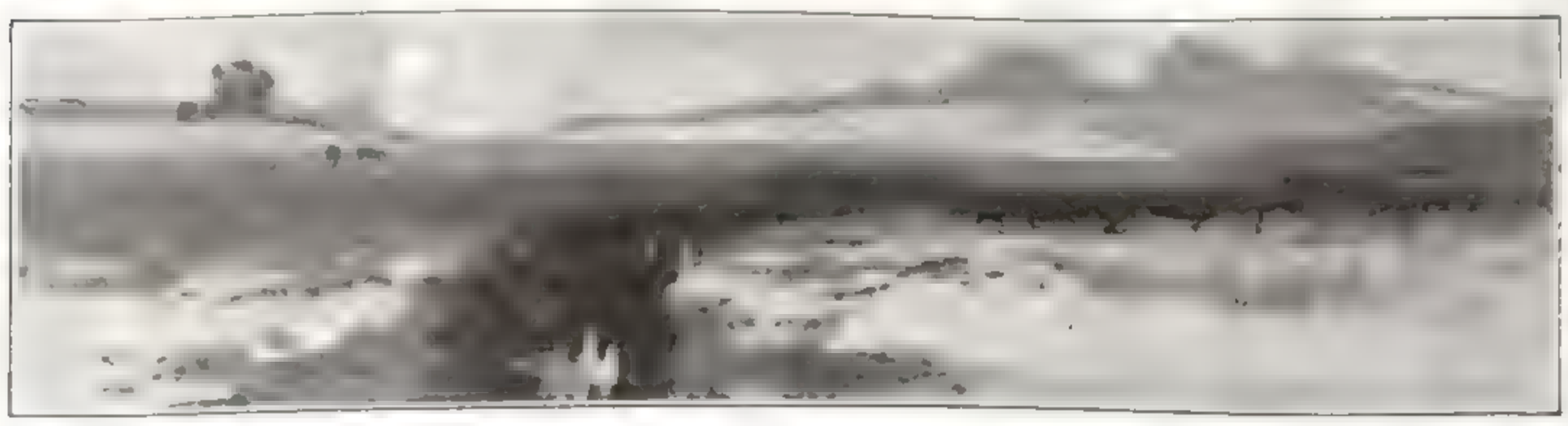

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Avoid Imitations

Enjoy the leisure and comfort the Royal Cleaner brings

ONCE you use a Royal Electric Cleaner on your rugs, its superiority will be so obvious that you will require no further proof.

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Hundreds of thousands of women who after investigation have chosen the Royal will tell you there is no real substitute for it, and what it does.

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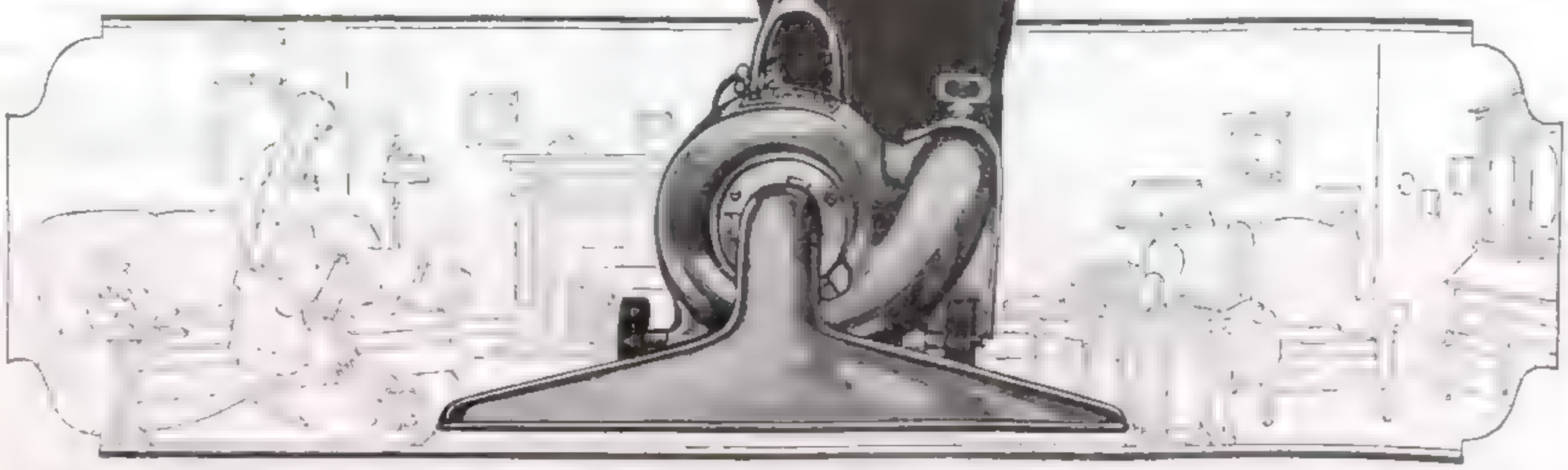

ROYAL
ELECTRIC CLEANER
Gets ALL the dirt by Air Alone

MISS WIGGIN'S LOVE AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 27)

Mr. Tutt laughed in spite of his distaste for Captain Ahab's familiarity. That the captain should refer to the elderly Minerva as "my lass" outraged his sense of propriety. However, he seemed to be a good old skate—and there was the Teague & Teague.

"Nuts or stewed prunes!" giggled Miss Wiggin, as the captain scrambled to a vertical position. "That's a nifty!"

"Minerva!" admonished her employer. Then he addressed his client: "Won't you have a—er—nip before you go?"

Captain Ahab ran his tongue around his lips.

"We-ell," he remarked in accordance with the custom in such cases, "since you press me."

III

THE tension between Mr. Tutt and Miss Wiggin was not lessened by reason of Captain Ahab's having consumed most of the contents of his own gift bottle, and then lingering for another hour in the outer office recounting his adventures as a whaler to the assembled office force, including the lesser Tutt and Minerva herself.

Mr. Tutt could hear the captain's voice booming and bellowing hoarsely through his door, which he had carefully closed to inhibit Ahab's return and the shouts of appreciative laughter that arose at the termination of each anecdote. Curse the fellow! He had become a regular nuisance. Mr. Tutt wished that he had refused to take his business. It was a mistake to have dealings with that sort of people. Yet he knew in his heart that if it had not been for Minerva he would have welcomed Ahab to his bosom as a picturesque old sea dog and taken him home to dinner.

"You're a jealous old fool!" he told himself. "'A nut or a stewed prune.'" And he laughed softly.

Then he lit a stogy, crossed to the door, opened it a crack and glanced through. Captain Ahab was standing by the rail that separated the inner from the outer office, his wooden leg propped firmly on the rubber mat, nominally addressing the protruding eyes and distended ears of Willie, but in reality delivering his remarks to Minerva Wiggin, who loitered, thrilled, halfway between her desk and the telephone booth. He had her apparently as groggy as Othello ever had the innocent Desdemona over his "battles, sieges, fortunes" that he had passed, his tales of "antres vast and deserts idle." Mr. Tutt's own interest was caught and held in spite of himself.

"And now, my lad"—Ahab waved his stubby forefinger under Willie's freckled nose, while keeping his eye on Miss Wiggin—"we come to the most important act of all—bailing the oil out of the whale's head, or case, as y'know whalers call the upper part of the skull. We hitched our cutting tackles and hoisted the head vertically out of water. As I told you, boy, a fair-sized whale is eighty feet long and his head is a third of his length, so when you decapitate him and elevate the head against the side of your ship to bail out the oil you have a sort of bucket or barrel twenty-five or more feet in depth and full of pure, sweet sperm oil—not less in a large whale's case than five hundred gallons.

"Well, boy, Bildad, him I told ye of, ran out on the main yardarm, carrying a light tackle we call the whip, which travels through a single-sheaved block; and making the block fast to the yard, he threw one end of the rope aboard to Peleg Sanders and lowered himself hand over hand down the other onto the whale's head—a slippery, oozy kind of place, believe me. And here, with a short, sharp spade he cuts a hole in the whale's case and lowers in a bucket on the end of the whip. Then Peleg and the rest pull on their end of the rope and up comes the pail all bubbling with the clean sperm. Ninety buckets Bildad fills and takes out this way; but at the ninety-first, as it left his hand to be swung up over the side, his foot slipped on the treacherous, slimy flesh and poor old Bildad plunged head foremost down the hole into the whale's skull, clean out of sight—like a new sort of Jonah. Yes, lad, and the wrench tore the head away from the tackles and it dropped back into the sea and sank out of sight—and that was the last of poor old Bildad!"

"Gee!" gasped Willie. "I'm sure glad I wasn't him!"

"Well, you may be, boy!" said Captain Ahab. "And now good day to you all. Good day to you, ma'am; or, as they say in France, so long and oh ruvoy!"

Mr. Tutt, with a peculiar expression upon his wrinkled old face, softly closed the door. For at least two whole minutes he stood motionless, looking out of the window and caressing his lean lantern jaw. Once his eye brightened for an instant, but the gleam faded. Whatever it was that haunted and puzzled him—faint echo of reminiscence—diaphanous materialization of a mental mirage—vanished into the subconscious whence it had come.

"Why will women be such fools?" he muttered. "Thank God I'm not married!"

Was it, he asked himself, that he was merely an old dog in a manger? Or was it something else? If Minerva had taken a real shine to Captain Ahab there was no specific reason, nothing that could not be urged against all sailors, why she should not marry him.

He seemed a pretty good sort—certainly a real he man. Those old whalers used to take plenty of chances!

That puzzled expression had returned to Mr. Tutt's face. Was he right or not? Why should he be so opposed to Minerva's having a belated temperamental flurry—even if it became an equinoctial gale? What business was it of his? Curse the man! Yet as he walked slowly home to the old house with the plane tree and the wistaria vine on West Twenty-third Street, he became more and more depressed. Yes, women were fools, and everybody knew it! You could never tell what they would do.

The sea-coal fire was glowing pleasantly and the brass kettle sent forth a steady jet of steam. Mr. Tutt kicked a bootjack from behind the secretary, pulled off his congress boots, thrust his feet into a pair of carpet slippers and his arms into a shabby dressing gown. Then he unlocked the front of the secretary, which was of glass lined with green baize, and selecting a tall tumbler and a taller bottle, placed them side by side upon the hearth. Next he carefully lowered himself into the old sag-bottomed leather armchair, placed a handful of stogies within easy reaching distance, lit one, partially filled the tumbler from the steaming kettle and entirely filled it from the bottle. Then having looked upon the work of his hands and seen that it was good, he sipped his toddy contemplatively.

"Yes," he repeated aloud, "I'm glad I'm not married."

And then, curiously enough, he sighed, and taking up Moby Dick, began to read.

IV

THOSE of us who know Mr. Tutt may perhaps wonder at the resentment with which he viewed the coy approach of Dan Cupid to one whose happiness meant almost as much to him as his own. He was the tenderest-hearted man at the New York bar; and although this may not be saying so much as might appear at first glance, his heart was big and its cortex came very near the threadbare bosom of his old frock coat. That it was threadbare in that particular place was not due to the number of times that Minerva had laid her head there and cried her eyes out, although she had done even that more than once.

A woman cannot live to be forty-five plus and have had no man in her life without a certain sense of futility, which as the years go on becomes poignant. There were moments when Minerva Wiggin would have married almost anybody, although nobody could have guessed it. She loved Mr. Tutt, as has been previously recorded, with a devotion that would have attained passion had it not been for the peculiar quality of Puckish mischievousness which both attracted and outraged her. She loved him, but her love was like that of the young mother for her naughty little boy. And Minerva often used that very phrase to herself in reference to her employer, and sometimes even to him direct—"Naughty boy!" On one or two rare occasions she had even called him a stubborn old mule. Their relations were affectionate—at times tender—confidential, loyal and unselfish. They had absolute confidence in each other, she in his adroitness and knowledge of the law, however obsolete, and he in her sense of what was right—a very present help in time of trouble and at all others to the practicing lawyer. They were, in a word, the greatest pals; they were each professionally dependent upon the other; and what was best of all, they amused each other to death. Miss Wiggin regarded her employer as the smartest lawyer in New York, and he secretly viewed her as more valuable than the smaller—Samuel—Tutt, his legal shadow. Thus for many reasons Mr. Tutt could not but feel pain at sight of Miss Wiggin's defection—her so easy fall for the bluff old sea captain, however salt and breezy.

"I can't imagine what she sees in the fellow!" he muttered each time that he lifted the tumbler to his lips; and his eyes, when they focused at all, focused for hours on the same page and the same paragraph. Rather did his mind hitch its trolley to the star of memory and run back over love's wire into the dim past of more than a quarter of a century since Minerva had been a member of his office force. He recalled her vividly the very first day she had come in and applied for a position—brisk, smiling, snappy, fresh from her successful passage of the bar examinations, her cheeks touched with color, her curly brown hair rippling across her temples, her gray eyes eager. Tut, tut, Mr. Tutt! He did not even ask her for a reference.

"I don't care who you are or where you come from, my dear," he had said. "Walk right in, hang up your bonnet and stay as long as you like."

"On one condition," she replied firmly.

"On any you choose."

"That you won't discharge me for refusing to do what I don't regard as cricket."

Mr. Tutt grinned at her.

"Does that mean you have been warned I am an old rascal?" he inquired.

"It means I've been told that you know more tricks than any lawyer at—er ——"

"Go on—this side of jail, eh?"

She gave the cooing little chuckle that he had learned to love so well.

"You've guessed it!"

"Fine! Your job will be to keep me out—preserve me for proper use; to be the guardian of my conscience."

"Is that all?"

Mr. Tutt stooped over and gazed intently down into her gray eyes.

"And in return, my dear, I'll teach you the gentle art of separating a man from his money, a woman from her husband and a judge from his justice, absolutely and without pain."

She turned, unpinned her small hat and hung it on the rickety hat tree under Mr. Tutt's furry broad-brimmed beaver, where it looked like a tiny duckling seeking refuge beneath a gigantic mother. His eyes followed her softly.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep

"And so, my dear, may you keep mine!" he whispered to himself. "God knows I need someone like you!"

Out of this grew up the tenderest relationship of Mr. Tutt's lonely old life. Each day he became fonder of, more dependent upon, his new associate, for besides the purity and goodness in her face that had so attracted him, the young neophyte—one of the first women to be admitted to the bar—developed an astounding resourcefulness.

Perhaps this cannot be better illustrated than by an incident that occurred early in Miss Wiggin's apprenticeship. She had been sent to the Appellate Division to answer "Ready" to the call of the calendar in a case where Mr. Tutt was to make the argument for the reversal of a judgment involving a large amount of money and a very abstruse point of law. Miss Wiggin had just been admitted to the bar, but had never as yet appeared in court; and she knew nothing of the case in question beyond its name. The judges filed in and took their places upon the dais, and the presiding justice, a legal veteran famous for his acerbity, called the calendar. Addams versus Addams was the first. Mr. Tutt had not appeared, but Miss Wiggin had reminded him of his engagement and expected to see him walk into court at any instant. She therefore answered "Ready," and so did the lawyer representing the other side. The judge went on calling the calendar, finished the roll, pounded for

Gone -
are the days
—days of watchful waiting for the grindstone man to appear at the curb with his familiar call "Knives to Sharpen!" For now, all the kitchen knives can be sharpened in a few minutes when there is an Ace Knife Sharpener on the kitchen dresser. A few strokes through the discs will put a keen edge on the dullest blade. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and one dollar to
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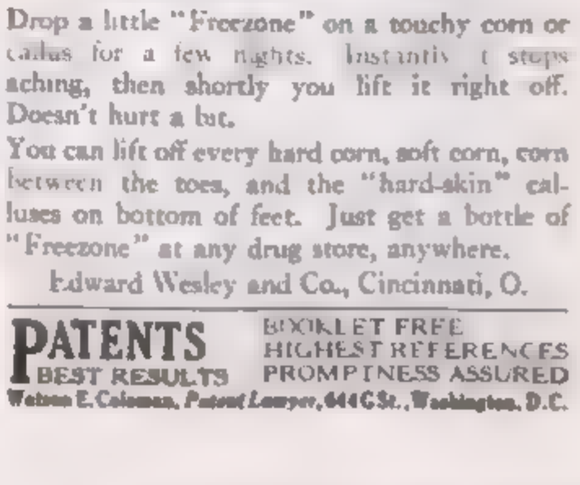
FREEZONE
Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.
You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.
Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.



order with his gavel, and announced that the court was ready for the argument in Addams versus Addams

But there was no sight of Mr. Tutt! Where could he be? Young Miss Wiggin turned faint. If they defaulted him, if his side should not be argued—if for any reason Tutt & Tutt should lose the case Ephraim Tutt's reputation would be gone forever! And in truth she might well have turned faint, and even fainter still, for Ephraim Tutt was at that instant standing downtown in the old Astor House before a polished rail, eating raw oysters and drinking a pint of Piper Heidsieck with no less a personage than the Hon. James C. Carter, president of the New York Association of the Bar.

"And so," he was at that moment saying to him, "the jury of farmers, unable to agree, came straggling back and the judge impatiently asked the foreman what the truth was.

"'Wall, jedge,' the foreman drawled, 'some of us air in doubt as to whether what you've told us be the law or just ary a notion of yours.'"

Mr. Carter almost lost an oyster and Mr. Tutt chuckled and filled his glass again.

"Say, Carter, ever hear that one about the bull?" he inquired.

Now at the identical instant, up at the Appellate Division, another judge—an atrocious judge who seemed to take a bloodthirsty and ogreish delight in terrifying youthful members of the bar—looked down at little Miss Minerva Wiggin and roared, "Are you from Tutt & Tutt?"

"I am, your honor," she answered, arising.

"I see Mr. Ephraim Tutt is down to answer this case. Where is he?"

"Mr. Tutt is on his way. He will be here any moment," she assured the Jeffreys of Manhattan.

"Urh—if he is not here in two minutes I shall hold him in default and allow the other side to go on with their argument."

He swiveled and fired a long-distance glance at a drowsing member of the bar, who promptly gave up his legal ghost.

"Mr. Ephraim Tutt!" he called.

No answer.

"Time's up!" he roared. "I'll hear the other side."

"Please, sir!" begged Miss Wiggin. "Please give Mr. Tutt just one minute more. I feel sure that he is just outside ——"

"Urh—not a second! If there is no one to argue the case for the appellant I'll hear the respondent."

The walls rocked, and to poor little Minerva the faces of the spectators swam about like goldfish in an aquarium. The lawyers for the other side were grinning, but some of the P. J.'s associates showed that they felt that he was being a little harsh under all the circumstances. One of them leaned over and whispered something.

"Urh—urh—not ten seconds! I'll not be treated as if Tutt was a barber and I was waiting to be shaved. Addams versus Addams! If there is nobody to appear for the appellant ——"

Little Minerva Wiggin, white as a ghost, lips trembling but resolute, arose and stepped forward, holding Mr. Tutt's long printed brief in her hand.

"I—I will argue the case for the appellant," she announced in a clear but somewhat shaky voice.

The P. J. stiffened and glared at her. The other judges swung their chairs around to look at her curiously.

"You! You're not a member of the bar!"

"Oh, yes, your honor, I am."

"Urh! Urh!"

"Urh! Urh!" echoed Minerva faintly, clearing her throat, and the assembled bar tittered, while the P. J. turned red to the tops of his shaggy eyebrows.

"Young woman, do you know anything about this case?"

"Yes, your honor."

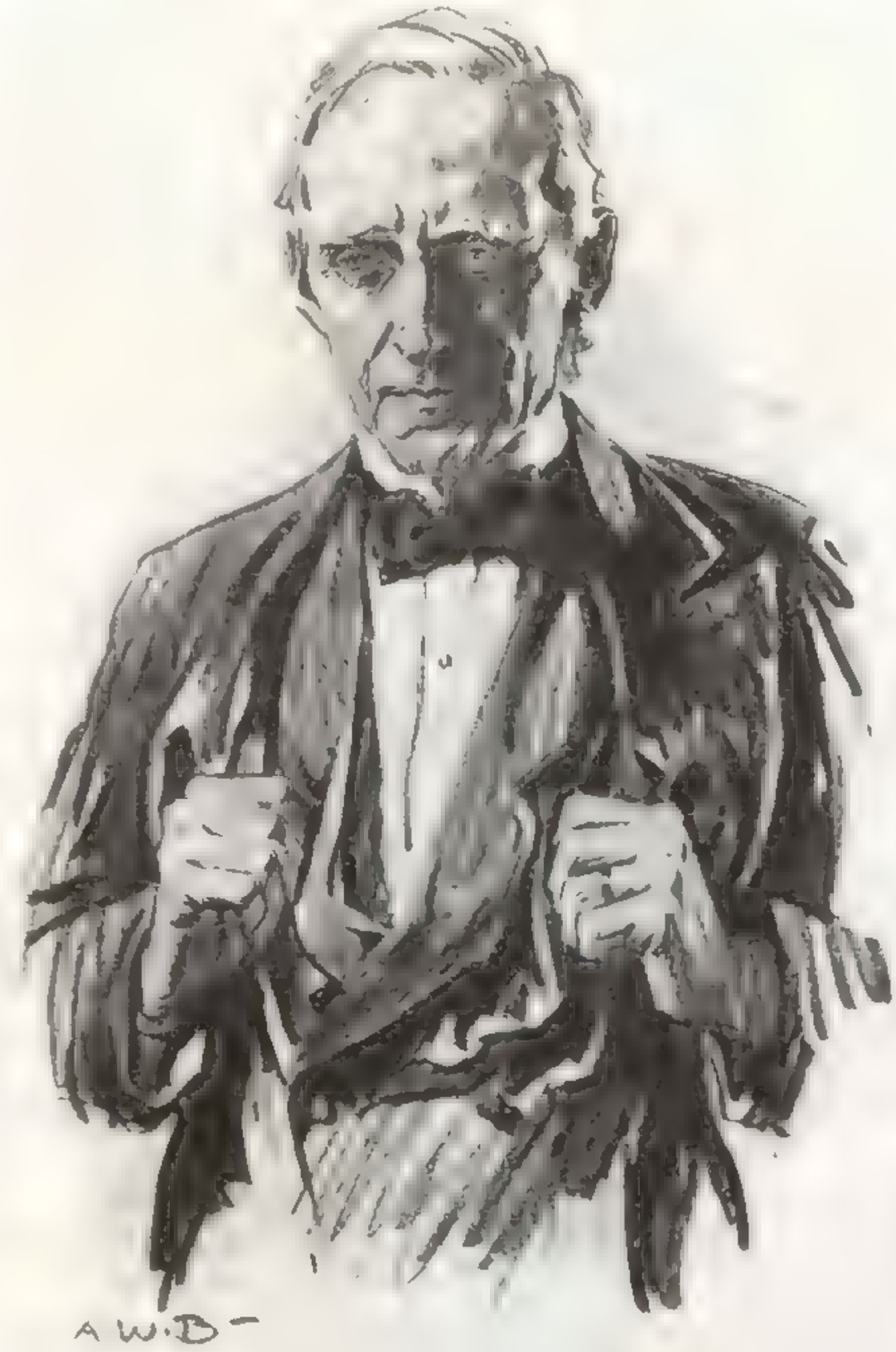
"What?"

"Your honor will learn that from my argument. I believe the appellant is allowed forty-five minutes. Mr. Tutt could undoubtedly make it all plain in part of that time. I shall need it all. Shall I begin, your honor?"

A murmur tiptoed around the room. Even the associate judges peered at one another. Never before had the ferocious old P. J. been bearded in such a manner. Would he devour her alive? Would he commit her for contempt? But could he? Tutt & Tutt were entitled to be heard. Only, no woman as yet had ever dared ——

"Urh!" bellowed the P. J. Then in a still, small voice he said "Go on!"

And Minerva Wiggin, the first woman who had ever burst into that legal sea, lifted up her voice and read aloud what Mr. Tutt had printed in his brief and which already lay in cold type before each one of the five learned judges. She had a right to make her argument and she made it—read it for forty-two and a half minutes—a lot of stuff about riparian rights and high and low water and mean tides and meaner men and



"Why Will Women be Such Fools?" He Muttered. "Thank God I'm Not Married!"

oyster beds, while the five fat judges lolled on their carved, upholstered chairs and patiently listened as they perforce had to—until Mr. Tutt, who had dashed up Broadway in a hansom cab, the horse of which collapsed upon the pavement on reaching the goal, entered breathless and apologetic, and was about to throw himself upon the mercy of the court, when he discovered to his amazement his little Minerva playing the part of Portia.

Indeed, she appeared to have tamed even the Presiding Judge, for when Mr. Tutt stepped silently forward the shaggy old lion upon the bench waved him back with the remark:

"You are not needed, sir! This court has already heard your side of this case—urh—urh—very ably presented by—er—our brother—or rather sister Wiggin, who I am inclined to believe wrote your brief for you, sir!"

All that was a long, long time ago; but the passage of the years had merely added instance after instance of like character to the catalogue of indispensable services rendered by Minerva Wiggin to Ephraim Tutt, who had come to feel that without her assistance the sun could hardly manage to get up of itself. He knew that certainly he could not. And now to have a one-legged sea dog—one-legged!—come along and rob him of his Minerva after only half a dozen meetings and less than three weeks' acquaintance—it was too much! He assured himself that he hated all sailors; those who had been whalers in particular. He wondered how Hatch had come to lose his damned leg anyhow. Something disreputable, no doubt! The more he dwelt on his own long association with Minerva Wiggin, the more indignant he became that any mere seafarer, or anybody at all, in fact, should have the audacity to tamper with her affections. Urh! Yes, women were fools! Wrathfully he seized Moby Dick, and fixing his eyes upon Page 323, Chapter LXXVIII, sought to banish the entire sex from his mind.

V

NOW whether or not it was because of a troubled conscience, Mr. Tutt's attitude toward Miss Wiggin's embryonic love affair changed from that time on. He no longer chaffed her on account of Captain Ahab, but on the contrary showed more than an ordinary interest in the latter's affairs, trivial though they might seem in comparison with the other matters he was handling. In fact he took every means in his power to make amends for his previous officiousness and discourtesy.

Among other things, he showed her two letters that he had received from Troy; one from the First National Bank, stating that Capt. Ahab Hatch was well known to them as a man of the highest integrity; and another from Smith, Wyatt & Smith, commending him in all ways and affirming his financial responsibility—at least to the extent of promptly meeting his obligations to them. And then—even before Captain Ahab had sailed—came a letter from the Empire State Dredging Corporation, in answer to one from Tutt & Tutt, acknowledging that they had never settled for Goliath No. 2 for the reason that as Mr. Ezra Hatch had not paid any attention to their repeated letters regarding the proposed deduction of $140 from the price, on account of the defective traveler, they had jolly well let the whole thing slip until it should appear that he wanted his money. They were quite ready to send their check for $4860 as full settlement if that was agreeable to Mr. Ezra Hatch, or, if he were no longer alive, to his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns; but they would be eternally blowed if they would pay one cent of the interest, which Mr. Tutt had hinted would be, under the circumstances, a high-minded thing for them to do. This letter, shown to Captain Ahab on the afternoon of his departure for Savannah, gave him great satisfaction.

It was a —— fine thing, he alleged in trumpet tones, to find that with so many—— crooks in the world there were still honest people in it; and they were quite right in his opinion not to be willing to pay any —— interest to the executor of a —— man who was too —— drunk to know that anybody owed him money. He authorized Mr. Tutt to write at once to the Empire people and accept their offer. And he produced another bottle of Teague & Teague, which was then and there opened and sampled by Mr. Tutt and Ahab himself.

All the reserve and aloofness with which the old lawyer had at first treated his seafaring client had disappeared. He was now geniality itself, and he even responded with a qualified amiability to the somewhat flippant criticisms of the captain respecting marriage and the love of women. Indeed, the two Tutts and Captain Ahab really had quite a time of it, and not only finished the bottle of Teague & Teague but managed somehow, most mysteriously, to find another. And in the midst of it, a little to their embarrassment, Miss Wiggin appeared, explaining that she wished to get a book; but really, as they all, including Captain Ahab, perfectly well knew, to give them the once-over. The book was on the top shelf of the bookcase, and Miss Wiggin had to climb up on the stepladder to get it; and although Captain Ahab gallantly held it for her to the best of his ability, something—the Teague & Teague, perhaps—gave the affair a slight unsteadiness and it resulted in a general spill of boxes of foolscap, envelopes and carbon paper, which they all had to turn and pick up.

"Naughty, naughty!" she said, shaking her finger at the shamefaced three as she went out. "Naughty, naughty!" Just like that!

Captain Ahab, after her departure, slapped Mr. Tutt heavily upon the shoulder and told him that there was a woman for you, to which Ephraim Tutt heartily agreed. The course of true love did seem for the time being to be running smooth—smooth as whale oil.

VI

SOMEHOW, after that final jamboree in Mr. Tutt's office, the excitement over Captain Ahab seemed to subside. When he was stumping in daily more or less, bellowing his stories as from the quarter-deck, swigging his Teague & Teague and roughhousing the whole works, including Miss Wiggin, he kept them pretty well on the hop. Now descended a silence upon the offices of Tutt & Tutt that was positively graveyardish. Occasionally Miss Wiggin would timidly hazard an expression of curiosity as to what the captain might be doing at that particular minute, or at what particular minute he might return; or Mr. Tutt's recollection might hover lovingly upon the baggy tails of Ahab's long blue coat; but for the rest the days were merely blanks.

The Empire State Dredging Corporation acknowledged Tutt & Tutt's letter and notified them that a certified check would be forthcoming not later than the following Saturday, and on the following Saturday a check for $4860, drawn to the order of Ahab Hatch, Exec. of the Estate of Ezra Hatch, dec'd., and certified by the Prudential Trust Company, of Newark, duly arrived. And as luck would have it, upon that very same day, while the check was lying on Mr. Tutt's desk, Captain Ahab also appeared. He had struck a streak of calm weather, he said, and cut his normal average from Savannah by nearly eleven hours. He was clearly pleased about the check, but he was frankly more interested in seeing Miss Wiggin again than in the money, and when she suggested tea he acceded with enthusiasm. So Willie pulled out the old gate-leg table and arranged the

Continued on Page 171

Six Scissors Every Woman Needs

Clauss Cutlery Wins Against the World

Today, Clauss Cutlery has been absolutely accorded the position of preference once held in America by cutlery that came from Europe.

Ten years ago it began to be apparent that the shift was coming. The period of the war hastened and accelerated the movement.

Now the swing-over is complete. Clauss Cutlery—an American-made product—stands first in American esteem, beyond any question of doubt.

Nearly a half century ago, a small group of skilled cutlery workers were assembled in Fremont.

They began making the Clauss line with but one thought and one ambition—to make cutlery finer than anything the world had ever before seen.

That ambition has made Fremont the cutlery center of America.

Clauss progress was steady. Gradually there grew up in the trade, and among discriminating purchasers, the knowledge that the Clauss trade-mark literally stood for the highest quality—that America was making progress in a field of manufacture in which leadership had been held abroad.

The original skilled workmen trained the second generation in their craft and today fathers and sons work side by side in making Clauss always better.

The net result, from the standpoint of the user, is that today Clauss Cutlery has definitely assumed the dominant place, because it is the better cutlery.

With this general recognition of Clauss excellence has come the growing knowledge that a single pair of scissors or shears in the house is not nearly enough.

Women have found that it is much more convenient and more efficient to cut button-holes with button-hole scissors, for instance; and to have scissors which in size and weight are rightly designed for the character of the fabric to be cut.

So there is a distinct change in scissors buying. Clauss scissors are bought in various patterns by the complete set, or several pairs at a time. Of course, two pairs of manicure scissors are a necessity on every toilet table. No sewing basket is complete without the four types shown here.

More than 5 000 responsible merchants in the various cities will be glad to show you Clauss Cutlery and to recommend it to you They know there is no finer cutlery produced The complete line of Clauss Cutlery includes scissors and shears for every purpose, pocket knives, razors and manicure and pedicure implements Every article is fully guaranteed against all mechanical defects You will find Clauss Cutlery at department, drug and hardware stores

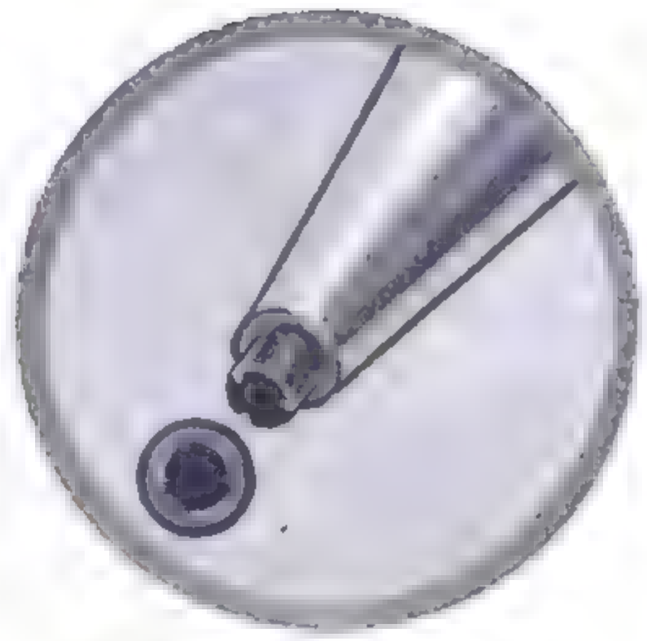
The Clauss Shear Company, Fremont, Ohio.

CLAUSS CUTLERY

SCISSORS ✓ SHEARS ✓ KNIVES ✓ MANICURING SETS

Clauss

Perfected



[1] THE RIFLED TIP PERFECTED

Eversharp's rifled tip, the patented invention which first made a good mechanical pencil possible, has now been perfected! Tiny relief spaces between the lead-gripping teeth positively prevent clogging or jamming. Still the lead is held firmly at the point; no slipping; no wobbling; no breaking inside the pencil.

The pencil is now perfected

EVERSHARP has written its way round the world.

It has gone into the pockets of the great, of the leaders in the world of business and finance, of executive and factory man. It has found its place in the hand-bag of the secretary and the society leader. To all, it has brought a new convenience in setting down the score of daily life.

And now comes the new Perfected Eversharp!

Six new features raise the Wahl Eversharp into a superior, the *supreme* writing companion.

When you put the New Wahl Eversharp to paper there is the same feeling of a positively gripped lead that first made Eversharp the world's finest pencil. And now the rifled tip, an exclusive Eversharp feature, is perfected!

There is perfect freedom from clogging tips. And when the lead runs short, the new reloading features make it almost as easy and quick as the thought to insert a new lead.

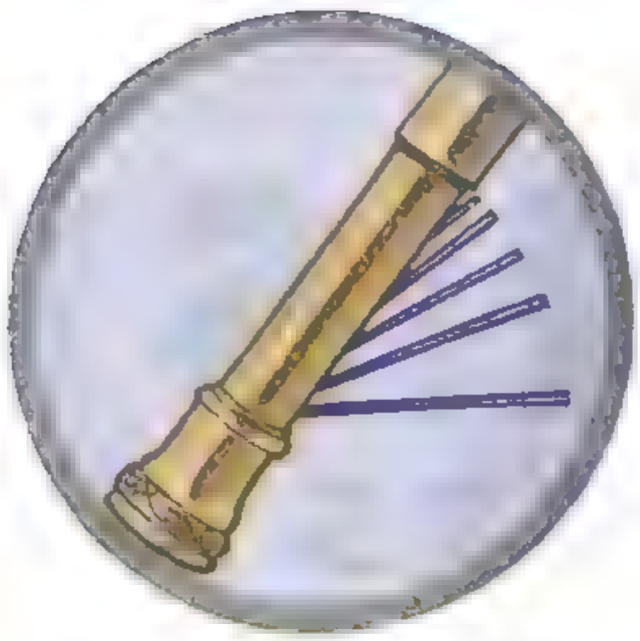
The new Perfected Wahl Eversharp is now the modern necessity, the efficient tool of everyone who writes. It is the pencil you can take from your pocket with pride in its beauty, and use with satisfaction in its perfect efficiency.

During May, Eversharp dealers everywhere especially invite you to try this new perfected pencil. The month of May marks an event in the history of man's writing tools.

You need pay no more for the new Eversharp. Prices are still from $3 to $10 for gold-filled or sterling silver pencils. But you can buy Eversharps from $1 to $50.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen



[2] EXTRA LEADS ACCESSIBLE IMMEDIATELY

In the perfected Eversharp, the new lead can be drawn from the magazine instantly. You can always see how much reserve lead you have. One pull at the Eversharp cap shows how much lead is left of the stick you are using.

[3] FOR QUICK LOADING

Diagram shows trigger which releases plunger when lead is used up. One pull—insert lead—one push—a turn. That's all.

[4] REPLACE WORN-OUT ERASER

The construction of the new Eversharp permits the eraser to be replaced by a new one. It cannot come out in use, yet it can be changed in a few seconds.

[5] STRONGER, BETTER CLIP

The pocket clip on the new Eversharp is made stronger by a different construction which adds to its appearance. Even if accident break the clip, a new one can be inserted in a few moments.

[6] EVERY PART INTERCHANGEABLE AND REPLACEABLE

We do not know how any part of the new Eversharp can go wrong except by accident when not in use. Yet we have taken no chances. Each part is replaceable. Any dealer will supply any part of the New Eversharp. You need not wait for a new part from the factory.

Eversharp's famous rifled tip, which holds the lead firmly *at the point*, gives the firmness, the solid feeling that the wooden pencil gave—the certainty that the lead cannot slip or turn. This grip on the lead at the tip has made Eversharp the leader among pencils.

Yet this rifled tip has now been perfected! Clogging is not now possible. In a test, thousands of leads, enough for many lifetimes of writing, were passed through the New Perfected Eversharp without clogging or jamming.

And a better balance makes the new pencil a delight to use. Its ease and quickness of operation, its *efficiency*, give the pleasure, the pride of ownership that the possession of the thing most modern always brings.

The New Wahl Eversharp, matched by the equally modern Wahl all-metal fountain pen in identical design, gives you two splendid writing companions.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

The New Perfected Eversharp is guaranteed against faulty operation of any kind, from any cause whatever. All dealers are authorized to replace, free of charge, any part or parts that fail to operate to your entire satisfaction.

The NEW PERFECTED WAHL EVERSHARP

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

You will find long life and complete comfort in either style of Paris Wide-weave—single grip or double grip. Because most men appreciate the wide difference between wide garters, they emphasize Paris for quality and service. Own an extra pair of Paris so you can always have a clean, crisp, fresh pair handy.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Also Makers of Hickory Products
Chicago New York

WIDEWEAVE
Single Grips
as low as 35¢
and
up to $1.00

WIDEWEAVE
Double Grips
as low as 50¢
and
up to $1.00

There are enough men wearing Paris Garters to elect the next President—EASILY!

(Continued from Page 166)

tea things and Captain Ahab flapped his coat tails and out popped a bottle of Teague & Teague, much as a rabbit might appear from a magician's hat. The smell of toast and of cigarettes drifted to the outer office and roused Tutt and Bonnie Doon, who came strutting in and joined the group. Quite a little tea party—the center of which was Captain Ahab, looking younger by ten years than his sixty-seven, full of quips and cranks, droll yarns and whimsical remarks.

"And tonight," he roared, "I want all hands to dine with me at the best restaurant Mr. Doon can pick out on Broadway. Mr. Tutt shall order the duffle. I'll bring the grog. And afterward we'll go to a hornpipe. How's that? Will you sign up, lads and lassies, for the venture?"

They all vowed they would, and gladly. Which reminded Captain Ahab that some long green would be necessary.

"Ah, my check!" he said. "I must cash my check before it is too late."

"That is simple enough," answered Mr. Tutt, who had no intention of allowing Captain Ahab to duck out of his invitation. "You can cash it downstairs at the Mustard Seed National."

"But they don't know me there," said Ahab doubtfully.

"That will be all right," Mr. Tutt assured him. "I am the attorney for the bank and they will gladly cash your check upon my identification."

So Mr. Tutt escorted Captain Ahab to the elevator and into the offices of the Mustard Seed National, where he introduced him to Mr. Gemall, the second vice president, and then to Mr. McKeever, the paying teller, who belonged to the same Saturday evening poker game as Mr. Tutt at the Colophon Club, familiarly known as the Bible Class. The old lawyer seemed rather proud of his salty client, and indeed Captain Ahab put his best foot forward and made a most excellent impression upon both of these gentlemen, who did not require any indorsement of Mr. Tutt's to guarantee Ahab's signature.

"Thank you kindly—thank you very much indeed," said Captain Ahab. "And now let's go back to your office and I'll pay your fee out of this and we can make our plans for the evening I want to do the thing in style. I have a reason that is very near my heart. You may guess what it is!"

"I have suspected it for some time," smiled Mr. Tutt. "Well, if you get her, you will get a woman in a million!"

The party around the tea table had been augmented since their departure by a slender, middle-aged man in tweeds—introduced as a Mr. Walton, a friend of Miss Wiggin; and shortly afterward two other men joined Willie in the outer office, to wait, they said, for Captain Hatch. The Teague & Teague reappeared, the teacups were refilled, a thin haze of smoke hung in Mr. Tutt's office.

"And now," said Ahab, "I guess I had better pay my little bill and say good-by until this evening."

He took out the roll and fingered it.

"How much do I owe you, Mr. Tutt?"

The old lawyer shook his head and waved him away.

"Nothing at all," he replied genially. "I could not think of charging you a cent under the circumstances."

He looked across at Minerva Wiggin, who lowered her head.

"Oh, I can't allow that!" protested Captain Ahab. "No, sir, Capt. Ahab Hatch always meets his obligations. What shall we say—three hundred dollars? It has been well worth it."

"Not a cent!" repeated Mr. Tutt.

"Well," expostulated Captain Ahab, "all I can say is that you're a funny kind of lawyer, but you can go right on being funny that way, so far as I am concerned, as long as you want to. We'll discuss this matter some other time. See you all tonight—at the Palace Restaurant, is it?"

Mr. Doon nodded.

"At seven, say?"

"That will be delightful," said Miss Wiggin.

"Well, it's your party!" chuckled Ahab. "If it wasn't for you there wouldn't be any. Good-by, Minerva, my lass!"

Mr. Tutt bit his lips as he saw his old friend place her hand so unsuspectingly in the captain's right. Then things happened very quickly—very quickly! They saw Miss Wiggin suddenly reach to Mr. Tutt's desk, pick up the sponge used for moistening stamps and apply it to the tattooed decoration AH on the back of Captain Ahab's weathered hand. She did it almost tenderly, and Captain Ahab made no move to prevent her until too late. But in that brief interval the beautiful decoration had utterly and inexplicably vanished.

Thereafter several things occurred almost simultaneously. Captain Ahab ejaculated something in Welsh quite unprintable, and addressed to the entire company, at the same instant making a slight motion toward his hip that might have been executed successfully had not Mr. Tutt, with rare presence of mind, given the captain's peg leg so violent a kick as to send it spinning through the open doorway into the outer office, where it landed on Willie Toothaker's desk. Thus deprived of his only obvious means of support, the doughty seafarer should in the nature of things have fallen flat; but contrary to all known laws of Nature, a perfectly good leg appeared from somewhere beneath the long coat tails and dropped into place. But the shock was severe, and he staggered and would doubtless have lost his balance had he not caught with both hands at the edge of Mr. Tutt's desk, which gave Mr. Walton the requisite opportunity to snatch up the tea cozy and cover him with the little automatic hidden beneath it. Somebody blew a whistle and the two visitors hurled themselves through the doorway, only to start back in some confusion at the sight of Mr. Walton. Captain Ahab had not stirred. Fear, caution or the protective instinct left him crystallized in the strange position of a semi-intoxicated customer leaning with both hands upon a bar and unable or unwilling to move.

"All right, boys," said Inspector Terrill. "Frisk him."

Without removing his cigarette, he stuck the muzzle of the automatic into the captain's midriff, while one of them slipped on the bracelets and the other deftly relieved Ahab of a .45, a toad stabber the size of a small carving knife, and the roll of bills given him at the bank.

"Now you can take him up to headquarters," said the inspector. His eyes roved curiously over Captain Ahab's get-up "I must say, Con, you took some trouble!"

Captain Ahab straightened, stretched, and putting his hand to his shaggy head, with a deft twist removed his fake thatch, leaving a close-cropped skull revealed beneath.

"More like yourself!" nodded Terrill. "Well, Con, see you later."

Captain Ahab, or whoever he was, occupied the center of the stage for just one moment longer long enough for Mr Tutt and all the Tuttlets to marvel at the extraordinary incongruity between his smoothly clipped red scalp and the purplish cheeks and heavy artificial eyebrows. Still holding his wig in his hand, he swept the circle with his watery blue lights and bowed.

"I deeply regret," he said in a well-modulated voice, wholly different from that of the quarter-deck, "that circumstances over which I have no control render it necessary for me to withdraw the invitation previously extended to you all to dine with me tonight. . . . Mr. Tutt, my felicitations!" He turned to Miss Wiggin. "As for you, my dear Minerva, you have taught me a lesson. I shall never trust any woman again—no matter what her age!"

That was really all, except that as the officers propelled him gently across the threshold in the general direction of 300 Mulberry Street, Borough of Manhattan, Captain Ahab turned, and making a trumpet of his hands bellowed unexpectedly, "Thar she blows! Clear away the boats! Lower! Give way! And be damned to all of ye!"

"A sweet person!" remarked Miss Wiggin. "Who did you say he was?"

"Conrad Cahn, otherwise known as Con the Con—an artist in his way—an ex-actor on the vaudeville circuit. Up to this time he has usually worked the same game, but in the guise of a priest who could not leave his parish, instead of a sailor who could not leave his ship. Of course, I suspected that it was he as soon as you telephoned me, but the finger prints cinched it."

"Finger prints!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt.

"Sure! Perfect ones! If we could always get samples like that ——"

"What does this mean, Minerva?" demanded Mr. Tutt. "What finger prints is he talking about?"

"Don't you remember the day I nearly fell off the bookcase, and the box of carbon paper scattered all over the floor?" she asked.

Mr. Tutt raised his hands and his eyes toward the ceiling.

"Duplicity, thy name is woman!" he sighed.

"Well, I must be toddling," said Inspector Terrill, shaking hands with everybody, including Miss Sondheim and Willie. "By the way, who is the complainant against Cahn?"

"I am," said Miss Wiggin.

"No, I am!" said Mr. Tutt. "I telephoned to headquarters this afternoon immediately Ahab appeared and had the two plain-clothes men sent here."

"But I telephoned to Inspector Terrill three weeks ago!" countered Miss Wiggin demurely. "Didn't I, inspector?"

"You sure did! And came up to headquarters and spotted his mug in the gallery."

"Blast my deadlights!" gasped Mr. Tutt. "Shiver my timbers!"

"But seriously, who shall I put down as complainant?" repeated Terrill. "We have to have someone, you know."

Mr. Tutt and Miss Wiggin looked at each other. Honors were even, or nearly. Then the old lawyer bowed toward his guardian angel.

"Put down Tutt & Tutt," said he.

"And now, Minerva," said Mr. Tutt sternly, after the others had all gone out, "will you kindly tell me what put you wise to this rascal?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can I tell you? He was just utterly preposterous with his wooden leg and stories about whales and silly oaths and 'Thar she blows' and everything. He never fooled me for a minute!"

"Are you sure he didn't, Minerva?"

"Not for a second!"

"Ah!"

"No, I fooled him!"

"Well, he fooled me all right!" admitted her employer. "You beat me to it a long way. Why, it never dawned on me until a day or two ago that he got the whole thing out of Moby Dick, or the White Whale."

"Of course! Even the names—Bildad! Peleg! And the story of falling into the whale's skull—I recognized it at once."

"But," said Mr. Tutt, "Capt. Ahab Hatch is an actual person, a real sea captain, and the residuary legatee of his brother Ezra Hatch, the deceased steam dredge manufacturer of Troy, New York."

"Yes; but he is in China!" she explained eagerly. "When Con the Con found that he had to play the part of a sea captain under the name of Ahab, he probably was reminded of the Captain Ahab, of the Pequod, in Herman Melville's Moby Dick. That's where he got his extraordinary lingo and his local color."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Tutt, "that is the conclusion I came to the other night when I opened the book at Chapter LXXVIII. Of course I took the precaution to write up to Troy, but when I found that there was an actual Capt. Ahab Hatch I thought no more about it."

"But I did!" she laughed softly. "I took a trip down to Long Branch one Sunday and found that there wasn't any Empire State Dredging Corporation field station there, but only a box in the post office. So I bribed the girl at the window to plug the lock with a safety match and to describe the person who asked her for the mail. She said it was a thick-set man with reddish hair—in other words, Ahab!"

It was growing dark in the room. The chimneys of the neighboring tenements made bars against the open window of the west through which a golden flood—the Hudson—poured toward the sea. Here and there a light breeze stirred the surface to lavender. Tugs, canal boats, schooners—black lacquer on a yellow screen—marked the channel. They gazed at it—as they had done so many, many times—in silence.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she murmured.

Mr. Tutt slipped his arm around her.

"Minerva," he said, "are you happy?"

She laid her head on his shoulder and looked up at him through her eyebrows.

"Very," she answered, as Mr. Tutt drew her closely to him.

"Minerva, tell me the truth! Weren't you interested in Ahab—the Captain Ahab you thought existed—the least little bit?"

"How many times do you want me to tell you that I wasn't?" she asked.

"Over and over again!" he replied. "Besides, I feel pretty confident that Ahab fell for you."

They stood thus for several seconds, while the gold of the river turned first to silver and then to lead. Miss Wiggin gently disengaged herself.

"After all, there's no fool like an old fool," she remarked somewhat irrelevantly.

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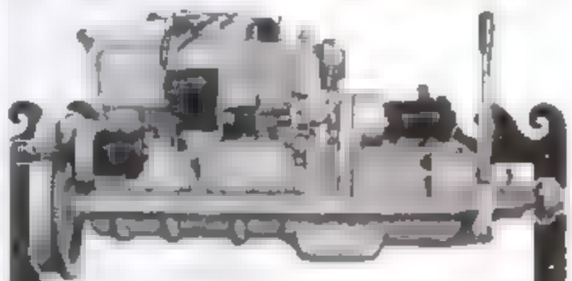
BOAT ENGINES



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"Everything's Gone!"

Night . . A house deserted or in the care of servants . . A clever thief . . A yielding latch . . Defenseless valuables bundled off.

The return of the family . . A scene of disorder . . A hurried inventory . . Then the startling discovery, "Everything's gone!" . . Priceless heirlooms . . Prized jewelry . . Silverware . . Furs . . Probably the accumulated treasures of years . . Gone!

ÆTNA-IZE

"Everything's gone!" The papers are filled with stories of burglaries executed with uncanny certainty—of hold-ups carried out with almost incredible boldness. While you read this message, burglars may be planning to rob *your* home, place of business, your messenger or your paymaster. What protection have you against the hour when *you* may be marked as the victim of some criminal's daring?

Safes, burglar alarms, loaded pistols and special police play an important part as deterrents of crime. They do not, however, always prevent loss—and, certainly, they cannot reimburse the loser. Your best—and surest—protection against loss of your valuables is an Ætna Burglary or Robbery Policy. The Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

An Ætna policy is extremely liberal in its provisions. An Ætna policy—for a few cents a day, will give you secure protection against loss of personal possessions, merchandise, money or securities.

See the Ætna representative in your community! He is equipped to give you wise insurance counsel and to furnish you with unrivalled protection for *all* your assets—your life, your business, your income, your contracts, as well as your property. He is a man worth knowing.

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AS PER RUSTY GILLAN

(Continued from Page 9)

of many larger men who've had no difficulty in finding mates. Why can't I, Rusty?"

I slowed down to forty for a four corners, took a peek at the signboards, and then breezed along.

"Honest, Mr. Buell," says I, "are you dead set on this matrimony stuff?"

He chuckles a bit at that. "You are hard boiled, aren't you, Rusty?" says he.

"Well, I'm no two-minute egg," says I. "And gettin' a wife and fam'ly wished on me ain't been one of my ambitions. 'Course, I can see how it might be different with you. You could afford a flock of wives."

"I wouldn't care for a flock," says he. "But I would like one. I have been told by friends that I ought to get married. I've been urged to do so by my respected parents. At least two clever matrons have tried to find a wife for me, and I thought I was doing my part. But I can't quite pull it off. I seem to get along all right up to a certain point, then I appear to do a nose dive or something. They walk out on me, Rusty. Generally they rush off and marry someone else, quite promptly. And I hardly need say that it's disappointing, humiliating."

"Might be you're too choosy in the ones you tag," says I.

"That is possible," says he. "I do admire beautiful women, especially blondes. Still, there are plenty of unappropriated blondes in the world. I don't even insist on a blonde. So you see I am not finicky. And you will note, Rusty, that I am not one of those unreasonable persons who hold they must find the one and only girl. That's just an evidence of male arrogance, to my mind. I am much humbler. I believe there are hundreds of young women, thousands, any one of whom would be good enough for me; and if I ever find one who thinks I'm good enough for her, then I shall be ready to call her the one and only. Meanwhile, when a young woman turns me down, I forget her as soon as possible and look for another."

"You're a quick recoverer, Mr. Buell," says I.

"Practice, Rusty; practice," says he. "But why do I fail so often? Surely such an expert as you should be able to give me some useful hints."

So I had to tell him.

"Barrin' my bein' any shark at the game," says I, "and speakin' only as a guy who's kidded a few skirts along, I should say, Mr. Buell, that you were a good starter but a poor finisher."

"Details, if you please, Rusty," says he.

"Well," I goes on, "you get to know 'em easy. That's on account of your bein' who you are, and some because you show up fairly well in golf togs or dinner clothes. You wouldn't be overlooked in a crowd, like some shrimp of my size. Foxy mothers do the rest. They ask who's the tall young gent over by the door, and when they hear it's Mr. Sidney Buell, of Pittsburgh, they don't miss any tricks in gettin' you to know Gladys or Marion or whatever daughter's name is. That part's simple. You're rung into dinner parties, and asked to teas, and given every chance in the world. And then what do you do?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," says he. "If Gladys is attractive, and gives me any encouragement, I suppose I stick around, or try to."

"Yea-uh!" says I. "That covers it. You stick around."

"That's where I begin to go wrong, is it?" says he.

"Absolutely, Mr. Buell," says I. "And I ain't dopin' this out from any secondhand evidence. I've seen you at it. Specially there at the Springs. You know how the ballroom has a veranda on either side? Well, the one to the west is lined with a cedar hedge, and beyond the hedge is a walk that runs from the service entrance to the help's quarters, which is where the bus boys and bellhops promenade their sweeties up and down evenin's, to get a view of the guests. I was out there a couple of nights and had a chance to pipe off your work with the Insley girl."

"Really!" says he. "Well?"

"Mind, Mr. Buell, you're callin' for it," says I.

"Oh, certainly," says he. "Shoot and spare not, Rusty."

"Then I gotta tell you that you got a bum line, Mr. Buell," says I. "All you seem to do is sit around and talk to 'em, or let 'em talk to you. And there's a perfectly good dance floor in front of you, and a zippy orchestra playin' the latest fox trots, and you don't ever offer to get up and shake a leg."

"But I don't dance, Rusty," says he. "Never could. I'm too awkward."

"That's no alibi," says I. "Why, I've seen plenty of poddy parties, some of 'em real old boys, who got up and waddled around like trained seals, and they never lacked sweet young things who were glad to prance around with 'em. If they could learn to make their feet behave, so could you."

He groans like he'd been sentenced to a month on the rock pile. "Well, perhaps I could," says he.

"Anyhow," I goes on, "you might exercise 'em some way—drag 'em off for walks in the moonlight, or something. What chance have they got to spring any cuddly motions, sittin' there in plain sight of everybody? After half an hour of that they go yawny. Then along comes some reg'lar guy, borrows Gladys for a dance, and leaves you parked there watchin' her with that mushy look on your face. And then you wonder why you lose out! Honest, Mr. Buell, it's puzzled me to guess how you ever get as far as you do, although I expect it's kinda fresh of me to say so."

He squirms a little at that, but follows it up with a chuckle. "Not at all, Rusty," says he. "I asked for criticism, and you've given it. And while I confess that the dose isn't a pleasant one, I've no doubt it is just what I needed. More than that, you seem to know precisely what you are talking about. I believe you're a good coach, Rusty. I am going to put myself in your hands."

"Eh?" says I.

"We are soon to enter another country, Rusty," says he. "There may be no Rubicon at the international boundary line, but we'll pretend there is. In Canada I shall cease to be a sticker-around. I mean to become a regular guy, and I shall expect you to show me how. Naturally, that will mean something extra in the way of salary. Just how much will depend somewhat on your success as a trainer and mine as a pupil. Is it a bargain?"

"Listens fair enough," says I. "It'll be a new line for me though, but if I can make a fast worker out of you, Mr. Buell, you'll be welcome. How far did that sign say to Belgrade? Sixty-five? We'll make it by 12:30."

And by burnin' up a lot of new state road, we did. By two o'clock we were rollin' again, up through a part of Maine where the towns are thin and scattered, and finally into the big woods where you go miles and miles without seein' anything but lumber shacks and road-construction camps. By dark we'd made somebody's Ponds and hung up for the night at a fishermen's hotel that was jam up with tourists and black-bass hunters. Thanks to them fish hounds trampin' about over Mr. Buell's room before daylight, we got an early start over the Jackman Trail, checked in as soon as I could find our grouchy customs officer, and half an hour later got our thirty-day ticket across the border from a Canadian who greeted us smilin' and said he hoped we'd enjoy our stay. The boss noticed the difference in the two.

"It's a good omen, Rusty," says he. "The Dominion welcomes us."

"Our bartenders used to be just as folksy in the old days," says I, "for about the same reason."

"I refuse to be so cynical," says he, meanin' something or other, I expect. "We are in the Province of Quebec," he goes on, "and I feel that romance is waiting just around the corner."

All I could see though, as we rounds the next curve, was a barelegged girl trampin' along with a pail of huckleberries on her arm. A few miles farther on we starts slidin' down a long grade and at the bottom we picks up a little stream that the road follows for the next hour or so. Some river or other. From there on, the highway is dotted with junky little burgs set about so far apart, and all the land on either side is fenced off into small farms where they seem to raise mostly cabbages and buckwheat. Back from the road there wasn't a house, as far as you could see, so I expect these folks get their excitement by watchin' folks pass by. I couldn't figure how else they could amuse themselves, for in these strung-out towns of theirs there was no movie

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houses, no band stands, not even a pool room or an ice-cream parlor. Seemed to be long on churches, though. At every place where there was more'n a dozen houses you'd find a church, and between villages there'd be big wooden or iron crosses set up along the road.

"Wayside shrines," explains Mr. Buell. "The French Canadians are very devout people. See, there's an old lady kneeling before one."

"I know what I'd be prayin' for if I had to live in one of these dead burgs," says I.

Still, it was kind of interestin' bowlin' along through them places, with the signs all in French, and the houses with their blue painted doors, and the old women workin' in the cabbage patches, and most of the men loafin' around smokin' their pipes. We'd made a hundred miles or so, and Quebec was still quite a ways off, when Mr. Buell starts lookin' for a luncheon stop.

"Let's see," says he, diggin' out a map, "Ste. Marie or St. Joseph ought to be large enough to support a fair-sized hotel."

I forget which one it was we picked, but the other couldn't have been much worse. Anyway, we pulled up in front of a joint that had a high-soundin' name—the Belle Maison, I think—and a heavy-built old boy wearin' a greasy corduroy vest and baggy pants says dinner is just being served.

He tows us to the dinin' room, snaps his finger at a girl in a white apron, and grunts out, "*Dit toi! Attendez, Rosie! Pour deux, vitement.*" At which she sails over with a "*Oui, papa,*" rolls her black eyes at Mr. Buell, gives him a reg'lar front-row smile, and pulls out a chair for him at a table by the window. Even pats his shoulder as she eases him into his place.

"*Potage, m'sieur?*" she coos, confidential.

Mr. Buell says he'll *potage*, and I takes a chance too. We draws bean soup. It's punk bean soup, at that, with a lot of cabbage floatin' around in it, and chunks of fat salt pork that hadn't been left in the pot long enough by half an hour. The goulash effect that follows ain't no credit to any cook, the bread was soggy, and the so-called coffee should have got somebody shot at sunrise.

But Mr. Buell don't seem to mind. He don't know what he's eatin' because he's so busy followin' that Rosie dame as she flits in and out of the swing door to the kitchen. Can't keep his eyes off'n her.

"I say, Rusty!" he whispers. "Did you ever see such a graceful creature?"

"Has got quite a swing to her walk," I admits. "Almost like she was doin' it to music."

"Precisely!" says he. "And there! Look at that pose! Perfect ease, absolute grace!"

Another table has filled up with some of the locals—reg'lar boarders, I take it—and Rosie is servin' 'em. She has drifted in with four or five different orders, and is dealin' 'em off the arm—plates of stew and cups of coffee—as slick as if she was a juggler doin' a twenty-minute turn on the two-a-day circuit. In fact, she's waitin' on five tables, and without seemin' to be in any hurry at all. No mistakes, no false moves, and everybody gets a pleasant nod and a tricky little smile thrown in.

"Put her on the end at the Follies and she'd be a knockout, eh?" I suggests.

"Wouldn't she!" says Mr. Buell. "An exquisite figure, the carriage of a young doe, and the poise of a princess. Charming!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Buell," I puts in, "but you ain't gonna start your new campaign by fallin' for a biscuit shooter, are you?"

"You're quite mistaken, Rusty," says he. "She's no mere waitress. Didn't you hear her call the landlord 'papa'? That's the way the French always do, and every café or hotel is a family affair. She is probably one of the belles of the town. A real beauty, I'll say."

"Looks a lot better'n the grub tastes, anyway," says I. "You ain't doin' much with that stew, Mr. Buell."

"Oh, hang the stew!" says he. "It's vile."

Yet a few minutes later, when Rosie gets a chance to swing around our way, and she bends over him and asks, "Does m'sieur find the ragout not good?" what does he say?

"Oh, excellent, m'selle!" and then pinks up in the ears.

"Ah, why didn't you say you couldn't eat for watchin' her?" I suggests. "That is, if you're out to make a hit."

"By George!" says he. "That's what I will say."

And he does manage to get it across next time, though it's sort of dragged in by the heels. Rosie takes it, though, and gives him a dazzlin' smile.

"M'sieur himself does not make the eyes to ache," says she, breathin' it gentle in his ear as she glides off.

"Say, did you get that, Rusty!" gasps the boss.

I nods. "She's nifty on the comeback," says I. "Trust these Frenchies."

"Whoever or whatever she is," says he, "she is a fascinating young person. I—I wish I could know her better."

"Oh, come, Mr. Buell!" I protests. "You wouldn't tag one like her, not in earnest?"

"Of course not, Rusty," says he. "But I would like to talk to her a bit more."

"Well, if it's only a little practice you're out for," says I, "you couldn't do much better. And if you're goin' to josh her along let's see a sample of your best style."

"Very well," says he. "I shall do my best."

I'll say it wasn't much to brag of. He knows about as much how to string 'em along as I do about playin' a pipe organ. His long suit seems to be thinkin' up mushy things to say and then gettin' 'em across heavy and clumsy, tintin' up in the ears at every try and gettin' fussed when she shoots back anything snappy. It's amateur, schoolboy stuff, and while at first Rosie was willing enough to listen, she soon shows signs of bein' bored.

Mr. Buell don't seem to know when he's flivvered, either. He keeps at it, gettin' worse and worse. Meanwhile we'd stalled around so long over our rice pudding and imitation coffee that we had the dinin' room nearly to ourselves, and as Rosie goes out with some empty plates the boss looks at me kinda sheepish.

"You see!" says he. "I'm not getting on."

"No," says I. "You're in reverse. A little more of that and you'll have her leanin' against a post with her eyes shut."

He shakes his head, discouraged. "Then I haven't struck the right line, have I?" he asks.

"About as lively as a bedtime story over the radio when you're expectin' returns from the big fight," says I.

"Well, then; if you were doing it, Rusty?" he asks.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I can't say offhand. Probably I'd beckon her up close, grab her by the wrist and spill something like, 'Say, kid, I've a good notion to steal you,' or tell her not to bust her heart if I didn't get a chance to kiss her good-by."

And even a hint that he should pull anything like that gets him blushin' clear to the back of his neck. "Oh, I—I couldn't do that sort of thing! Really!" says he.

"You don't have to make any affidavit," says I. "You might do better, I expect, by just askin' how long she's lived here, and if she's ever been down to the States, or if she sings or plays the piano. They always like to talk about themselves, and if you get 'em started, pretty soon you'll find something you can kid 'em about, and the next thing you know you're gettin' chummy. See?"

"Thanks, Rusty," says he. "I'll try that. Here she comes again."

He don't make such a bad openin', for him, and when Rosie finds he's more or less human she seems glad to sketch out the story of her life. Yes, she was born there, but she got her schooling in a convent in Quebec, and then she learned fancy dancin', and for a while she was up there with a cousin runnin' a kid dancin' school, but last spring she came home to help papa with the hotel and she don't like that at all.

'Course the way she tells it is bright and snappy, with them black eyes of hers sparklin', and her rich tinted lips full of tricky smiles, and her slim fingers throwin' in cute little motions. Very easy to look at, this Rosie girl, and Mr. Buell was treatin' himself to an eyeful.

But about then I spots another slow eater who seems to be workin' up quite an interest in what's goin' on at our table. He's a heavy-set, middle-aged party with thick jutty black eyebrows and a gold front tooth that glitters through the part in his droopy black mustache. He's lettin' on to be readin' some kind of typewritten sheets from a leather document case, but over the top of the papers his bright brown eyes are starin' hard at the girl and he's scowlin' as if he was tryin' to give her a signal. Finally she gets it and with a quick turn of her head

(Continued on Page 177)

From the Clubs of London comes now the Sasieni, *the world's premier pipe*

Imported in limited number, these rare briars, favorites today with English connoisseurs, are offered to American pipe smokers.

IN the London pipe shops everything is now Sasieni. Almost over night, English pipe smokers have been won away even from old favorite makes.

Until now only a few of these rare briars have come to this country. Yet even this handful has created a remarkable reputation among the few connoisseurs who have been able to get them.

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No breaking in

With a Sasieni there is no "breaking in." Realizing that many smokers object to a pipe because of its unpleasant, bitter taste when new, Sasieni experimented for years. The result has been a perfected process (Patent No. 124410/19), which dries out every drop of objectionable sap and oil, leaving the wood thoroughly seasoned and broken in—literally as though smoked hundreds of times.

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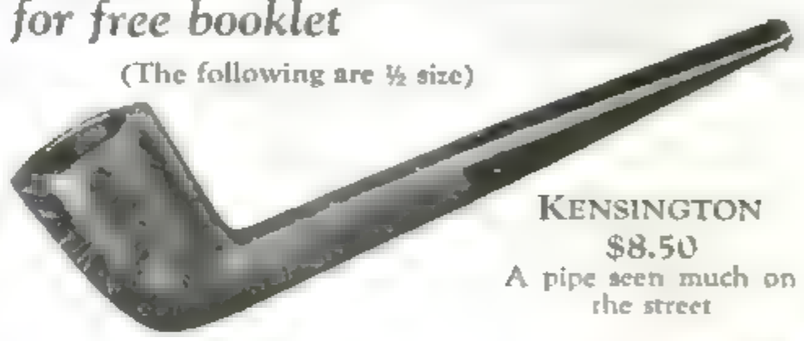
(The following are ½ size)



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Brandes

The name to know in Radio

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(Continued from Page 174)

throws him a scornful look and runs out her tongue. She does it so shifty that Mr. Buell don't get it at all. This little byplay, though, gives me a hunch that the sketch is liable to be a three-handed one before long, and I tries to nudge the boss.

I didn't have any luck in bringin' him out of his trance, for when he gets himself set for a Romeo act, Mr. Buell is a steady and consistent performer, even if he ain't a speedy one. Also he's got a one-track mind. Right then all he could see or think of was Rosie, and he's beamin' on her, sappy and admirin'. That's his usual line, I take it, and generally it's what loses out for him. I wouldn't think it would go with a girl like Rosie, but she pretends to be eatin' it up.

Next thing I know, Mister Gold-Tooth has drifted over and edged in between her and the boss. His crashin' in that way gives Mr. Buell quite a jolt.

"Eh?" says the boss, a bit gaspy. "I—I beg pardon?"

The stranger looks him over scowly and says, kinda sneery, "If you have finish, I shall say some word with M'selle Doucette myself."

Mr. Buell flushes up like he's been caught stealin' an apple from a fruit stand, swallows hard a couple of times, and then pushes back his chair.

"Oh, certainly!" says he.

And it's lucky he didn't see the look on Rosie's face just then. As if she was watchin' a yellow dog kicked out of the kitchen. That and the curl to this butt-in's lips got me good and sore all in a flash. I caught the boss by the elbow just as he was gettin' up, and pushed him back in his chair.

"Call him!" I whispers. "Ask him who and why?"

Took a minute or so for that to trickle into Mr. Buell's pan, but at last it registers.

"Sorry," says he, "but I had not quite finished my talk with m'selle."

"You mistake," snaps the other. "M'selle Doucette does not talk long with strange Yankees."

"Oh!" says Mr. Buell. Then he glances inquirin' at Rosie.

And all the answer he gets out of her is a shoulder shrug.

"You see!" says the other man.

At which I prods Mr. Buell in the ribs. He's got a gentle disposition, but you can't quite use him as a doormat.

"No, I don't see," says he. "May I ask who you are and why you interrupt my chat with m'selle?"

The other throws out his chest pompous and waves a fat hand. "I am M. Fourin, *l'arocat*," says he. "I am old frien' of M. Doucette, and very good frien' of m'selle. Also to M'selle Rosie I have something quite import to say now—at once."

"Really!" says the boss. "It must have occurred to you suddenly."

This Fourin gent sticks his face out until he's glarin' at Mr. Buell in a menacin' close-up, his little brown eyes popped, and the cords of his thick neck swellin'. "*Cochon!*" he hisses.

"Oh, I say!" protests Mr. Buell, glancin' at me shocked.

I signals for him to push the map away, meanin' for him to swing a snappy right to the jaw with his fingers bunched; but blamed if he don't do it gentle, with the flat of his hand. And the next thing he knows he's been slapped in the face.

I believe he'd have stood for that, too, if I hadn't given him the right cue.

"Rush him, you simp!" I whispers, urgin' him out of his chair. "Throw him out!"

Not that I meant that exactly. I wanted him to cut loose with the rough stuff, to mix in generally, but I said what came into my head first. When Mr. Buell starts out to take orders, though, he takes 'em. No improvisin' for him. He's a reg'lar rubber stamp. 'Course I was expectin' him to do a little sluggin', scientific or otherwise, knowin' that if he could land one good wallop it would all be over.

But when he gets on his pins, what does he do but reach for this scrappy gent with both arms stretched out and his hands open. Mr. Fourin don't understand that at all. He backs up astonished. Also he discovers that the boss is a good deal taller standin' up than he'd suspected when he saw him sittin' down. A scary look flickers into them brown eyes.

Meanwhile Mr. Buell follows him up, calm and businesslike, his arms held crabwise. Fourin backs into a chair, which gets him staggerin'. He recovers his balance, though, turns, and starts runnin' around the dinin' room. The boss gets a move on too. He lopes along awkward, but his long legs give him quite an edge on the other. With them big paws almost closin' on his shoulders, Fourin does a quick duck and dodges around a table. After him lumbers the boss. Out Frenchy comes and only escapes this time by hidin' behind Rosie.

"Bah!" says she, pushin' him off.

I could have tripped Frenchy as he circulates around us, but as Rosie don't seem to be playin' any favorites I thought it was only fair for me to lay off too. Besides, it's a good enough race as it stands. I'll admit that the boss' footwork was ragged, but he's keepin' his head, while Fourin is gettin' puffy and panicky.

And a minute later Mr. Buell outguesses his man on a turn, grips him by the coat collar and the slack of the pants, and hoists him shoulder high, as easy as if he was a sack of shavings. Frenchy sure looked comic, with his fat legs thrashin' the air, his watch danglin' from the end of a heavy link chain, and his eyes bulgy. I expect he was wonderin' what was goin' to happen to him next.

So was I. But Mr. Buell seems to have his program all made out. With a grin and a nod at me he steps over toward the dinin'-room doors. They're double doors, set with figured panes of frosted glass. Next to 'em is a kind of china closet that's been built into the wall and is filled with a lot of stuffed birds—ducks and game cocks and such—sittin' on glass shelves. My guess was that the boss meant to lug his man over, put him down, and give him a quick run through the double doors; but within six or eight feet of 'em he lifts Fourin clear above his head, sways him around a second, and then lets him fly.

Maybe Mr. Buell's scheme was right, but his aim was poor. Frenchy misses the doors by two feet, but he sails into the middle of that china closet, crashes through the glass, and goes boomin' through the back, stuffed birds and all, right out into the office, where he rolls almost to the feet of the landlord, who is sittin' in an armchair smokin' his pipe.

"For the love of Pete!" I gasps, expectin' to see Fourin make a couple of flops and pass out. "Wha-what did you do that for?"

"Why," says the boss, "didn't you tell me to throw him out?"

'Course there's a big commotion in the office. The landlord stares from his friend Fourin to the hole in the wall where the china closet had been, and then begins wavin' his arms excited and spoutin' Canadian French. Some of the boarders who are still loafin' around rush up and help Fourin to his feet and ask him what caused the explosion.

Mr. Fourin don't stop to explain. He gets one peek through the hole, sees the boss still standin' in there, and beats it out the front door. One toss like that was enough for him.

But old Doucette, the landlord, seems to have guessed what's happened. With half a dozen of his boarders he comes stormin' in through the dinin'-room doors, sputterin' indignant and shakin' his fist at Mr. Buell.

"Well?" asks the boss of me. "Him too?"

"No, no!" says I. "It's a case of soothin' 'em down and payin' up now. Let him get it all off his chest first."

And I'll say the old boy covered the subject thorough, even if it was in language I couldn't understand. He must have slipped in some raw ones, at that, for he had Mr. Buell squirmin'. And the next I know, Rosie pushes to the front, throws an arm around the boss' neck, and proceeds to tell her old man a few things on her own account. Near as I could make out she was sayin' that Mr. Buell had done nothing that a perfect gent hadn't a right to do under the circumstances. Anyway, when she finishes she gazes into his eyes admirin' and pats him on the cheek.

"*Allez toi!*" she shoots at the bunch.

Papa Doucette hunches his shoulders and pads out. The others alleyed, also. About then I decides I ain't needed any more, so I follows, shuttin' the glass doors on the pair, and gets busy bargainin' with Doucette on how much he wants to square up for the dinners and damage. The old pirate tried to stick me for fifty, but when I chucks three yellow-backed tens at him he rakes 'em in and offers me a bum cigar.

And you can bet I didn't lose any time after that in gettin' out to the car and startin' the motor, for that bunch in the

They Have Found a New Way to Clean Teeth

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New methods found

Dental science, years ago, started research to fight film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved that these methods mean a new era in teeth cleaning. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply these factors daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists the world over began to advise it. Now millions of careful people, of every race, employ these methods daily.

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Pepsodent does other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, which digests starch deposits on teeth. Thus every use gives multiplied power to these great teeth-protective agents.

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office wasn't lookin' at me any too friendly. The boss don't seem to be in any hurry though. Must have been four or five minutes later before he comes strollin' out, and if I didn't know his gait so well I'd almost have said he was waddlin' strutty. Anyway, on the sidewalk he stops, lights a cigarette, and runs a cold eye over the gallery that's crowded out after him. Acts to me like he was invitin' more trouble, if not beggin' for it. But nobody seemed ambitious.

Mr. Buell is just climbin' into his seat when out through the bunch dashes Rosie, her black eyes shinin' and her chin up. She makes straight for the boss.

"*Bon jour, mon brave!*" she sings out, loud and clear. "You—you are nice man. I lak you ver' much."

"And I like you, Rosie," says he, holdin' her hand. "Sorry I can't kiss you good-by."

"*Ah, mais oui!*" says Rosie.

And with that she hops on the runnin' board, gives him the Juliet clinch, and plants a smack square on his lips. It ain't any hasty peck either, but a real honest-to-goodness petter's delight that any movie director'd be glad to shoot for a fade-out. Then she makes a quick breakaway and runs back into the hotel. Two seconds later I'm shiftin' into second and the old bus is tearin' through Main Street.

For half an hour or so I didn't do a thing but scorch the macadam. Then I slows up, turns into a crossroad and pulls up back of a clump of trees. All that time Mr. Buell ain't said a word. He's just been sittin' there with a dreamy look in his eyes, and it ain't until I've jumped out and unlocked the tool box that he comes out of his spell.

"What are you doing, Rusty?" he asks.

"Oh, just hangin' on another set of number plates," says I.

"But—but I didn't know we had another set," says he.

"I never tour without 'em," says I. "You can't tell when you'll need 'em, so I picked these up in a Connecticut garage. They're apt to come in handy now, for that Fourin gent is gonna be mighty peeved as soon as he gets over bein' scared. Some kind of a lawyer, ain't he? Well, his first move will be to swear out a warrant and then he'll phone down the line for some Canuck sheriff to pick us up. He'll have our description, but these plates ought to bluff us through; and if it comes to a case of bein' pinched, any bird with a tin star has gotta step some before he stops me."

The boss is in a state of mind, though, where he ain't troubled by little things like that. "Very well, Rusty," says he. "Let's get on."

At that I drives back to the main road and booms along with both eyes skinned watchin' for a holdup. But nobody tries to flag us, or if they did we was breezin' too fast for it to take effect. And it ain't until we pulls into Levis and was waitin' in the ferry line that he shows signs of comin' out of the trance. Then he bites the end off a cigar and lights up.

"Wonderful girl, that Rosie Doucette," he remarks, as if we'd been discussin' her steady.

"Yeah?" says I.

"Lovely, vivacious, charming," he goes on. "Much too good for that fat lawyer. But she will probably marry him; practically told me as much. Her father has arranged the match."

"Well, you did your best to bust it up—and him too," says I.

Mr. Buell shakes his head. "I shouldn't have interfered," says he. "No. Mere philandering. Might have wrecked that poor girl's happiness for life. And yet it was a delightful experience, one I shall never forget."

"Oh, that reminds me!" says I, haulin' out my expense book and jottin' down an item: "Lunch at St. Whosit's, $30."

He moons along for a few minutes and then opens from a new angle. "Don't you think, Rusty," he asks, "that I was getting on rather well with Rosie—toward the last?"

"Couldn't have improved on that finish myself," says I.

"You—er—saw what she did just before we left; eh?" says he.

"I was among those present, Mr. Buell," says I. "I was even near enough to hear."

He fidgets about a little, clears his throat, and then remarks, "You will hardly believe me, Rusty, but nothing quite like that has ever happened to me before."

"Well, we all gotta make a start, you know," says I.

"But why, Rusty," says he, gettin' it out draggy, "why do you suppose she did it?"

"Ah say, Mr. Buell!" says I. "You don't mean to hint that she had poor taste?"

"Wholly aside from that," says he, "I am appealing to you as an expert."

"It don't call for any specialist to dope that out," says I. "The strong-arm stuff caught her. They're all like that, Mr. Buell. I bet if that Insley girl could have seen you in action today she'd reverse her decision."

"Really!" says he. "Then the cave-woman instinct does persist?"

"I dunno about that," says I, "but it's the sheiky ones they tie up to."

About then the line moves, and for a few minutes I'm busy jiggerin' the bus down a steep gangplank onto this narrow-decked river steamer. Meanwhile he's been mullin' something over. At last it comes out.

"I believe I know how it's done now, Rusty," says he. "I'm certain I could do it again. And, by the way, I think we'll just run to Montreal tomorrow and then back into the States. There's to be a house party in the Berkshires next week that I've been asked for. There'll be a girl there—someone I've always admired very much and a fellow who has always crowded me one side."

"But listen, Mr. Buell!" says I. "You you ain't figurin' on throwin' him around?"

He chuckles easy and contented. "Oh, not unless you give the word," says he. "And, after all, I may change my mind and try my luck again at the Pier. It doesn't matter where, so long as our teamwork is good. But next time we're going to show 'em: eh, Rusty?"

Say, I gotta hunch he means it. Yea-uh! And see where that leaves me. What with bein' a high-class shuffer, and doublin' now and then as caddie, and actin' as coach to a young plute who loves 'em bad enough to marry 'em, I'll say it's some job I got wished on me.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue

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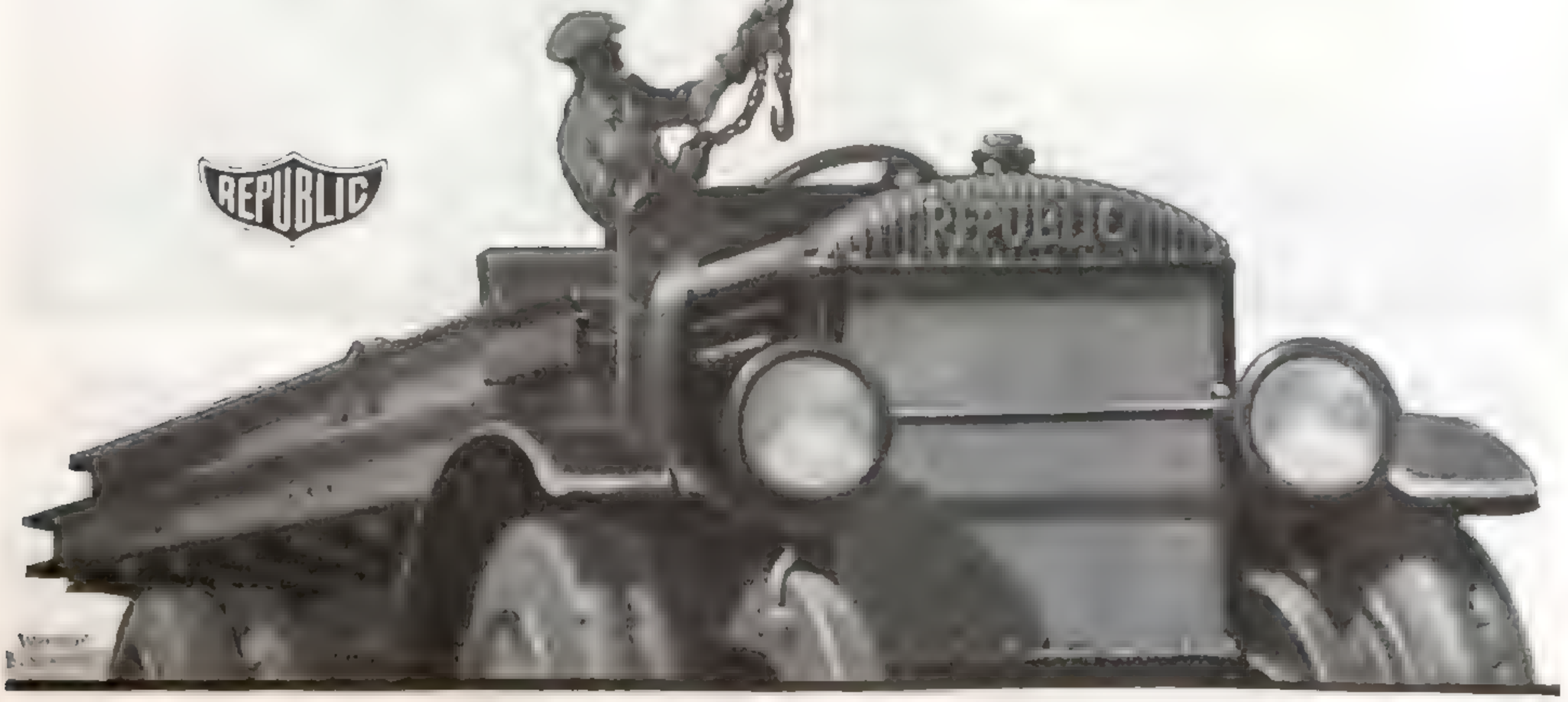

ON THE TRAIL OF MISSING PERSONS

(Continued from Page 21)

their domestic life, or both, suddenly make up their minds to escape from the old routine for at least a few months. They have been plodding on in the old groove without voicing protests or showing resentment; they have been in the habit of telephoning home if they were to be as much as fifteen minutes late for dinner. And suddenly they step out of the domestic scene without as much as putting pen to paper to announce their intentions or where they can be reached.

In such cases the missing man may strike out for Canada or the West Indies, and he puts himself to little or no trouble to conceal his trail. When the police discover his whereabouts in a few days, weeks or months, and inform him of the anxiety of those he has left behind, he usually consents to return. If the police fail to locate him the chances are that within six months he returns of his own free will, prompted by a desire to renew the old associations.

"We have had a great many of these bona fide boredom cases," said Captain Ayres. "They are not to be classed as wife desertion, for the man who in this way takes an extended vacation from the scene of his boredom, usually leaves his family well provided for. One might suspect that other factors were involved besides boredom with the old routine, but upon investigation I have many times been completely satisfied that this suspicion was unwarranted."

Under just what circumstances do these disappearances occur? Where do the missing go? How are they found? The answers to these questions will appear from an examination of some of the cases dealt with and from a description of the procedure normally followed by the bureau in its search.

Just before noon on a Tuesday morning recently, a merchant reported to the bureau that his brother-in-law, Benjamin ——, a broker, who had left home at nine o'clock the previous morning to go to his office in Broad Street, had not reached there, and had not been heard from since. Benjamin was a tall, distinguished-looking man forty-five years old. The family was exceedingly anxious to avoid publicity concerning his disappearance, so newspaper aid in the search could not be availed of.

The detective who took up this case got from the brother-in-law all the relevant facts in his possession. On leaving home the day before, Benjamin had kissed his wife affectionately and, with his arms about her, had said something about being "Sorry—sorry!" When his wife had asked if anything was wrong in a business way he had reassured her and had made an obvious effort to appear light-hearted. So far as the family had been able to ascertain there was nothing wrong financially, but for two weeks the missing man had been very despondent. Moreover, a relative of his had committed suicide two years previously, so that the family feared that the longer Benjamin was among the missing the greater was the possibility of a tragic end overtaking him.

On the Scent of French Cooking

The detective visited the missing man's home. From her bed, prostrated with anxiety, the wife told everything she knew. She believed there was a chance that her husband would go to Chicago, as he had a brother there of whom he was very fond. She talked with perfect freedom of her husband's personal habits, recreations, hobbies. The home conditions were happy. "About the only thing I can think of that I haven't told you," she said at last, "is that Benjamin is very fond of good French cooking. I never knew any other man to be so partial to one style of cooking. He lived in France ten years before we were married."

The detective had a hunch—one of the all-powerful hunches that sometimes aid those on the trail of missing persons to a quick solution of a difficult-looking case. When he left the house he had a profound feeling that his man would be found somewhere in the neighborhood of good French cooking!

Inquiry at the city's hotels which were known for this style of cooking, including those where the missing man was especially fond of dining, yielded the information that Benjamin had apparently had neither lodging nor meals at any of them. Four days went by. The family councils were divided between fears that Benjamin was dead and the hope that the failure to trace him was due to his having left the city. Circulars were printed for distribution throughout the United States and Canada and the family was prepared to abandon hope of avoiding publicity. The circulars were to be sent out on Saturday.

On Saturday morning at eleven o'clock the detective, who was still indefatigably following his hunch, arrived at a small but celebrated French restaurant on Sixth Avenue.

"Captain," he said to the head waiter, "I'm looking for a man who's very fond of French cooking. He's tall, refined-looking, wears a little iron-gray beard. Guess you'd say he looked like a Frenchman!"

Always Ready for Emergencies

"Why, a man like that has been coming in here the past four days!" exclaimed the captain. "Sits right there at the table next the cashier's desk! Comes in about twelve, stays an hour or more and then goes out. A queer kind of party he has with himself! Never speaks to anybody, orders food but doesn't eat scarcely any of it—just sits there moody and drinks glass after glass of water!"

At 11:45 the missing man's brothers-in-law arrived in response to a summons and took up their stand with the detective in the vestibule of the restaurant. At 12:15 a taxicab drove up, and Benjamin, who seemed to be in a sort of daze, alighted. While he was fumbling for the fare, his relatives rushed to him with excited greetings. A sad smile passed over Benjamin's face. He seemed to be uncertain whether or not he recognized them. "Come on, Benjamin!" they urged him. "Get back into this cab and we'll go home! Millie is all done up over this!"

Just before the cab drove off one of the brothers turned to the detective and asked him to call off the circulars. Subsequently the detective learned that the cause of the disappearance was a matter of temporary mental disturbance due to financial losses.

The Bureau of Missing Persons is open twenty-four hours a day, including Sundays and holidays, the year round. This is necessary in order that in all emergency cases, especially those involving girls, the detectives may have the advantage of getting on the trail at the earliest possible moment.

The staff of the bureau consists of the captain in command and thirty-four detective sergeants. Eight of these detectives are permanently assigned to office duties, as the clerical work involved in keeping the records is enormous. Four detectives give their time exclusively to running down clews concerning the whereabouts of persons who are reported missing from outside New York and who are supposed to have been heading for New York at the time of their disappearance. The twenty-two other detectives devote their time to locating persons who are missing from homes in the city itself.

Every morning at nine o'clock there is a line-up of the staff in the office of the captain in command. At this hour the captain gives any necessary special instructions and announces all cases of missing persons reported since the previous day. As a result of this line-up every detective on the staff is kept informed of all the active cases. Whatever case a detective is working on, he has his eye out for persons who tally with the descriptions of persons mentioned at the morning line-up. Thus to some extent each member of the staff is concerned with all the cases on the bureau's list of missing.

One of the eight detectives assigned to office work is known as the local man. He receives reports from police officials in the various precincts concerning missing persons reported there, and also from citizens who report cases direct to Headquarters. Another is known as the out-of-town man, who receives, records, and takes the necessary initial steps regarding cases reported

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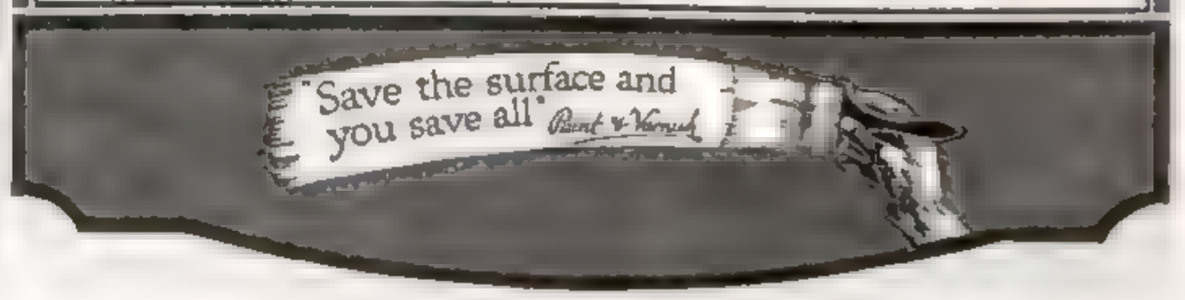

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by letter, telephone or telegraph from outside the city.

For instance, a telegram is received from the police of Norfolk, Virginia, saying that the son of a lawyer in that city who disappeared several days previously is known to be aboard a certain steamship due to dock in New York on the very day the telegram is sent. The New York police are requested to take him into custody and hold him until the arrival of the father. Following up such a request as this, the out-of-town man makes arrangements for a detective to meet the ship and take charge of the runaway.

Or the father of a New York first-year high-school boy reports the disappearance of his son. The father knows that the boy was fond of the outdoors and was ambitious to live in the open. In the boy's room at home the police find books on hunting, advertising pamphlets about guns, and a torn-up letter written to a Canadian company asking for a job as trapper. So the local man sends a general alarm all along the border and the boy is picked up at Clayton, a point near the line. A few months go by, the boy is doing well in school, but the wanderlust hits him again. He leaves home. Border points are again notified as a matter of ordinary precaution, but it is not expected that he will be caught going in that direction after his previous experience. The boy has an uncle in Boston. It is found that the night after he disappeared the boy spent the night with his uncle in Boston, explaining that his father had sent him there on a visit. The Boston police, at the request of New York headquarters, make inquiries of the Boston steamship offices, and the boy is taken off a steamship just before it sails for Buenos Aires.

When a disappearance is reported to the bureau a record is immediately made of all information given by the complainant. This usually consists of a description, which is none too accurate, because of the complainant's excitement and anxiety at the time, and also of anything the relatives may suspect about the missing person's intentions. The case is then referred to the detective who works in the district in which the missing person belongs—the city having been divided arbitrarily into twenty-two districts simply as a matter of convenience in equalizing the number of cases handled by the twenty-two detectives who devote their attention to tracing the local cases.

The first step a detective takes after receiving notice of a disappearance from his district is a matter of routine. He checks up on the information that may be in the police department's bureau of information. This information is kept up to the hour as regards unidentified persons who have met with accident or been arrested. If it throws no light on the disappearance in the particular case he is investigating, the detective interviews the relatives and friends of the missing person.

Sifting Clews

In this interview he gets an accurate description, including such details as height, weight, color of hair and eyes, condition of teeth, the kind and location of any birthmarks or tattooing, the nature of any deformities or scars, and a full description of clothing and jewelry worn. He gets a photograph if possible and all available information about the missing person's habits, temperament, recreations or ambitions as to work, adventure and travel. Generally the detective searches the missing person's room for maps, books, time-tables or other data that might show something regarding the missing one's intentions.

Information obtained in this way frequently furnishes definite clews enabling the detective to pick up the trail in short order. If a girl has expressed a fondness for theatrical life he visits the theatrical agencies, furnishes a description, which is later supplemented by a photograph of the girl, and instructs the agency to detain the girl if she comes there seeking work, and to notify the bureau forthwith. In the case of a man or boy it sometimes develops that he has quit a job with a portion of a week's wages owing him. Then the employer is requested to notify the bureau in case the missing person, as often happens, calls for the money.

Sometimes the information furnished by relatives indicates that the missing person is headed for some definite place—Chicago, Boston, New Orleans. If there is reason to believe that the missing person had some definite destination in mind, the police of that particular place are requested to watch out and detain him if he happens along. Detectives attached to the bureau do not in person conduct the search outside of the metropolitan area. When the trail leaves the vicinity of New York it is followed through the cooperation of the police in other communities.

Not infrequently it happens that a missing person is trailed from one place to another about New York for two or three days and is then traced to one of the terminals just a few hours after he has boarded an express for the West or South. In this case the police of some city where the express is due to stop are requested to go through the train and pick up the person answering the description furnished from New York.

From what I have already said it is obvious that the success of the bureau in locating the missing is a matter of getting on the job at the earliest possible moment after a disappearance has occurred, of sifting clews as to the missing person's intentions, and of covering the points most likely to be visited by the one who is sought. This means that the police maintain close contact with all the railroad terminals, steamship lines, hotels, theatrical agencies and employment agencies in general. For another reason, which will appear presently, the same close contact is maintained with department stores.

Seeking Tips at the Stores

The bureau has found that in the great majority of cases people who intend to disappear leave trails that can be followed successfully if the case is promptly reported. Usually if a man intends to drop out of sight he will give to a friend some indication of where he is going. He does this inadvertently—perhaps a week or two before he actually makes up his mind to disappear. It may be that at luncheon he has told a friend that he has always meant to have a look at the scenery of Colorado, at the pueblos of the Southwest, or to make a trip to the Northwest. When the police get such information as this it amounts to a straight steer as to where it is worth while to start search, assuming that the man has had time to get out of town.

Women and girls -and not infrequently men, too—are very apt to make purchases before leaving town for any extended absence. Consequently, if a detective finds that the missing person had some distant destination in mind, he makes inquiries as to the stores most likely to be visited by the missing. For some psychological reason it seems that persons who are intending to disappear are very apt, when making purchases, to drop some hint of their destinations to clerks who wait on them. Women and girls frequently ask questions about the weight of materials best suited for wear in different parts of the country at various seasons of the year, and then tell the clerk where they are off to. A man, if he intends going to some section of the country that he has never visited before, is apt to ask the clerk if he knows anything about that region. When a detective comes to the store with a photograph and description of the person whose trail he is following, the memory of the clerk who waited on the missing person is usually sufficiently refreshed so that he can recall the circumstances and furnish information of value in the search.

As illustrating the manner in which a trail may be followed clear across the continent before the police succeed in establishing contact with the missing person, the following case is of interest:

Some time ago the eighteen-year-old daughter of a New York physician left her home with two hundred and ninety-five dollars to deposit to her father's credit in a bank only a block away. She did not go there, and on the following morning she was reported missing by her father. The detective who took up this case searched the girl's room and found a considerable amount of reading matter about motion-picture stars and photographs of them. The parents had no idea that their daughter was ambitious to appear on the screen, though the detective suspected at once from previous experience that this was accountable for her absence.

With a photograph of the girl the detective visited various hotels, the railroad terminals and certain department stores. He succeeded in establishing the fact that a girl answering the description of the one he was seeking—a brunette with dark hair

(Continued on Page 185)

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(Continued from Page 182)

and eyes and a deep dimplelike cleft in her chin had bought underwear and a black suitcase at a department store which the missing girl had frequently visited with her mother. And he also discovered from a station attendant that a girl of the same description, with a black suitcase, had taken a train for Philadelphia.

Through the cooperation of the Philadelphia police it was discovered that the girl had asked a ticket agent in that city about the hotels of the better class in Chicago. This gave the New York detective the impression that the girl was disposed to be careful as to her surroundings and the Chicago police were requested to inquire for her at the reputable hotels and also at the Y. W. C. A.'s. It was discovered that the girl had stayed at one of the latter institutions for a few days under an assumed name, and had gone to work for a company that ran a chain of station restaurants throughout the West. After a few days she had asked to be transferred to work as a waitress in Denver.

From Denver came word that she had worked there only a couple of days and had left, saying she was going to work in the station restaurant at Los Angeles. The Los Angeles police discovered a station matron with whom the girl had talked of her ambition to go on the screen. The search was then transferred to Hollywood. Unable to find employment in that community the girl had told a director of one of the studios that she was going to work as maid for a lady in Needles, as she intended to remain in that section of the country until she could get into the pictures. So three weeks and three days after the girl had left home, and four hours after the girl had gone to work as a maid in Needles, the Los Angeles police appeared on the scene to ask her to accompany them for safe-keeping until her father could arrive and escort her home.

"People who report missing persons to us," said Captain Ayres, "often seem to have the impression that the police department is obliged to go out and hunt for their relatives. As a matter of fact the service is a voluntary one. The department feels morally bound to do this work as a service to humanity. Our actual responsibility is limited to the search for juveniles, but this cannot be observed in practice because of the very great necessity for the kind of assistance we render."

Widespread Coöperation

"The cost of the work is paid out of the general appropriation granted by the city authorities to the police department. What this cost amounts to, apart from overhead expenses, such as rental, light and heat for the quarters allotted the bureau and its staff, can readily be computed. The salaries paid the commanding officer and the detectives who devote their time entirely to the search for missing persons amounts to $85,000 a year. The bureau sent out more than ten thousand letters, a thousand telegrams and a hundred cables in pursuing its work last year, at a cost of about $3000. This sum—$88,000—approximately covers the expenses of our work. From the police departments in all sections of the United States and Canada we receive the most cordial cooperation. Through such assistance as this at least a thousand of the missing are brought in touch with their families every year. For this assistance, of course, the bureau is at no direct financial expense. It is requited by our attention to cases that come to us from out of town.

"We find that people sometimes try to put it over on the bureau by bringing us cases which do not properly belong to us. Sometimes a man or woman insists that a missing husband or wife is absent owing to foul play or some mental derangement when it is pretty clear to us that the real reason is a matter of desertion. The bureau has no responsibility in such cases. As soon as we are convinced that the circumstances amount to desertion we refer the complainant to the Bureau of Domestic Relations. Likewise, when we find that crime is the factor leading to the disappearance of a person, the case is turned over to the Detective Bureau, which deals with such matters.

"Last year the number of disappearances reported to us exceeded by 15 per cent those reported the previous year. We do not figure that this increase is due to the fact that the number of disappearances is increasing. Rather it seems to be due to the fact that information regarding the service rendered in such cases by the bureau is being more widely disseminated

"People in all parts of the country are getting the habit of reporting direct to the bureau when a member of the family disappears. Many of these cases do not properly belong to the bureau at all, and we cannot undertake to handle them, because there is nothing to indicate that the missing person has gone to New York. At all events anyone outside of New York interested in the whereabouts of a missing person should take the matter to the local police; then, if there is reason to believe the person went to New York, the local police will communicate with the New York department.

"We find that it is equally true of New York cases and of the out-of-town cases—that the missing can be traced with a high probability of success if a report of the circumstances reaches us promptly. The person who disappears from a Mid-Western city or some small town is almost certain to drop a hint regarding his destination before his departure. If he is headed for New York he is very apt to tell of the kind of work he hopes to engage in on reaching there. This is the kind of information in addition to an accurate description that relatives of the missing should give to their local police. When we know the reason why a missing person headed for New York and the kind of employment he will probably look for, our search is greatly expedited."

The Value of Circulars

"Both as regards local and out-of-town cases we have found that near relatives are frequently unable to furnish clews as valuable as those that come from friends and acquaintances. That is why in our work in New York we go to the pals or chums of boys and girls, to the business associates and social companions of a man or woman. It is to such comrades that the missing persons, when off their guard, are most likely to drop the information that enables us to pick up the trail.

"Frequently when we establish the fact that a missing person has left New York we advise the family to send out circulars with a picture and description of the one sought. The bureau attends to the details of this work, but the actual expense of printing and postage must be defrayed by the complainant, as the bureau has no appropriation to draw upon.

"The cost of the circulars to the complainant is about twelve dollars for the first thousand and six dollars for each additional thousand. The postage amounts to from twenty to fifty dollars. Usually not less than five thousand circulars are sent out in any one case. Sometimes these are followed by another five thousand. They go in bunches of from fifty to a hundred to the police of the larger communities in the territory where the missing person is suspected to be. The police of the larger communities post them in conspicuous places and distribute them to the police of the smaller communities

"In a good many instances missing persons who have seen their photograph and description posted in railroad stations or elsewhere have been overcome with compunction and have either returned home or communicated with their anxious relatives. Sometimes it happens that a man drops out of sight and for a long time doesn't even realize that his disappearance is occasioning anxiety back home. Some three years ago we had a case that illustrates how a man sometimes vanishes without even knowing it.

"This man, John S——, had been engaged for years with his father and three brothers in a prosperous manufacturing business in Brooklyn. He found that city life was no longer to his taste, and after talking things over with his relatives he left with the good wishes of his family and with capital to carry out a project of which he had been dreaming for years. He was going to buy and operate a muskrat ranch in Northern Nevada.

"Some time later he wrote back that he was making a fair thing out of the ranch. Later he wrote that the ranch business was too tame for him. He was going up into the Canadian country. Eighteen months went by and no letter from John. Then the family became worried. They were advised to send out circulars with John's picture and description. As time went on and John was not heard from, the family was about convinced that John was dead, though from our experience we were pretty certain that John would ultimately turn up. More

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READING from left to right: brushed slipover No. B 60; sleeveless brushed jacket No. B 39; two-pocket jacket No. 729. The neckband label identifies every genuine "travelo." Look for it! "travelo" knit jackets and

vests are made in many styles and colors for both men and boys. *They hold their shape!*

Ask your dealer for this *new free* booklet. If he hasn't it, write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1909-1915 Park Ave., New York City

and more circulars were sent out to the Northwestern states and Canada. They were posted in railway stations, on signboards at crossroads and on trees everywhere. I have no doubt that to this day the trees of the Northwest bear evidence that John was once a missing man.

"Two years elapsed, and the family had given up hope. Then one day a man in Manitoba, who had been a pal of John's before John went deeper into the Canadian country, happened to read on the bulletin board of a small railroad station a circular describing a thief for whom the police of Chicago were looking. Also he happened to lift up this circular to read the old frayed circular underneath. There was John's phiz looking at him!

"That night the Manitoba pal, who had been hearing from John once in a blue moon, and some months previously had had a line saying John was back in the States and located on a farm in Massachusetts, wrote John a letter, which went something like this:

"*Dere John:* Here's a pichur of yurn you'll maybe want to see. Got it today in the station of this place under a thief flap who's a better looker than yu yet. Pleas answer if posible. Folks worrit, I bet. What's wrong. If so'll there give me a line too how you find yourself. I'm in the woods now. Down for the day. There's a bunk here would sute yu fine.

"So John wrote home and then came home for a visit. It had never entered his head that the folks would be worrying about him! He stayed around a few days, dropped in at the bureau offices to tell us how he had happened to discover that he was missing, said he had found just the life that suited him on the Massachusetts farm, of which he was half owner, and then returned to agriculture!

"Curious things happen. The police of Miami, Florida, asked us by telegraph to locate a girl with blond hair, blue eyes and light complexion, who had left her home down there and was either in New York or on her way there. There was one feature of the description one could hardly mistake. On her right forearm the missing girl had a scar, caused by a burn. It was about five inches long and from an inch to two inches wide.

"Five days went by and we got no trace of the girl. Then one of the bureau detectives happened to be passing along Park Row and saw a crowd in front of a jeweler's window. It was so big that he decided to investigate. Sitting at a table in the jeweler's window, demonstrating some kind of ink, was a blond-haired girl with very light complexion. And there on her right forearm was a long ragged scar! When he talked with the girl she told him she was from St. Louis, not Miami. But she knew nothing at all about St. Louis; couldn't give the name of any important hotel in that city. So the detective asked her to accompany him to the bureau. It certainly looked as though she were the girl wanted in Miami. We sent her photograph to the Miami chief, and asked him to have the family say whether or not this was the girl. He wired back: 'Girl referred to returned home three days ago!'"

The Strangest Case on Record

"What happened? The girl had been receiving the best of care in an institutional home. It turned out that she was a runaway from Boston and her case was not reported to us until a week after she had been allowed to go. We located her on the job found for her by a social worker, and persuaded her to write to her relatives, though she refused to return home, and could not be compelled to do so, as she had become of age. She declared that she had left home because of nagging by her aunt."

Every year newspaper reports attribute a considerable number of disappearances to amnesia. This affliction—loss of memory—is not so common, however, as these reports might indicate. There have been not more than a dozen genuine cases of amnesia in the past six years' experience of the bureau. Last year there were but three of these cases. One man was found wandering in a dazed condition in a small town on Long Island, totally unable to account for his movements since his disappearance on his way to work in New York City. Another case was that of a small storekeeper who left New York, dropped out of sight in Albany, and was later found employed in a chain-grocery store in a small town of upstate New York, his memory a blank. The third was the case of a soldier shell shocked in France, who wound up in New York after leaving his home in Kansas City.

Most of the so-called amnesia cases, when sifted to the bottom, present curious aspects and a few cases of this kind remain as classics for speculation and discussion by the detectives attached to the bureau.

Here is a case in point. From almost any aspect it is the strangest mystery that the bureau has had to deal with—the marvelous and incomprehensible disappearance of a canoeist on the Hudson River. The fact that the man turned up after ten months only deepens the mystery, which is referred to by the police as "one of those 'anæmic' amnesia cases." The circumstances were as follows

A dentist reported to the bureau that his son, thirty-five years old, who was also a dentist, had left his home one day in February to go canoeing and twenty-four hours later had not returned. The son was a phenomenally good swimmer and canoeist. Every Thursday, summer and winter, it had been his custom to canoe across the Hudson from the New York to the Jersey shore. The Thursday of his disappearance was a cold windy day. The missing man had left his clothes at the canoe club and had donned southwester and overalls for the trip. Money, watch and clothes were in his locker.

A Victim of Hereditary Amnesia!

The detective who took up the case discovered a gang of railroad trackmen who had seen the canoeist out in midstream, with a heavy southwest wind blowing, right in the path of an approaching tanker. It looked as though the canoe had been struck and the man drowned!

"But," said the father, "my boy was a wonderful swimmer. I believe he could have made the shore, for all his clothes and the cold."

The canoe was later found, with its bow stoved in, at the dock of a yacht club three miles down the river. It had been pulled in by the steward.

"What are you inclined to think now?" asked the detective of the father. "I'm always disposed to rely a good deal on what the relatives feel in a case like this."

"I don't know," said the father. "Could it be possible that my boy got to the Jersey shore and began wandering around, suffering from amnesia?"

"Why do you suggest that?" asked the detective.

"Because I suffered from amnesia a few years ago, and they found me over in Jersey. Maybe this idea of mine isn't right, but I just don't believe my boy was drowned!"

"I don't believe so either," said the detective, and that was a confident hunch, based on the supposition that amnesia is a hereditary disease!

Ten months later, suffering from total loss of memory, a mysterious man turned up in a hospital of an important city of the Middle West. For three days he was in that hospital and could remember nothing, not even his name. The description sent on to the New York police was that of the missing canoeist. The father immediately went West and brought home his son, whose memory began to revive, but who never could remember anything that had happened subsequent to the collision with the tanker and up to the time of meeting his father—not even how he had reached shore nor where he had changed from southwester and overalls into ordinary apparel.

Meanwhile a Western insurance company, satisfied that the canoeist was drowned, had paid his supposed widow ten thousand dollars on a life-insurance policy. This sum was returned to the company in full after the missing man's return.

"This case gets more mysterious to me every time I think of it," said the detective who spent five solid weeks looking for the canoeist. "If that man's memory ever does return I hope he will let me know how he got to shore and how he happened not to be picked up as a mysterious wanderer before ten months elapsed!"

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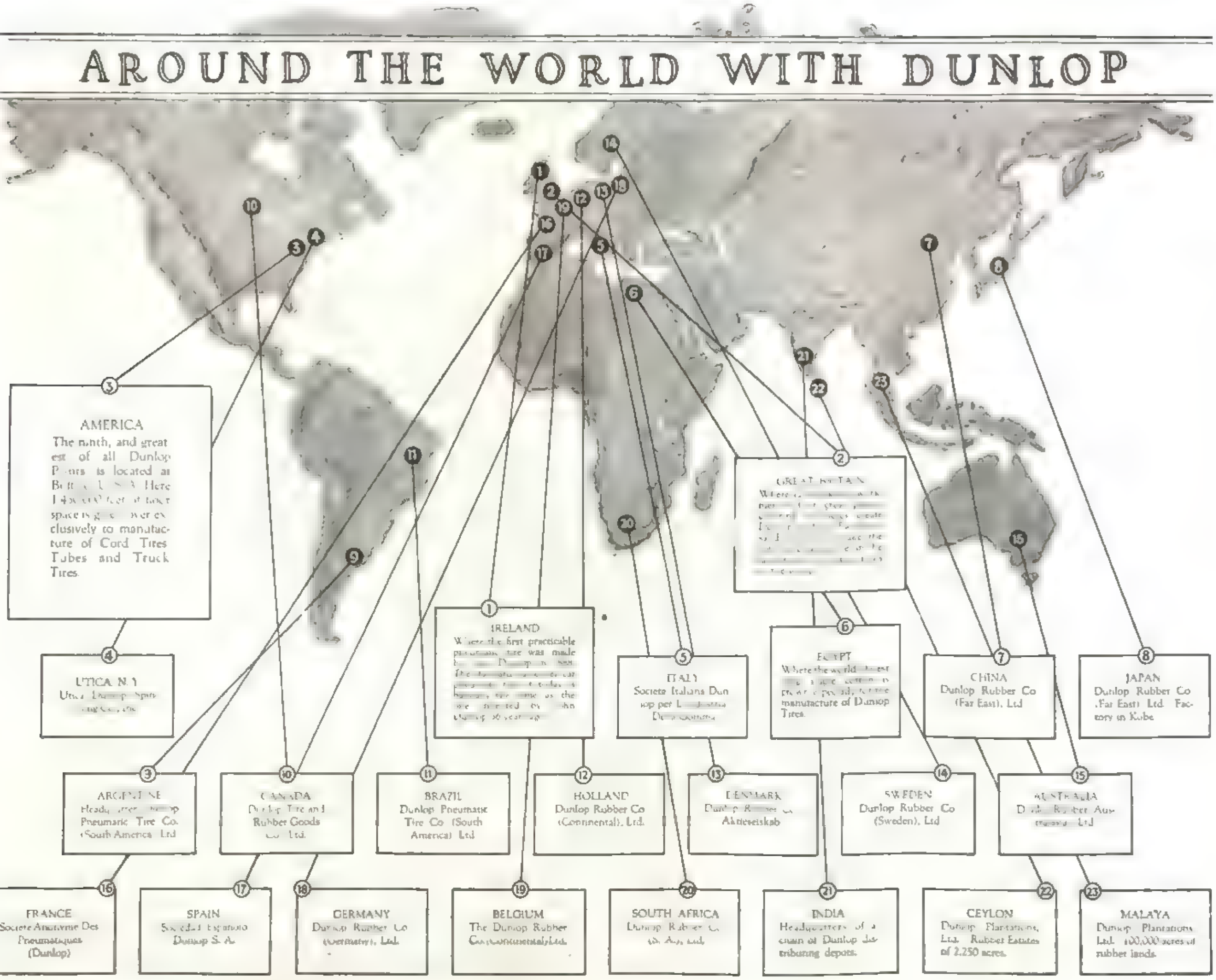
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TEN PER CENT OFF

Continued from Page 20

is a frequent figure in the ranks of the professional shoppers. She likes being in the tide of well-dressed humanity that flows up and down Fifth Avenue, the contact with beautiful things, the hushed, richly carpeted atmosphere of the small exclusive shops and the gay scurry in the more crowded department stores. It all exhilarates her, and a profession which allows a late rising, a leisurely breakfast and a way of making money which can be sandwiched in between lunch and tea is certainly appealing to the butterfly who, though she may not have been broken on the wheel, is certainly bruised. She can combine it with social life by taking idle friends, possibly divorcees too, with her.

But taking friends along sometimes brings unpleasant consequences. It all looks so easy at first sight—they know nothing of the stern business details which must be considered if a professional shopper is really to be successful—that many of the friends decide that they will follow suit. This brings about a good deal of rivalry, some of it friendly, more not so much so. They are often at odds through trespassing upon one another's territory.

Beside the above types of shoppers, there is a large group of women who do not verge so much on the dilettante order. They stabilize the business, these women—mothers who wish to make some extra money to put a child through school or women with business ability who see in it a profitable enterprise. It is they who are most apt to organize the work under a bureau. One woman, a singer whose voice had gone back on her and who in her forties found that she must turn to something else for a livelihood, organized a bureau which is now one of the most successful in New York. She has several shoppers working for her. Her office has been decorated by an artist and has equipment which enables her to serve tea to her clients after she has conducted them through a strenuous afternoon of shopping. The housekeeping equipment is a relic of her less prosperous days, for at one time the office served as living quarters as well as a place of business. She declared the other day that it was unfortunate that her voice had not held out, for with her business perception she surely would have had a career as a singer.

"I care more for a brand-new sheet of music or a fresh bolt of silk than for any man in the world, and I've been married twice. Work, to me, is the only thing."

No wonder her shopping is such a satisfaction to her clients and so productive to herself.

Some bureaus specialize in filling orders for out-of-town customers whom they reach through advertising in smart women's magazines, and others in conducting both visitors and residents through the shops personally. They are so constantly in touch with the markets that they save time and energy by eliminating useless shopping and leading the customers to the sort of merchandise desired. They know what stores have the best blankets, what shops the smartest sport hats.

The Shopper's Paradise

It follows naturally that the professional shopper, who spends her time among the latest fabrics and fashions, should herself drink from the fountainhead of advance-style information and be always charmingly groomed and therefore a distinct asset in dressing up the store. Her aesthetic worth is recognized both by the large and small stores. They appreciate the commercial value of having good-looking people swell the numbers of the customers. And of course the financial benefits which accrue from the good-will and constant patronage of a successful shopper are not to be minimized.

The specialty shops are particularly eager to stand in well—these are the shopper's paradise. Here she is shown as great deference as any Fifth Avenue matron. The buyers and even the heads of the establishment devote themselves personally to her. Clothes for herself are given to her at a reduction far beyond the specified 10 per cent. The nominal sum they charge her is more a sop to conscience and convention than an adequate financial settlement of an account. For she has it in her power, if she likes a shop, to make a real difference in the sales total of the year.

A singer married a few years ago so suddenly that his bride had no time to collect a trousseau and certainly not much money to lavish on dainty lingerie and laces. With a grand and foreign gesture he said that the trousseau was to be his wedding gift to her. A professional shopper was called in to expedite the purchases, and from that moment manna descended alike on the heads of the shopper and the shops. The shopper, an earnest young widow, led the singer and his bride first to a noted couturier's which she favored. It took exactly fifteen minutes to order a forty-thousand-dollar chinchilla coat. That disposed of, a parade of manikins displayed the cream of the season's models in frocks.

"That one and that one and that one," said the singer, pointing with his cane, until twenty gowns had been selected.

"Don't you want to see how they look on madame?" suggested the shopper timidly.

"Ah, no," he responded jovially. "She can wear anything."

He was amusing and gay during the fitting process. He held the box of pins—even sticking one in the dress from time to time. Instead of the usual masculine weariness after the fitting, he was ready for fresh fields to conquer and suggested a lingerie shop. He was a sight for the gods, turned loose in the whipped-cream froth of lace petticoats and nightgowns which resembled nothing so much as a strawberry soda. Scooping up great handfuls and tossing them to one side, he said, "Do you suppose that will be enough?" Two thousand dollars' worth of lace undergarments do not come to many pounds' weight, but it meant a lot in the life of the shopper when she calculated her 10 per cent that night. From there they went down the Avenue for hats, shoes and jewels—and there was rejoicing throughout the land of merchandise.

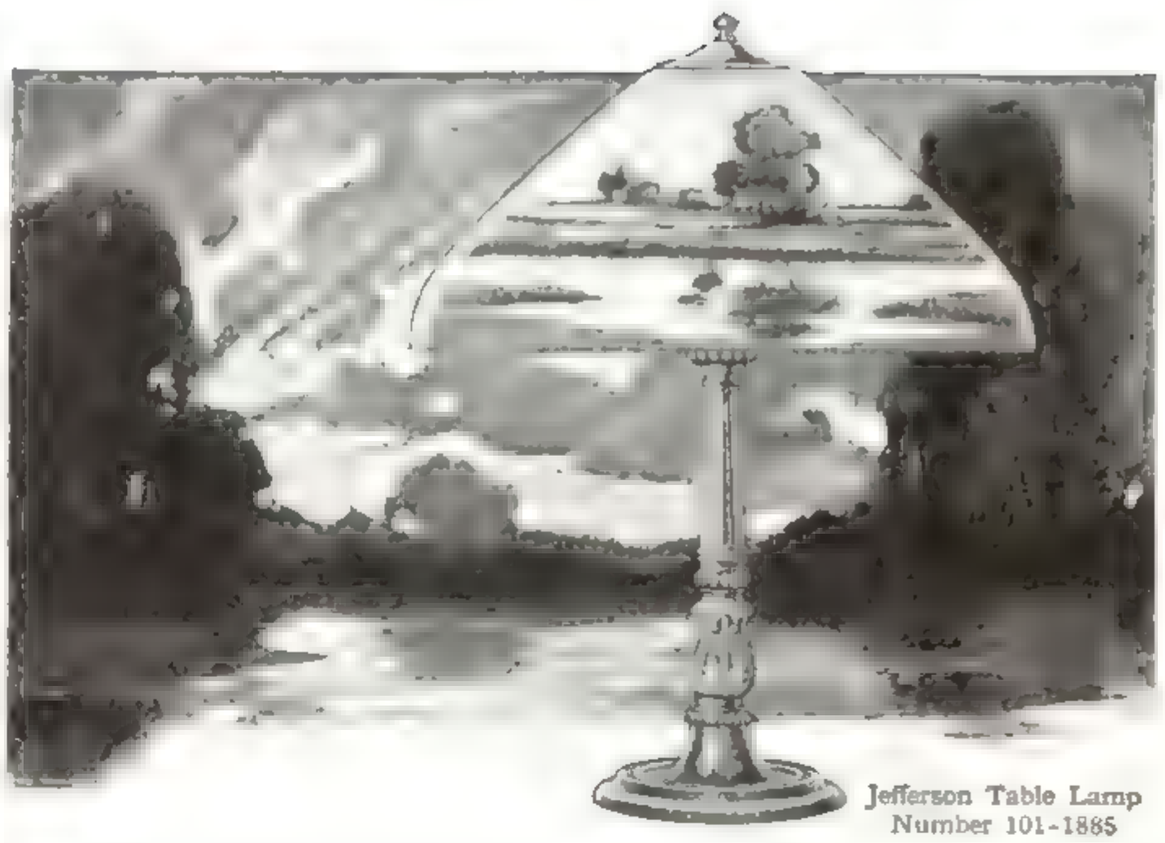
The Three Qualifications

It would be inaccurate, however, not to admit that this was an unusual case. Though a shopper is not infrequently instrumental in the purchase of half a dozen gowns by an out-of-town customer, she is much more apt to go through tortured hours while an exacting client drags her from store to store in an effort to find one perfect gown—that ultimate gown which all women hope to find, which will be a dazzling creation suitable for afternoon or evening—to last for years.

In the large department stores the relationship between the professional shopper and the store is not nearly so personal. They are glad, of course, to have the good-will of these women; but they conduct a rigid investigation of their credentials before they allow them to open an account. No chance shopper who lays claim to the profession by a few small commissions from relatives is welcomed. Character, business assets and social standing are investigated as searchingly as if the application were one for membership in an exclusive club. Of these three, perhaps social standing is the most important, for it means the bringing of a smart clientele to a store—and here again the desire of storekeepers to have their counters lined with good-looking people is emphasized. Smartness begets smartness, and no one is more appreciative of this than the clever merchant.

At one time the clients were permitted to shop independently of the shopper, charging the purchases to her account; but many stores, believing that this practice was abused, have made a rule that requires the shopper to carry out the letter of her profession. Things came to such a pass that many people who would never think of using a shopper trespassed on the good-will of the store by borrowing the privileges of the shopper's account. There are, too, many women who do not like to pay cash, and having no accounts of their own, find the shopper's credit a great convenience.

The stores have realized the value of the professional shopper to such an extent that many of them have established rival services. If they do not have their own shopping service, they give a discount to actresses and other professional people, or offer special shopping inducements to dressmakers or those in the various trades. There are discounts within discounts, and a really clever manipulator can overlap them most advantageously. That frequent by-product of the stage, for instance, a



Jefferson Table Lamp
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LOWLANDS *at dusk*

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Please send me your new art folder—
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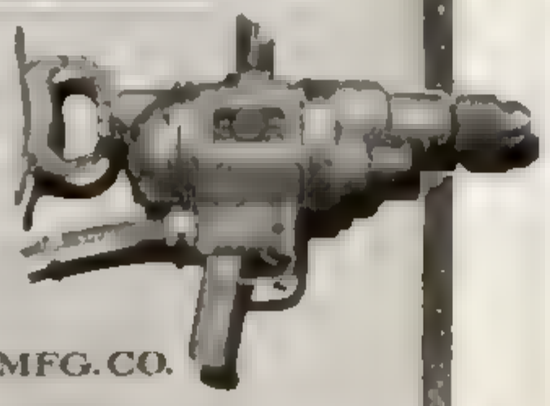
That is why the BLACK & DECKER QUARTER-INCH, which a year-and-a-half ago was $65, is now only $28.

That is why the BLACK & DECKER HALF-INCH SPECIAL which a year-and-a-half ago was $85, is now only $58.



Jobbers Everywhere
THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.
Canadian Factory: Lyman Tube Bldg. Montreal, P. Q.

dressmaker who has been an actress in her youth, can get the customary 10 per cent which is given to the profession, and beside that the regular dressmaker's discount.

While we are on the subject of discounts, it is amusing to know that the stores are not only the donors of discounts but receivers of the same in their own shopping. For each great department store has as many accounts as the most pampered daughter of a Wall Street magnate. These accounts come under the general title of comparison. This comparison department serves the double purpose of filling orders for out-of-town customers for items which they lack, and of keeping their own fingers on the pulse of the varying markets.

The stores are naturally deeply interested in the prices their competitors are getting for their merchandise, whether it be fans or cookstoves. The method of finding out what the other stores are charging for things is an organized but refined sleuthing. In New York hundreds of women, employed by the stores as comparison shoppers, patrol the aisles of rival establishments in the guise of dignified customers. Their reports are flashed back to their own headquarters with almost military speed and precision.

"Smith's is selling those Number 85 Scotch wool hose for $4.35."

The $4.50 tag on the same hose at the shopper's store will be immediately changed to meet that figure. Before the end of the day the price may again be changed to meet a second report.

In order to keep their identity secret from competitors, shoppers from the same store are not allowed to recognize each other in any way.

A new store shopper met her chief on the street one day, and since she was a social acquaintance as well, she stopped to speak to her. The head of the comparison department passed coldly on. Later in the day, in the store, she called the new shopper to her and said, "You know, Miss A, no one in this department is allowed to speak to another in public. If people find out who we are and learn to associate us with comparison shopping our usefulness is lost. If you speak to me again I shall be obliged to discharge you."

The articles purchased by the shoppers in the course of their sleuthing are charged in the customary way and bills sent at the end of the month just as if the store were a private customer, except that a 10 per cent discount is allowed.

Shoppers' Troubles

If the end of the month is trying to the auditor of a large store, it is nothing compared to the trials of the professional shopper, whose accounts must not only be more deftly handled but whose bookkeeping experience is of the most elementary sort. When the shopper sends out her bill the emotions of the client must be considered as well as the debit and credit features. If a large department store is sending out its bills there is no feeling that its insistence on prompt payment may be personal. One knows that the clerk in the billing department is merely going through her routine. When the shopper, who must make out her bills to her clients from the accounting rendered by the shops, sends a statement she must take great care to regard the idiosyncrasies of the individual. She must remember that a certain client wishes to receive bills only every six months, and then they must be carefully itemized. This client is furious if so much as a paper of pins is not listed. Another wants to settle her accounts weekly. This means that the shopper must keep her daybook up to the minute.

The eccentricities of idle women in paying their bills, their tardiness and sometimes even their refusal, make great barricades in the path of the shopper; for to maintain her standing with the shop her settlements must be as regular as the tides in the sea. She dares not be too insistent upon prompt payment from her clients for fear of losing them. After all, some of them feel that the value of having a professional shopper is the latitude it allows in settling accounts.

The various types of the clients, or shoppees, as they are flippantly called, make life a heaven or hell for the shoppers. Tact and an ability to foresee their moods and desires are perhaps more vital than a knowledge of merchandise. The professional shopper must be ready to meet snobbery, impatience, unreasonableness, indecision or even undue friendliness with just the proper degree of warmth. She may spend the morning with a snobbish woman who can't bear the contact of crowds, and the afternoon with a gregarious lady who feels that she must push to the heart of every bargain-counter mêlée. She may be driven through the stores at breakneck speed by an unreasonable client who does not consider the time it takes to shop and who has telephoned her, "Run down, will you, and get me a pair of gloves to match that new brown suit of mine—you remember the shade. I have an engagement in an hour and I haven't a pair that looks well with that outfit."

This means a hectic journey downtown, a nervous waiting at the counter for someone to serve her, and visits to two or three stores before she can get the shade she is carrying so precariously in her head.

Every shopper has on her list busy society women who are not willing to take the trouble to shop themselves or to accompany the shopper, but must have perfection in every detail of their order. A great deal of time must be spent at the homes of these women, listening to minute instructions as to color, texture and line. It is rather comic to think of the hours they spend over these details, when in half the time they could go to the stores with the shopper and be certain of satisfaction. Many of these prolonged discussions are merely for the joy of expatiating, for the exact details are in many cases forgotten at once, and by the time the article is received a different picture is formulated.

A Bride of Thirty-eight

"Oh, but stripes up and down, not around, I said. And I wanted rose, not red—well, maybe I did say red, but I must have rose," will greet the shopper after executing a day's commissions. Since one of the prerogatives of the shopper is returning goods, the only serious loss is that of her time. An out-of-town woman wanted a negligée, and in addition to being particular did not know her own mind. When the garment she specified came she did not like it and parcel-posted it back by return mail. This performance was repeated three times until she finally found a garment that suited her.

"Well," sighed the shopper as she received the check which completed the transaction, "her intentions in that tea gown must be simply deadly."

Even though a shopper has good taste, she cannot be a mind reader. If a woman writes to her and says "Dear Mrs. Z: I want a hat. Just a nice spring hat. You know my kind—something awfully pretty and becoming. I hope you can get it here by Saturday, as I am going to a bridge party" it is naturally a little difficult for her to select a hat which each moment is assuming a more beautiful outline in the eye of the purchaser. Too bad—when it arrives it is only a hat.

Nor can she be a weather prophet. A woman's ideas of clothes change surprisingly with the temperature. If a shopper gives a good part of an afternoon to selecting a serviceable heavy coat and the next morning the client decides, because of a hint of spring in the air, that she doesn't want the coat after all, the garment must go back and the shopper must see her 10 per cent vanish into limbo. This having the drudgery of returning done by proxy is another reason for using a professional shopper.

But these unpleasant aspects are counterbalanced by contacts with shoppees who are considerate and thoroughly delightful to work with. One shopper tells of a client of hers, a busy spinster whom love had overlooked until the late thirties. At thirty-eight she became engaged to a man with whom she had been associated in business. She summoned the shopper who had done some desultory purchasing for her in the past and in a manner certainly alien to her—as fluttery as a young girl—explained her wants.

"What I'm going to say will probably make you feel that I'm just a fool, if not insane. You see, I'm going to be married in two months. I haven't had much time to think about marriage for the last fifteen years; but I did a lot of thinking about it before then, and one thing I always dreamed about was having the most glorious trousseau that ever was on land or sea. Well, thirty-eight I may be, and settled I certainly am, but this is evidently my one

(Continued on Page 193)

The Johnson Motor Gets You There—and Back On Any Type of Boat

THOUSANDS of fishermen, sportsmen, sailors and summer cottagers have found a lot of attractive features about the Johnson Outboard Motor in addition to its unapproached dependability—though of course that's really the feature that made people buy more Johnson Motors from dealers last year than any other make.

Johnson owners, particularly those who have had previous experience with any other detachable boat motor, will tell you that the Johnson is the only motor that can be used on any type of boat or canoe—square-stern or pointed-stern—and shifted in a jiffy from one boat or canoe to another without altering some styles of boats.

They have found that the Johnson Motor is not too heavy for the lightest boat and that it has ample power for the heaviest boat a man can row.

Its two-cylinder opposed construction eliminates vibration, reduces noise to the minimum and delivers a steady flow of power—full 2 horse-power—that will drive a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour and a canoe from 10 to 12.

Johnson's exclusive universal steering and reversing feature with automatic tilt and the Johnson shock-absorber drive prevent damage from submerged obstructions and drive your boat wherever it will float. The Johnson float-feed, throttle-controlled carburetor gives a perfect firing mixture at all speeds and temperatures and makes starting sure and easy. The Johnson Quick-Action Magneto delivers a hot spark even at slowest speeds and eliminates the uncertainty and extra weight of batteries, coils, etc.

These are the things that give the Johnson Motor a type of *performance* that you can find in no other motor.

And with all this power, flexibility and dependability goes *the only real portability*, for the Johnson takes down like a gun and packs in a suitcase and weighs **Only 35 Pounds**

Not only the lightest outboard motor but the lightest per horse-power as proved by any standard scale.

It's an easy "one hand carry", it can be carried on the running board of your car or packed in a suitcase that fits under a Pullman berth.

Go to the Johnson dealer and get a free demonstration in the boat—*your own boat*. That will tell you more about the Johnson Motor than anything we can say. If you don't know the Johnson dealer write us for FREE Catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
882 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
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4 West 61st Street, New York City, N.Y.
Canadian Distributor: Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

What the Johnson Motor Does

Makes rowing obsolete by furnishing dependable, inexpensive water transportation.

Opens up distant and unfrequented fishing grounds for the fisherman.

Adds speed and sport to canoeing

When used on small sail boats—even up to 25 and 30 feet—it is absolute insurance against being becalmed

On yachts—makes every dinghy and tender a motor tender

Runs errands at the summer cottage or camp—even if "town" is miles away.

Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine

Pack your Johnson in this suitcase and take it with you—anywhere

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Shopping is a pleasure where there's ILG Ventilation. Clerks are more alert, customers linger and buy more.

THE AIR YOU BREATHE SHOULD BE AS PURE AS THE WATER YOU DRINK

Everything looks better, sells better and is better where there is ILG Ventilation.

FRESH AIR IS LIFE'S GREATEST NECESSITY

HEALTHFUL air conditions—that's the first essential in promoting a better day's work—and it costs only a few cents a day with an ILG Ventilating Fan. You'll be surprised how your office, work shop or store can be correctly ventilated with just one ILG Fan, and the change it makes in the atmosphere is delightful; you feel up and doing—fingers are nimble, eyes are clear, wits are sharp, everyone works with speed, accuracy and efficiency—it's in the air. Most electrical or hardware dealers can tell you all about the ILG Ventilating Fan—the only one made with a *fully enclosed self-cooled motor*—made, tested, sold and guaranteed as a complete unit—it's painted green. Clip, check, sign and mail the coupon below and we will send you our 48 page illustrated catalog and full information regarding your specific ventilating problem.

Sectional view of the ILG Ventilating Fan, illustrating the ILG famous fully enclosed self-cooled motor. Note the vent pipe which extends to the heart of the motor, insuring economy, efficiency and long life. This important idea is broadly protected by basic patents and is an exclusive feature of ILG Ventilating Fans.

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WITHOUT OBLIGATION *send me, postpaid, your* 48 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. *In the left-hand corner of this coupon I have checked the subjects in which I am specifically interested.*

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

(Continued from Page 190)

and only marriage, and I'm going to have the sort of trousseau I always dreamed of. Will you get it for me?"

"Of course," said the shopper, smiling sympathetically.

"And the kind I dreamed of," continued the spinster, "is the kind every girl wants. Useless lingerie with miles of lace on it; a whole series of negligées, tea gowns so elaborate that you couldn't possibly pour tea in them. I haven't the time or the nerve to go and pick out foolish things like this, but just get the kind of stuff a girl of twenty would like and I'll be happy. No stern, suitable, tailored lingerie, you understand. I don't know just what the styles are now, but haven't I heard something about black chiffon underwear?"

"But you wouldn't wear that, would you?" protested the shopper.

"Probably not, but I'm going to have it to look at, anyway. I want my bureau drawers to look for once more like a confectioner's shop than a linen closet. Do your worst—I don't care what it costs."

The shopper, a sympathetic young woman, plunged into her task and a few days later the purchases began to pour into the spinster's little apartment—everything from garters made of silk rosebuds to wreath the knee, to sugary boudoir caps of silver tissue. The spinster often smiled a little grimly as she piled things away beneath pads of sachet, but she stuck to her part of the bargain and paid the most astounding bills without complaint.

Carte blanche is always an agreeable order to the professional shopper. Freedom from supervision and the opportunity of exercising her own originality naturally give zest to shopping. They make, however, as many demands on her ingenuity as the proverbial three tests which used to be set for the fairy-tale young men when they aspired to the hand of the princess. She must know or be able to find out that a vicuña rug comes from Peru, and be conversant with the red tape of working through the consul. She must be prepared to help outfit an expedition into the African jungle or the wastes of Labrador. Though she may not know how to get some of these unusual things, she must pretend she does until she can rush to the encyclopedia or more human references for information.

She must humor the whims of those who have faith in none but foreign-made goods. Their demand for a real Russian samovar means merely a trip down to Brasstown on the lower East Side if the shopper is in New York, and after a suitable interval, the delivery of the samovar, wrapped and labeled and bearing all the earmarks of a perilous trip from Russia. Colorful Chinatown is also a happy hunting ground. Someone has said that there is more rare tea in Chinatown, New York, than there is in China, China. The suave Chinese plants his own jade trees, and even the professional shopper must have all her wits about her, for though she may disguise the source, she must be sure not to get an imitation article.

Working for Two Cents a Day

It is a little nerve-racking for a New York shopper to receive a wire from an out-of-town client asking that she rent a house for the season. Without knowing her geographical preferences and the type of furniture the client favors, she must, almost by mental telepathy, select a home for an unknown family for a winter.

Some people feel that there is no limit to the responsibility they may put on the shoulders of a shopper. One woman became quite an expert in makes of cars through buying a limousine for a client. She made the most of this commission and spent a happy month taking demonstration trips in all good makes of automobiles. Her 10 per cent would lump up to so large a sum that she felt she could afford the time.

Paris and paradise are synonymous to the professional shopper. Not many are fortunate enough to get across, but a few have among their clients rich society women who are not willing to trust the Parisian couturiers to send them their best models, and they must go over once, sometimes twice a year to select the season's costumes for nontraveling customers.

Shoppees consider it a great advantage to have access to wholesale houses, and when a professional shopper can procure this privilege for them she rises rapidly in their estimation. No amount of experience seems to convince purchasers that the saving which results from small purchases from wholesale houses is very slight. It stands to reason that with their heavy overhead the wholesalers experience a decided loss in giving their time to these people who buy in such small quantities. This selling, developed as a courtesy extended to their business associates, has been gradually abused to such an extent that they must ask a price almost as high as the retail stores in order not to have a definite loss. In many cases the advantage to the purchaser is fictional, for numerous things must be bought from pictures in a catalogue; and though a camera does not lie, it has strange ways of making a chaise longue longer, and a highboy higher, with most distressing results when the article is delivered; and the privilege of return is not often included in wholesale transactions.

There are many unusual demands made on the shopper by trusting or capricious customers. Once the quest is out of her own hands, the shoppee feels that nothing is too impossible for the poor shopper to accomplish. Imagine the consternation of one beginner in the field when she got a note from an important customer, then abroad, with just the tiniest visible wisp of narrow gold-tinsel ribbon pinned on to it.

Dear Miss V: I am inclosing a sample of the ribbon I use on my wrist watch. Will you be good enough to get me three-eighths of a yard of it, and mail it to me here at my hotel in Cannes? I don't remember what shop it came from, but you'll be able to find it, I know.

With all New York as a possible field, the shopper was in despair. She spent a day and a half searching the logical places for the ribbon, and at last had the really great good fortune to find a remnant of it. It cost thirty-five cents, which made the ten per cent reward of that effort three cents.

Auburn or Brick-Dust?

This same shopper received a glowing self-constructed description of a new out-of-town client one day. She said that she wanted a henna-red evening gown, the shade that would go with what she described as her real auburn hair. The shopper sent her a gown which had been charming on an auburn-haired model. The next week the client came to town with the dress in a box under her arm and fury crowning her brow.

"Look at me!" she said, and the shopper looked.

"Auburn" had been the freest poetic license, for the hair was that straight, fine brick-dust red, and with it went a veil of freckles that made henna the last color in the world she should wear. This matching by long distance is one of the risks a shopper must take. She must have slippers dyed to match a dress she has never seen. She must buy a hat to accentuate a particular color in a scarf that a client has received from abroad, her only knowledge of the scarf being a hazy telephone description.

Clothes, cabbages, kitchen stoves, jewels, camping equipment, violins, houses, trips around the world and needles and pins must be all in the day's work. Her own personality must be submerged in that of her client, and sometimes it comes hard. A shopper friend of ours who really cared about books complained bitterly to us about a commission she had just executed.

"This Mrs. X, who seems to me to have more money than anyone in the world, wrote me the most amazing letter the other day. I'd bought a few clothes for her before, and she always seemed very calm and not particularly extraordinary in her demands, and when I got this note you can imagine how bewildered I was." She pulled a sheet of thick, pale lavender paper from her hand bag.

"Listen to this:

"*Dear Mrs. Blank:* I am tired of the customary library of brown and red books and ponderous leather armchairs. There is no reason why a library should be so essentially a man's room. As a member of the Living-As-An-Art Club, I wish to have my library a room that will express my own personality. I want it to be something as nearly like Nature on a spring day as possible. I want the books to be bound in mauve and green and pale blue—the spring combinations of sky and trees. Then I want just a flash of red and gold to remind one of the sunset. As you know, I'm building a new house and I want you to see that the plans for the library are carried out as I want them. Will you stop in as soon as you can so that we can go over the details?

"I couldn't stand the suspense," continued our friend, "so I rushed over that very afternoon, and there certainly were

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THE BURT and PACKARD
"Korrect Shape"
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NATIONALLY acknowledged style leaders, they possess, in addition, that foot comfort and foot freedom that results from building them over exclusive "Korrect Shape" lasts which, for more than fifty years have been proven anatomically right.
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"Korrect Shape" shoes fit, hold and support the feet—in style.
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Write for free Illustrated Booklet showing latest Spring Styles
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Just one of many smart styles

This is the standard National One-Car Garage. Our free plans for one-car and two-car garages can be readily adapted to correspond with the architecture of your home, or its surroundings.

FREE PLANS *for building your* GARAGE

Send for free blue print plans of National one-car and two-car Garages.

The blue prints contain illustrations, architectural drawings, and complete lists of materials required—all you have to do is turn them over to your architect or contractor for prices.

National Steel Fabric Reinforced Stucco Garages are stronger, more permanent, more firesafe, as well as more beautiful architecturally, and can be built at less cost than even standard wooden garage construction.

Furthermore, they are cooler in summer and warmer in winter; and they never need painting or repairing.

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Every type, style and price for every fuel

PUT an Alcazar in your home for the utmost in cooking convenience, comfort and economy

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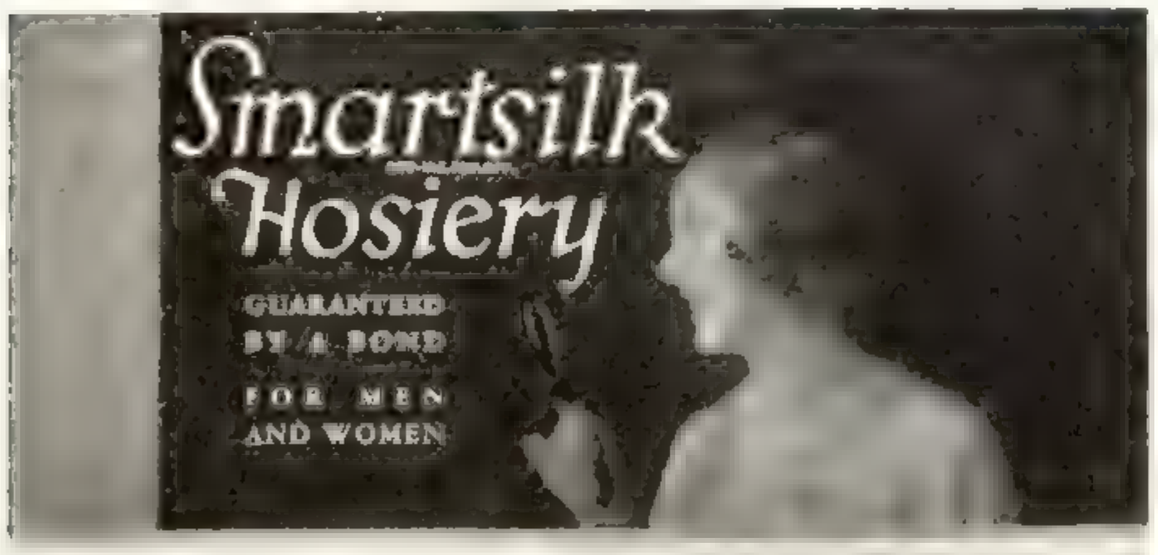

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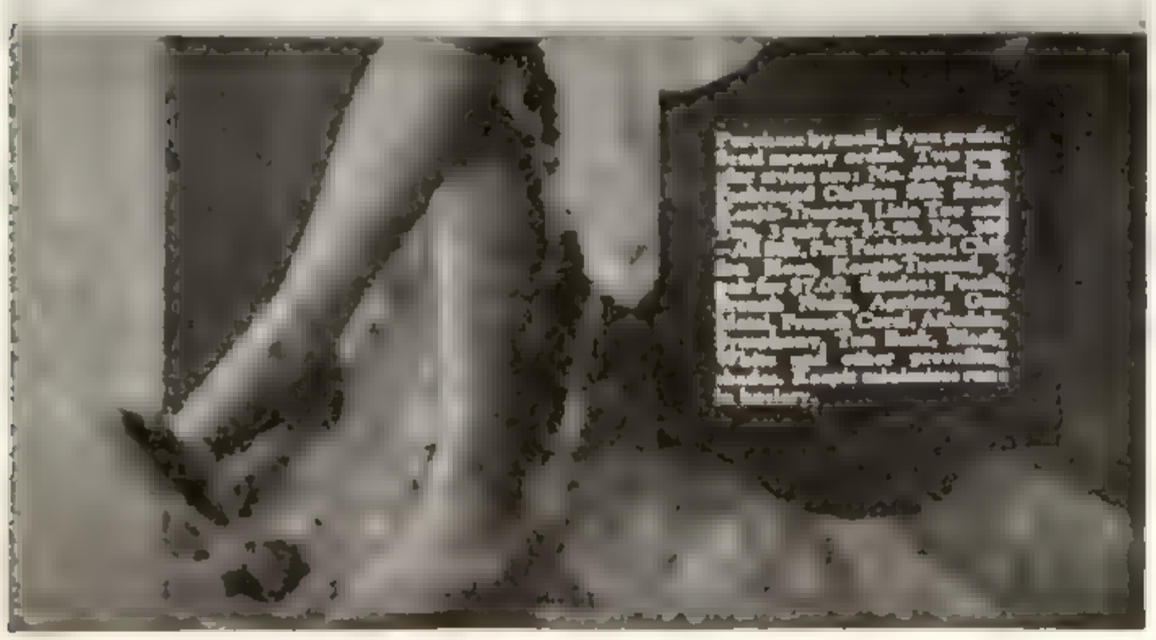
District managers and men and women representatives wanted. Liberal commission. Like owning a business, without expenses. A high-grade proposition. Write for plan.



details. She had worked out a complete diagram. The bookshelves were to stretch from ceiling to floor. Her idea was to develop a rather futuristic effect of landscape by shading the bindings of the books At the top pale blue and mauve, with a dash of white, was to signify the sky; greens and yellows and golds lower down, a landscape. She had worked it all out even to the number of yards of each color which would be needed to carry out her scheme. It was a matter of complete indifference to her whether the books were tall or short, fat or thin, and least of all what was inside them, if they only followed her color plan. And I must say she was simply charmed with her idea.

"'Why, it will be the most original library in town!' she exulted. 'And all you have to do is to be sure you get the right shades.'

"'But what kind of books do you want?' I asked her.

"'I've just told you,' she said impatiently. 'Blue and mauve and green.'

"So there I was, with a commission to select hundreds of books, and the only thing I did not have to worry about was the titles. It would have been simple if I could have had the books specially bound, but this she would not consider, both because of the expense—for she was unexpectedly frugal in spots—and because she didn't want the bookshelves to look too shiny and new. She even insisted that there be some secondhand books among the new ones.

"Can you imagine how I felt? I suppose I'd rather buy books than anything in the world, but buying them by the yard and by color instead of by title was not exactly the realization of my ambition. Mark Twain, for instance, had to be ruled out because he only came in that bright red. I ran myself thin between the first and second hand bookshops, picking up a yard of green here and eighteen inches of pale yellow there; but I finally got the room finished—and she actually liked it."

The importance of pleasing women like this cannot be overemphasized, for if they are not satisfied they spread a bitter tale among their friends; but if pleased they are effusive in their enthusiasm and recommendations, and mouth-to-mouth publicity is in this business most important.

Shopping for Men

Buying for men is an important and agreeable feature in the life of a professional shopper and is a financial plum that is falling more and more frequently into her basket. At first men were a little reluctant at the thought of having strange women buy their personal garments for them. Busy bachelors, finally succumbing to the insistence of a maternal friend that a professional shopper would solve their difficulties, give their first orders with fear and trembling. They begin mildly with collars and handkerchiefs; but the delight of having well-filled bureau drawers leads them to intrust finally even the most intimate garments to the shopper.

A rising young lawyer met his shopper on the street one day and drew her aside, whispering mysteriously, "May I ask you something?"

"Why, of course!" she assented, imagining some great intrigue was afoot.

"Could you possibly get me nine suits of underwear—a-something for a-summer?" he stammered.

Her matter-of-fact acceptance of the order gave him confidence and in a few months he was even having her go with him to have his suits fitted.

Professional shoppers are in great demand in the purchase of engagement and wedding rings. Many men feel that they must follow the old custom of presenting the ring in a box to the beloved instead of letting her do her own selecting, or perhaps the fiancée is out of town, away from the ring-buying center. The only person who seems deeply concerned about this proxy selection is the jewelry salesman, who goes on the assumption that the couple purchasing must be the prospective bride and groom

He supplies the tender tone appropriate to such occasions, and many of the encounters furnish much amusement to the shopper, and some of them, if the client is attractive, not a little wistfulness.

A large part of shopping for men is still done by women. Department stores have made great efforts during the past few years to attract masculine customers by making elaborate concessions to the unwillingness of the male to be caught alive in what he considers a woman's realm. They have opened annexes with a separate street entrance, or if this has been impossible, devoted a floor of the building with special express elevators not coeducational that will whiz these important customers to their coats and suits. In spite of this, men will use any method to keep away from such places. Heretofore sisters and cousins and aunts have had to be pressed into unwilling service, and the professional shopper comes as a godsend. The stores realize her value in this circumstance and go out of their way to make things pleasant for her.

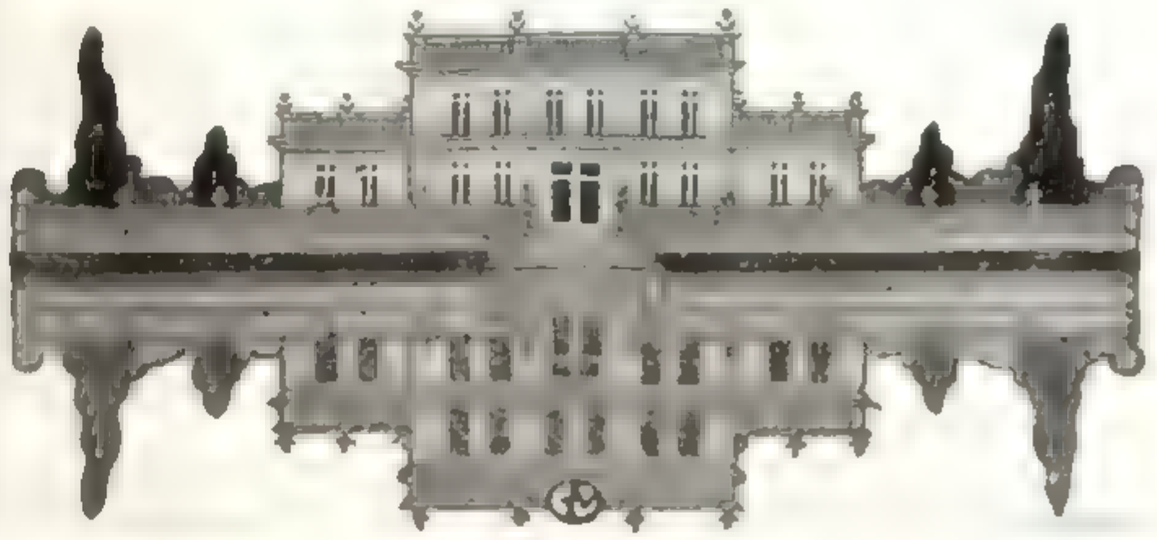
The Managing Widow

Not all masculine commissions come directly from the men. Sometimes a woman will hand over her sacred male to the shopper with directions to outfit him—often with surprising results. A mother in Palm Beach wrote up to New York to her shopper that her boy was coming in town from school on a certain Saturday, and would the shopper be good enough to meet him at the train—she had given him a description of her—and take him to buy a spring suit? The shopper was at the appointed place that Saturday, looking for a small boy of perhaps fifteen. She was stunned to be approached by an impressive, raccoon-coated Yale senior, who looked upon the affair as a great joke.

"Mother told me you were young and good-looking or I wouldn't have come," he laughed "Now that I've seen you, I'll make a bargain. I'll go shopping with you if you'll have dinner and go to the theater with me. Is it a go?" It was

Since shoppers are by the very nature of their profession attractive and well groomed, romance is not unknown in their business dealings. Another woman handed over a man to her shopper with more lasting results than dinner and the theater. She was a managing widow who had honorable but permanent designs on a prosperous broker of about thirty-five. She was not, however, willing to go to the trouble of shopping for or with him and commanded her own shopper to carry out many minute details of his wardrobe. In her managerial way she informed the broker what she had decided, and had him meet the shopper, a girl of twenty-five, under her auspices. That was practically the last time the widow saw her broker, for he was attracted by the charming dignity and earnestness of the young shopper to such an extent that he soon felt she had to help him buy lunch and dinner as well as clothes. It was not long before this led to buying a house and the furniture to go in it.

And so they were married and have lived happily ever afterward—for the past two years.



Good-bye, soap and shaving brush

Hello Barbasol

This advertisement will send a lot of men to work whistling tomorrow morning.

Read it and learn how you can make the daily shave five minutes of real enjoyment.

If you are skeptical, send the coupon and try a half-dozen Barbasol shaves.

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This is one purchase you never will regret.

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And man, O man, how good your face feels!

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

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P.S. After the Barbasol shave, use Barbasol After-Shaving Powder; healing, antiseptic, unaffected by perspiration; the kind that won't rub off. 35c, and worth it.

Note to Wives: If your husband is set in his ways, simply won't take the trouble to cut out this perfectly good coupon, you can do him a good turn by sending for a trial tube of Barbasol and putting it on the bathroom shelf beside his razor. 10c in coin or stamps.

"I regard Zonite as essential in the modern practice of Preventive Medicine"

SO writes one of the leading physicians of New York City. Why?

For this reason: The germs of contagious diseases enter the system through the mouth and nose. The bacteria which cause gum infections of every sort develop and colonize in the mouth.

It takes a powerful germicide to destroy these germs. Until the Great War all known germicides of any great strength were so caustic and poisonous that proper disinfection of the mouth, nose and throat was almost impossible. This is no longer true. Zonite is the new form of antiseptic developed during the World War that saved hundreds of thousands of soldiers from amputation or death. Although it has more germ-killing power than pure carbolic acid, it is non-poisonous, non-irritating and may be used freely in the mouth or nasal passages.

What does this mean to you; to your neighbor; to every man, woman and child in America?

It means health insurance undreamed of ten years ago. The simple matter of using Zonite as a mouth wash twice a day means protection for you; for your family; for the community in which you live, from the many communicable diseases which afflict mankind

The mere feeling or taste of cleanliness in a mouth wash or dentifrice doesn't mean a thing. There must be regular, relentless destruction of the germs in the mouth if respiratory and gum diseases are to be checked.

Zonite does just that. It isn't flavored or scented or colored—*but it does destroy germs*—the germs responsible for coughs, colds, influenza, scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.—not to mention gum diseases that are sweeping the Nation like a plague.

Ask your doctor; ask your dentist—about Zonite; and then join the millions now being protected by the daily use of this new form of antiseptic.

Note: Zonite is one of the most effective deodorants known to science. In cases of halitosis (bad breath) arising from conditions in the mouth, Zonite overcomes the trouble instantly and leaves no odor of its own. Its effect is far more thorough and lasting than many mouth washes heretofore in general use.

In bottles at your druggist's, 50c and $1.00.

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The safety engineer in charge of first aid for an industry employing more than a million men recently called together the safety engineers at the head of various branches of the industry and talked to them for two hours about—ZONITE.

For mouth wash or gargle, a teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter-glass of water twice a day.

WARWICKS OF THE WILSON CABINETS

(Continued from Page 7

William Jennings Bryan but likewise the ardent backing of Senator Hughes, another rough diamond among the President's intimates. Hughes might have had the post of Secretary of Labor, but he declined it and succeeded in having his old colleague and friend, William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, named in his stead.

At a very delicate moment in the Wilson candidacy Daniels had rendered a service of telling import. It was on January 8, 1912, when Wilson was to appear in competition with Champ Clark and other presidential contenders at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington. Bryan was to be one of the speakers. The Clark managers gave out on the eve of the banquet Wilson's letter to Adrian H. Joline, president of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, which said, among other things: "Would that we could do something at once dignified and effective to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat."

There was a panic in the Wilson camp. To add to the confusion, a cheering section of New Jersey Democrats had been taken to Washington, only to find that James R. Nugent, enemy of Wilson, had corralled all the banquet tickets assigned to Wilson's home state. Bryan, on his way to Washington, stopped off at Raleigh to see Daniels, and Pence successfully undertook the job of having the North Carolina editor soften the blow of the Joline letter. Wilson, at the chief Jackson Day banquet in Washington, spoke in a diplomatic way of Bryan's steadfast vision, and Bryan acted very handsomely about it all. Two Jackson Day banquets were held that evening. Henry Morgenthau, rich New York real-estate operator, had been helping finance the McCombs-Wilson show to the tune of several thousand dollars a month, and he was nominated by acclamation to give a separate banquet to the visiting Jerseymen who had come to root for Wilson. The work of Daniels on that eventful occasion was repeatedly pressed home on the President-elect. Finally, one morning in the railroad station, Tumulty grew so earnest that Wilson surrendered.

Mr. Lane's Ambition

Pence and Tumulty accelerated many other cabinet selections. Together with Colonel House they landed Albert S. Burleson as Postmaster-General. Few made the cabinet without the support of either House or Tumulty, or both.

It was Colonel House who made the amiable Franklin Knight Lane, of California, Secretary of the Interior. Wilson had never seen Lane, who was a Roosevelt Democrat and who had attracted attention both on the Pacific Coast and as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he had been placed by Roosevelt. Lane was early in the field for a cabinet appointment, and his campaign was cleverly handled. He was an old newspaperman, made charming speeches and wrote well. Wilson liked him very much, especially in the early days, although he felt that Lane did most of his brave talking outside of cabinet meetings. There was a decided notion at the White House that Lane had urged Lansing on to resign. He wanted to be Secretary of State. He was somewhat of a perennial candidate for promotion; it was always a source of disappointment to Lane that Wilson did not name him an associate justice of the Supreme Court. When Lane quit, John Barton Payne was named Secretary of the Interior, on the recommendation of Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board.

During the Wilson Administration there was an irreconcilable difference of opinion between the Lane idea of conservation and the Josephus Daniels idea. The Daniels idea followed the Pinchot plan, and there arose a very tense situation out of the attempt of the Hawaiian Oil Company to procure a lease which Daniels hotly opposed. Wilson kept in the background, watching the combatants warm up. When it eventually appeared that Lane might consent to the lease, Wilson notified him that if he did so his resignation would be demanded. But Wilson never imputed anything but the highest motives to Lane's work as Secretary of the Interior.

Almost immediately following the election of 1912 the Wilson family made off to Bermuda, where they remained upwards of a month, returning to America on December sixteenth. Up until that time nothing had been done about the cabinet selections. In the absence of the President-elect, hosts of hopeful aspirants made frequent pilgrimages to Trenton, where Tumulty kept vigil. As soon as he got back from his vacation Mr. Wilson set about preparing for the coming session of the New Jersey legislature, accepting a few invitations to speak before his invasion of the White House, and meeting the party leaders and cabinet candidates. He did not relinquish his job as governor of New Jersey until Saturday, March first, two days before his departure for Washington. He was much occupied with a few local political quarrels. He did not appear to have any very definite idea about just whom he wanted for cabinet places.

The Selection of Mr. Bryan

It was at this juncture that there began the amazing transformation from the Wilson pitiless publicity to the Wilson closed-door policy. The man who had been so accessible to the newspapermen and to the great and ungreat, in his office as governor, closed up like a clam about the selection of his counselors at Washington. Speculation in the press irritated him. The propaganda campaigns put on by some of the candidates annoyed him immensely. Perhaps William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who had done the best he knew how with the prenomination campaign, suffered most from this form of crusade. McCombs wanted to be Attorney-General or Secretary of the Treasury; he was broken in health and spirit. He had quarreled bitterly with most of the friends of William Gibbs McAdoo, who was vice chairman of the national committee and a candidate for Secretary of the Treasury.

At various times during the campaign for Wilson, McCombs had collected considerable sums of money for the work and he felt that the victims should share in the honors. He wanted cabinet places for Morgenthau and Abram I. Elkus, of New York, as well as for himself. None that he recommended ever landed in the cabinet. It was soon evident that Wilson had become wearied by McCombs. He did offer to make him ambassador to Paris, which McCombs declined.

Meetings to pass upon the various prospects for cabinet places were held at the apartment of Colonel House in New York, at the Wilson home in Princeton, and in Tumulty's supreme-court office at the State House in Trenton. In the preceding spring, when the outlook for the presidential nomination appeared dubious, Wilson had named Tumulty clerk of the supreme court, which paid a better salary than the secretaryship and was calculated to provide against the evil political day. Tumulty continued to serve as secretary, without pay. When they were leaving the White House in 1920, Wilson wanted to place Tumulty in the Court of Claims, or any other good berth available, but Tumulty decided to quit public office and return to the practice of law.

Though there had been many visitations by candidates, the first party chieftain to be summoned to Trenton for the formal tender of a place was Bryan, who came up from his Miami quarters December twenty-first. He spent nearly four hours closeted with Wilson in the governor's office, and when they emerged to go to lunch Wilson told the reporters that Bryan's name had not been discussed. This turned out to be literally true, although a bit evasive. Wilson and Bryan lunched at the Hotel Sterling, and subsequently Bryan told some of us in Washington that it was there that he had been actually offered the post of Secretary of State. Three days later, with a blizzard raging, Champ Clark, who was bitterly opposed to Bryan, spent his Christmas Eve in the governor's office in an effort to change the program. He got no satisfaction.

Both House and Tumulty entertained very liberal political ideas and they were

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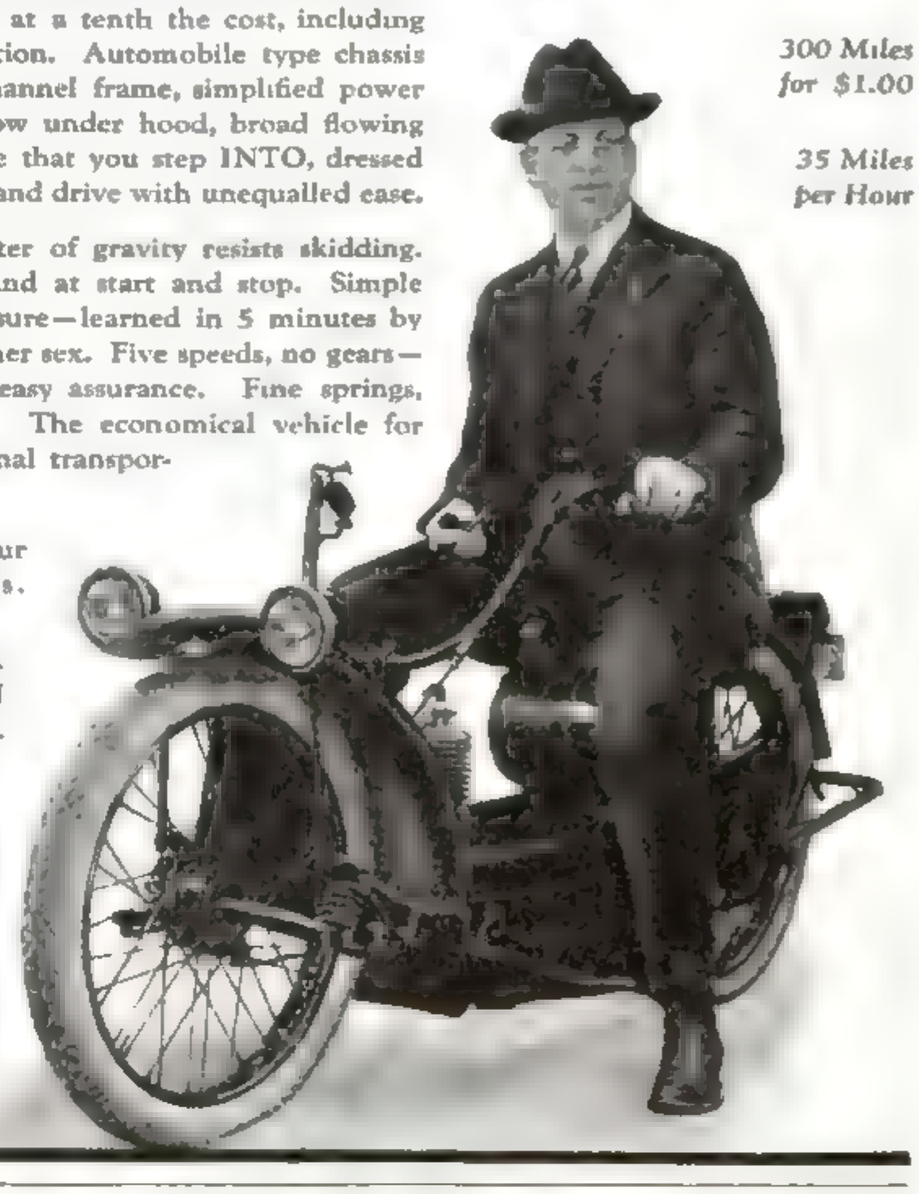

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enthusiastic friends of Bryan. From the very outset Tumulty's heart was set on making Bryan Secretary of State. Mrs. Wilson, who had remarkable political intuition, as well as a good working knowledge of her husband's slant of mind, sat in on all the conferences at Princeton. She was decidedly opposed to the Bryan selection, on the ground that it would be unnecessarily inviting political trouble. It was her idea that a split between Bryan and Wilson was inevitable and that when it came it would alienate all the Nebraskan's followers, while the appointment itself would lose the conservative Democrats at once. Wilson, on the other hand, said he was mightily obligated to Bryan for the handsome way he had acted at Baltimore, particularly in view of the disclosures in the Joline letter. He felt, too, that Bryan would not be a trouble maker and that he would work well in harness.

At Washington, Wilson came to have a genuine affection for Bryan and he was reluctant to have him resign. Bryan quit, over the President's protest, because of his unwillingness to have anything to do with the conduct of war. The peace treaties with most of the leading nations, save Germany, setting up the principle that there can be no last word between friends and providing a breathing spell of nine months, were Bryan's own work. Bryan took seriously the 1916 campaign of the Democrats when the country was urged to continue Wilson in the White House because "he kept us out of war." Bryan had gone over the West, hammering home his hatred of war, and committing the party to a policy of neutrality. Wilson spent the summer on the New Jersey coast, taking apparently little interest in the campaign. He was on his second honeymoon, and usually made a single speech each week—on Saturday afternoons. As late as August, 1916, he appeared to be as adamant to the clamor of war as Bryan; he was still pursuing his policy of watchful waiting. It was a policy that led the President into many confusing conflicts of mind. But when he did drift into war he went in for all he was worth.

A Good Clerk Wanted

Drifting and dreaming were Wilson habits. Mostly he was a radical; a sort of evangelist who felt that he could lead the world to higher peaks of happiness. He tried to like Grover Cleveland, Bryan's great political foe, when that old-fashioned Democrat came to Princeton to live. But their regard for each other was only skin-deep. Cleveland, in the Wilson eyes, was too close to Wall Street and too legalistic. Wilson just never could bring his mind into harmony with the lawyers who appeared to be putting property rights ahead of human rights. He tried practicing law, but quickly gave up in disgust. As a matter of fact, Cleveland and Wilson didn't get on at all. Cleveland lined up with the Wilson enemies in the university. Cleveland fretted a great deal because the people of his old town of Buffalo apparently never showed any particular interest in having him back; Wilson never seemed to have any home-town feeling.

Immediately Bryan resigned, there was an insistent demand in the newspapers that Robert Lansing, who had been counselor of the State Department since the retirement of John Bassett Moore, must be named as premier of the cabinet. America was headed for war and it was going in with both feet. Lansing got credit for having blocked Bryan's tempering of the original Lusitania note to Germany, a tempering to which Wilson was at first agreeable. Circumstances made the naming of Lansing desirable. Wilson, although yielding to the clamor, never warmed up to Lansing. "All I want is a good clerk, and he's a good clerk," Wilson said, recalling Seward's lament that he was "nothing but Abe Lincoln's little clerk." Lansing's penchant for drawing pictures while cabinet sessions were in progress did not enhance his standing with the President. Wilson always handled Lansing at arm's length and was a bit unceremonious in speeding up his resignation.

After Lansing quit, the President seriously considered naming Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, to head the State Department. Baker was one of the few Wilson personal cabinet selections and was in high favor. When the appointment was about to be made, however, rumors began to float into the White House that Baker had patted Lansing on the back and approved his course. Tumulty was sent for and told of the President's great distress at anything that implied disloyalty on Baker's part. Tumulty laid the rumors before Baker, who laughed them to scorn, and Tumulty was completely satisfied that Baker was, as always, devoted and loyal to Wilson.

It was Wilson's idea to name Baker Secretary of State and Bainbridge Colby Secretary of War. But, finally, he put Colby in the State Department. The naming of Colby was in appreciation of his leaving the Bull Moose Party in 1916 and coming out boldly for Wilson. Democratic leaders regarded the appointment of a Republican, or former Republican, to be Secretary of State as a great tactical blunder, and destructive of party morale in Congress. Tumulty urged the naming of Frank L. Polk, who had made an admirable record as Acting Secretary of State, but the President insisted on honoring Colby.

Other Cabinet Timber

McAdoo did not sail into the cabinet on smooth waters. Next to Daniels, he had the biggest odds to overcome. McCombs, Morgenthau and others put up a stiff fight to prevent his getting the Treasury portfolio. Morgenthau was a candidate himself, and McCombs, without any warrant, had come to regard McAdoo as his most powerful enemy. Personally Wilson always had a great regard for McAdoo; he was one of the earliest men of affairs to attach himself to the Wilson presidential boom. The argument chiefly used to head off the McAdoo appointment was that he was a promoter, whose one great accomplishment was the building of the Hudson tubes, and that he would be regarded as a Wall Street agent. The attacks caused Wilson to ponder long, and there was a heap of work needed to overcome the opposition. Tumulty vigorously went to the defense of McAdoo, who he insisted had joined the Wilson army as a matter of conviction and because he was a real progressive. House likewise was ardently for McAdoo. It was a great battle and Wilson finally capitulated.

Single-handed Colonel House put James Clark McReynolds, of Tennessee, over as the first Attorney-General. Wilson had never seen him. McReynolds was a strong force in the cabinet and early got into a row with McAdoo over the erection of the new Department of Justice building. McAdoo said that the construction of the building, like other public buildings used by the Department of Justice, should stay with the Treasury Department; any other course would result in dislocating the authority that properly rested with his department. McReynolds stood out for the right to have the Department of Justice erect its own building, and offered to quit, if necessary. The situation grew quite tense, and the President shortly eased things up by naming McReynolds an associate justice of the Supreme Court. House promptly picked another Southerner, Thomas W. Gregory, of Texas, for Attorney-General, and he served until 1919, when Palmer succeeded him.

David Franklin Houston, of Missouri, was a personal choice of President Wilson, accelerated a bit by the irrepressible House. Wilson regarded Houston, who served first as Secretary of Agriculture and later as Secretary of the Treasury, as easily the biggest man in the cabinet and the best fitted for the Presidency among his associates. Houston is accredited in some quarters with having written many of the Wilson messages; those who should best know say that the only document he wrote in the Wilson name was the veto of the Budget Bill. When Carter Glass, who had served as Secretary of the Treasury following the McAdoo resignation, decided to go to the Senate, Wilson named Houston as his successor, and picked Meredith for Secretary of Agriculture. Like Houston, Glass and Meredith were personal selections of the President.

That was also true of William C. Redfield, who was made Secretary of Commerce at the outset of the Wilson régime. Redfield had served a term in Congress and won attention by his very serious speeches on the tariff. He represented a Brooklyn district, and the Democratic organization there decided to sidetrack him by nominating him in a strongly Republican district in 1912. Wilson had shown a great deal of interest in Redfield's tariff views, and Redfield had displayed a lot of interest in Wilson. This did not set well with the political machines in New York. I recall the warning that Senator Hughes issued to a group

(Continued on Page 201)

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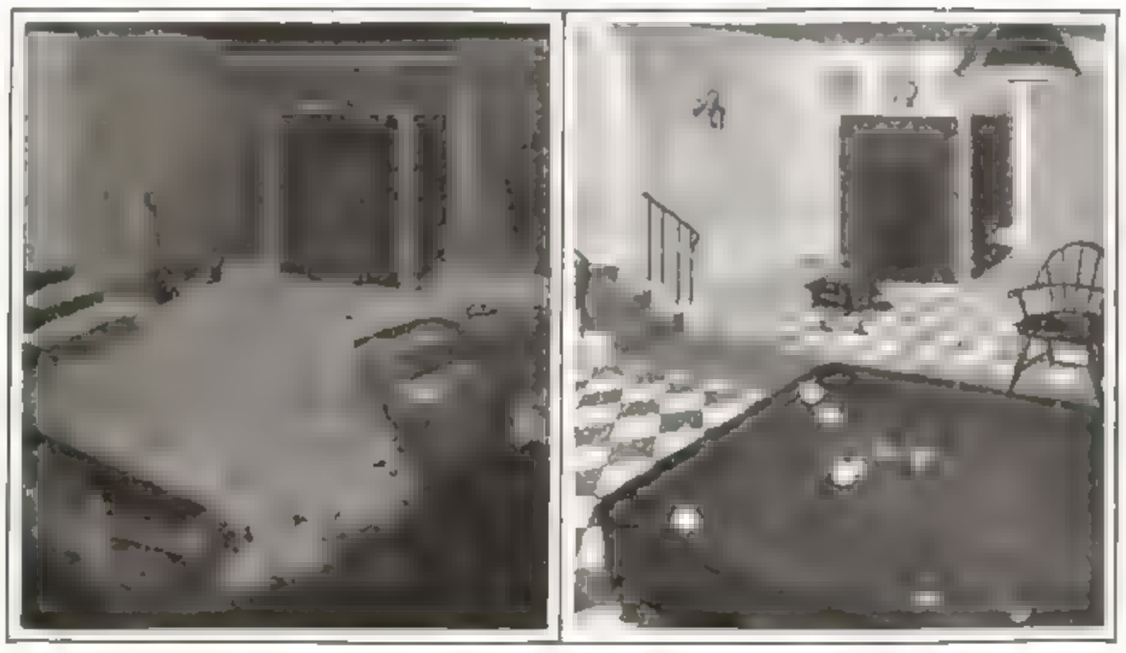

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TESTED AND LISTED AS STANDARD BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

(Continued from Page 198)

of Brooklyn leaders on the day that the Democrats of the nation went to Sea Girt to hear Champ Clark formally notify Wilson that he had been named as the party's standard bearer at Baltimore.

"You fellows are making a martyr out of Redfield, and if you don't send him back to Congress from his old district you'll land him in the cabinet," said the disgusted Hughes

Opposition to Mr. Redfield

And that's exactly what happened. Redfield and Houston were consulted frequently by Wilson on tariff matters during that campaign.

Mr. Redfield was put forward as a successful business man who was a profound student of the tariff and could demonstrate the falsity of the gospel of protection.

It was Wilson's intention to name Redfield as Postmaster-General, but on Tumulty's representation that the solid Brooklyn citizen had a mind more given to business than politics, the shift was made to the Department of Commerce.

It is remotely possible that the Tumulty suggestion was slightly influenced by the desire of Colonel House, Tom Pence and himself to land Burleson as Postmaster-General, which they did. Several of the original Wilson boosters frankly expressed opposition to Redfield's selection for any post, on the ground that his course at Baltimore might have endangered the Wilson chances. Redfield, following the generous newspaper and magazine publicity that had been given his tariff speeches, had become an active candidate for the vice-presidential nomination. Poster pictures of his now widely known and bewhiskered countenance were generously strewn about the streets of Baltimore, which irritated the Wilson forces, who indignantly felt that Eastern vice-presidential booms were not calculated to help an Eastern presidential boom. When Redfield retired from the cabinet it was Tumulty who picked Joshua W. Alexander, of Missouri, to finish out the work as Secretary of the Department of Commerce.

Perhaps there could be no more interesting wind-up to an account of the Wilson cabinet selections and shifts than the story of the naming of Lindley M. Garrison as the first Secretary of War. As already related, there had been built up around the war job a sketchy kind of framework to show that what was actually needed was an able lawyer, capable of judicially and equitably handling the affairs of the Philippines, rather than a man who was to deal with fighting and fighters. The purpose was to convince Palmer that he could accept the post, without doing any violence to his Quaker tenets.

The definite refusal of Palmer to accept did not come until the week before the inauguration. None of the other avowed candidates fitted into the picture that had been created. The resourceful Tumulty promptly came forward with the suggestion that one of the recognized outstanding equity judges of the country resided right in Jersey City—Vice Chancellor Garrison.

Mr. Garrison's Acceptance

Wilson had never even heard of him. But on the Tumulty representation he summoned Garrison to the State House next day.

The vice chancellor had no inkling of the reason for his being invited. When Wilson, after a pleasant introduction and a brief sizing up of the man, tendered him the portfolio, Garrison was stunned. He pointed out that he was quite out of touch with political affairs and that he was occupying a judicial place for which he had fitted himself by long years of work. Furthermore, it was just the kind of berth that suited both his ambition and his personal tastes. Wilson then proceeded to argue that there was a larger duty in life than mere personal inclination and comfort, and that Garrison owed it to his country to make any sacrifice involved. Garrison hurried back to Jersey City, packed his grip and went with his wife to Atlantic City to think it over.

The Vice Chancellor accepted next day, and three days later was on his way to Washington to assume command of the War Department.

Trees at Night

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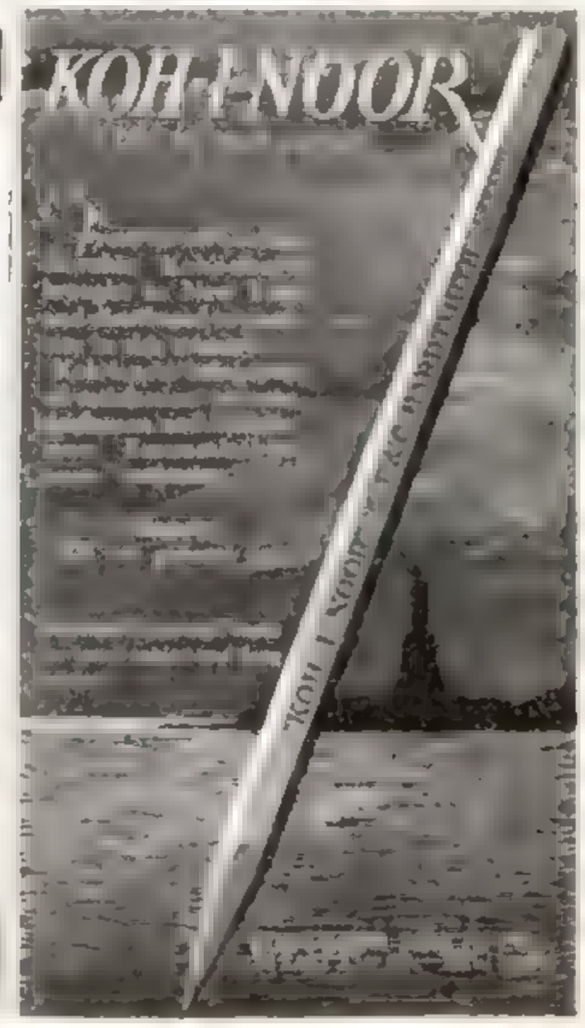

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Garrison rendered first-rate service to the Administration and won many friends, particularly among the newspapermen, by his frank and fearless method of dealing with public questions. In his younger days he had been a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, and he knew that the surest and safest way to get the truth to the world was to tell the truth to those whose business it is to disseminate information. When the European War broke, he became a most outspoken advocate of preparedness for America. His position and his keen intellect, together with his enormous energy, soon brought him into a place of distinct leadership in the fight. Wilson was not yet ready for such aggressive action and refused to support the Secretary of War's program as outlined in his 1915 report. Garrison tendered his resignation and went back to the practice of his profession. He had served his country well, and at great personal sacrifice.

House and Tumulty must necessarily occupy much space in any accurate picture of the Wilson political adventure. In their methods of approach they were a strange contrast. Until the break at Paris, House gave all the cabinet candidates the once-over before they were commissioned. Calm as Calvin Coolidge, he moved about softly. His liberal ideas and splendid intelligence appealed strongly to Wilson. At the kick-off he might have had any cabinet place, save perhaps that of Secretary of State, which was early set aside for Bryan in return for the part played by The Commoner in naming Wilson at Baltimore. He preferred to be the power behind the throne, and he wielded an enormous influence—easily among the most potent and enduring in the Wilson handling of world affairs. His estimates of men and things went far with the President.

Out of the bull pen of Jersey City politics—than which there is none more rough-and-tumble—Tumulty had come, an ardent progressive, clean and wholesome. On occasion he was fond of going to the mat with Wilson, whom he never ceased to idolize. In return Wilson regarded him with the admiring affection of a father, forgiving whimsical missteps until the final irritation over the telegram of felicitation to the Cox dinner in New York.

Breaking with intimates appeared inevitable with Wilson. His temper was difficult to keep in check and he forgot the feelings of others when he had his own purpose to serve. Yet, with his body shattered, Wilson, a few weeks before the end, wrote that he felt it a duty to suggest Tumulty for United States senator from New Jersey. He doubtless had the same sense of deep obligation for the cast-off Colonel House. These ruptures came when Wilson was racked with mental anguish and bordering on his last great affliction; he became a mere shell of the hardy physical structure that stood the strain through so many eventful years.

Of all the insiders, no other ever reached the point of intimacy held by House and Tumulty, and of course no other so long had such close association with Wilson. Neither seems to have been embittered by the discarding that followed the disappointments and wreckage of the Paris failure. When that team gives the world the unvarnished records of their long years with the least accessible and most secluded of Presidents, the psychologist and historian of the future may find it easier to scrap many of the fictions and legends of the present.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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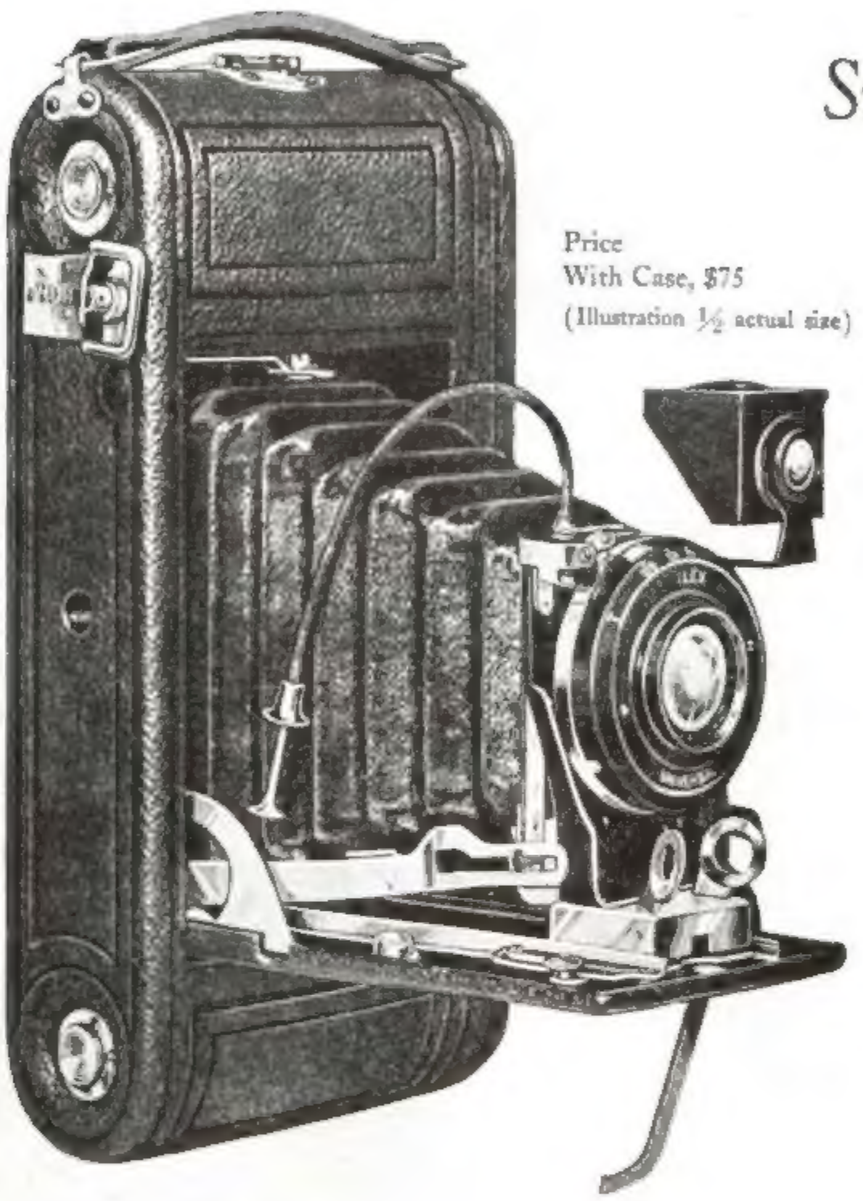

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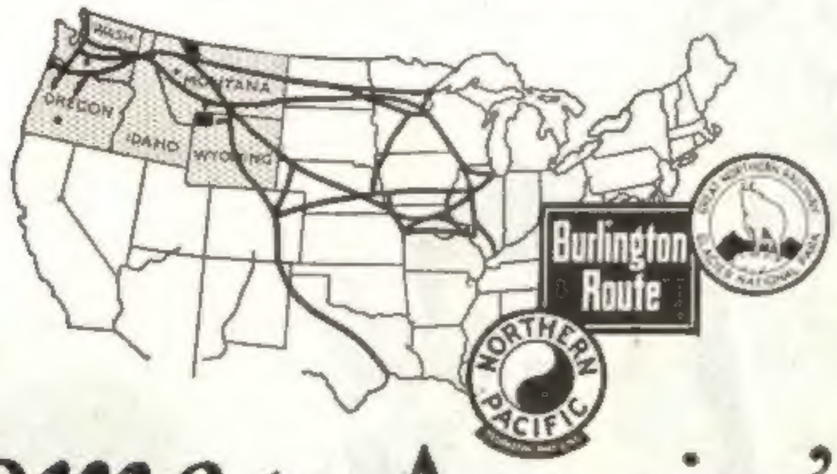

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